SPORT

OCTOBER 25¢

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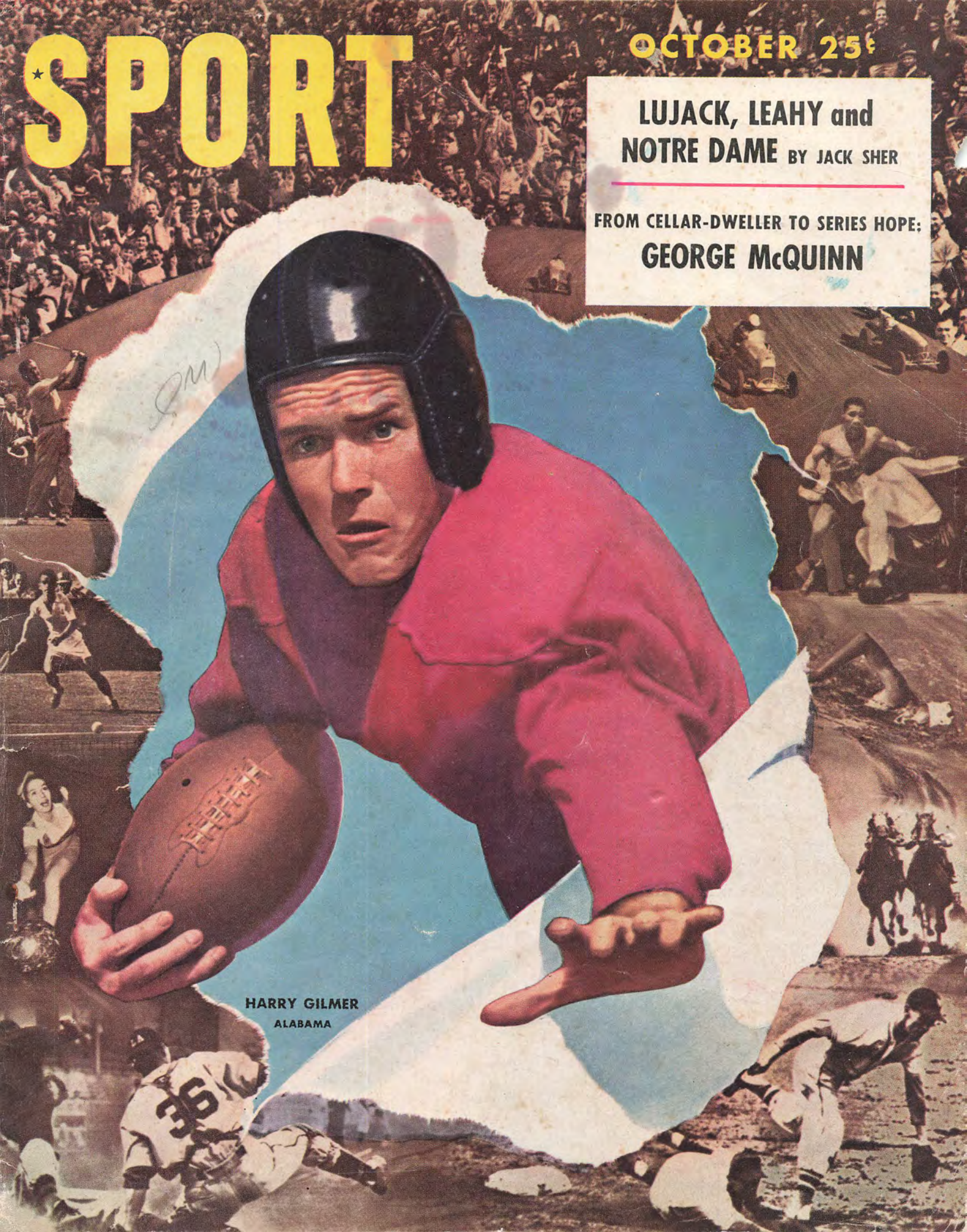

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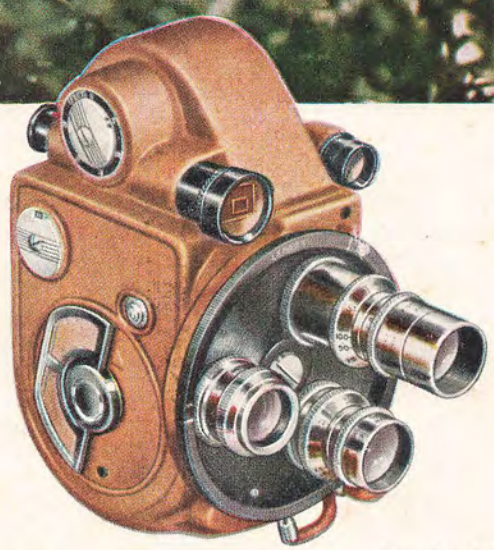

Revere "99" Turret with F 2.8 Bausch & Lomb coated lens, $110.

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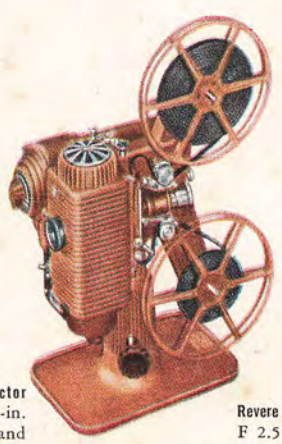

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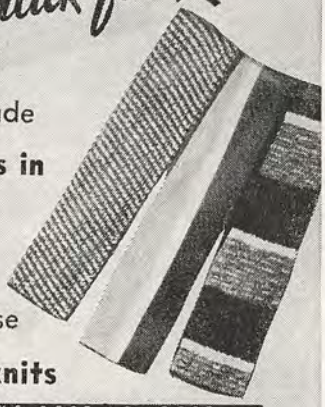

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SPORT

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BASEBALL • FOOTBALL • BOWLING • BOXING • GOLF • TENNIS • HORSE RACING

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Cover*—Exclusive Colortone for SPORT by *International* and *Frank Larson

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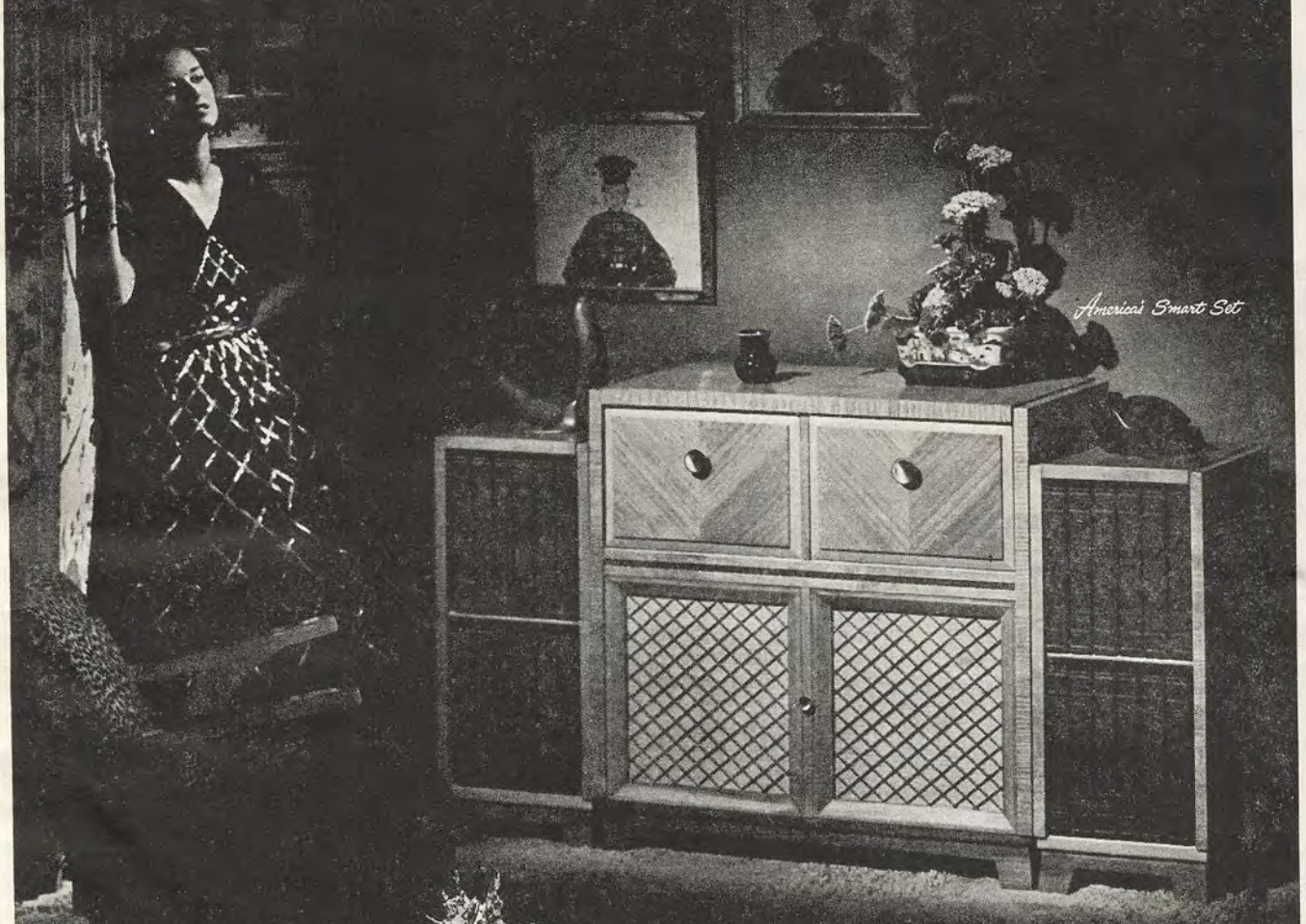

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EDITORS OF SPORT:

A copy of your magazine, with the article, "What's The Story On Broken Time?" was given to me, because of the fact that a former member of the Fire Department of this city was used as an example of what happens to an Olympic team candidate.

After reading the article, I am quite surprised that it would have been printed without a verification of the actual facts in the case . . .

Mr. Lamb was not discharged by me . . . he knowingly and willingly violated the Department rules pertaining to absence from duty during an extreme emergency.

In addition, I would like to inform you that at no time did Mr. Lamb approach me before January 28th and explain that he was participating in the Olympic Trials. However, as circumstances developed, with the snowstorm creating an extreme emergency requiring the presence of every man of the Department, all leaves or furloughs would have been cancelled just as they were on January 29th . . .

You will also note that reinstatement is not within the jurisdiction of the Fire Chief, but is controlled by the Fire and Police Commission. In view of Mr. Lamb's leaving the Department during an emergency, as Chief of the Fire Department, I could not make a favorable recommendation to the Commission in his behalf . . .

EDWARD E. WISCHER,
Chief Engineer
Fire Department,
Milwaukee, Wis.

SPORT was wrong in saying the Chief refused to reinstate the athlete, and should have made it plain that he refused to recommend the athlete's reinstatement. But that's a technical point. The real issue is that such an incident never should have been allowed to occur. If we are going to go into the Olympics as a nation, we all should cooperate in putting forth our best efforts. SPORT realizes the regulations of Civil Service employment forbid leaving a post without permission, but strongly feels that in Lamb's case the permission should have been given.

EDITORS OF SPORT:

If you originally intended SPORT to be a magazine serving the New York City area only, you have done a fine job. In perusing over the past issues—and I have them all—I find articles written about the following: Larry MacPhail, Joe DiMaggio (twice), Bucky Harris, Charlie Keller, Tommy Henrich, Mel Ott, Clint Hartung, Buddy Kerr, Leo Durocher, Dixie Walker, Reese and Reiser, and Jackie Robinson. The New York baseball scene has been depicted rather well, hasn't it?

However, if perhaps your intention has been to make SPORT a national magazine, you haven't quite succeeded. The great enthusiasm I previously had for your magazine has been dulled by the fact that in each issue I am always disappointed not to find an article about my favorites. I am sure that fans in cities like Washington, Cincinnati, and others have likewise been disappointed.

Frankly, I am tired of reading about New York players, though I don't say some like DiMaggio and Ott don't rate it. As a Phils and A's fan, I occasionally would like to read about a Philadelphia star (yes, we have some). Is this too much for a reader to ask?

I believe your magazine is almost perfect. It could be perfection itself if it were to have a more tactful policy in choosing its material.

JOSEPH L. BATTAGLINI
Philadelphia, Pa.

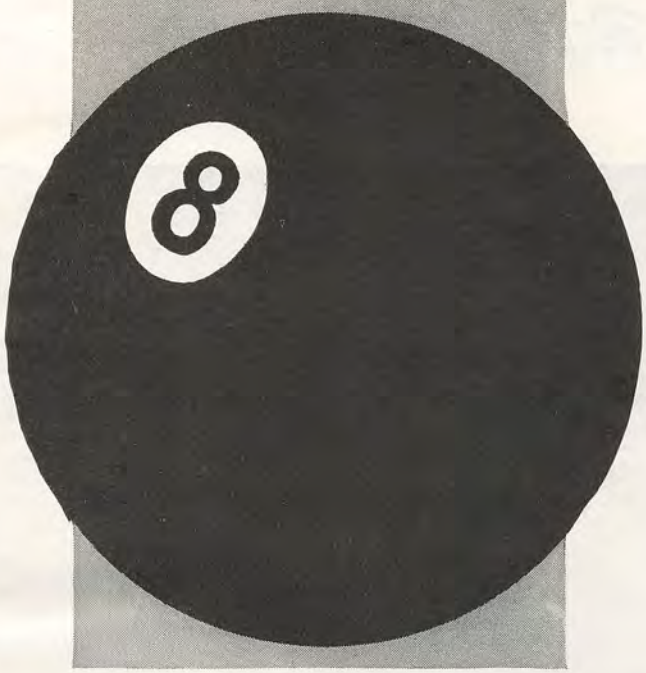
SPORT, which has also covered Musial, Cavarretta, Pollet , Brecheen, Boudreau, et al., *makes no apologies for stories about the stars listed in Mr. Battaglini's letter. They all rated the space. We favor no section or city, but try always to keep ahead of the nation's sport headlines, wherever they may be breaking. It is an indisputable fact that the New York ball clubs have been in the thick of the pennant scraps this year. It would have been no service to our readers to ignore them.*

* * *

EDITORS OF SPORT:

Do you have a story on Ted Williams every month (⟶ TO PAGE 105)

NOT BACK HERE!



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SPORTalk

Harry Gilmer's fan-mail problem . . . a Southerner roots for the Yankees . . . Northwestern's version of Buddy Young . . . Paging Mr. Rupp of Kentucky . . . Here's the latest in hot news and gossip around the circuit

Give Now To Your Community Chest

By Biff Bennett

International

For the first couple of months of the '47 season, Stan Musial's batting was far below his standard. But the boy from Donora, Pa., got his steam up during the hot months and made the .300 grade. Stan's a five-year man with the Cardinals.

HARRY GILMER, the young man who throws footballs with the precision of a strikeout pitcher for the University of Alabama football team, gets as much fan mail as a Hollywood hero. During the regular season, when the mail is heaviest, Harry and his wife, Kathleen, spend an hour a day trying to answer it.

The jump-pass technique favored by Gilmer not only excites the interest of the fans, but has caused a new trend in Southern high-school football. These days, no scholastic team below the Mason-Dixon line is complete without a jump-pass expert of its own.

Having starred in the Crimson Tide backfield since he was a freshman in 1944, Harry is now playing his fourth straight season as an Alabama regular. His fame has surpassed even that of the old Alabama passing team of Dixie Howell and Don Hutson.

A sporting-goods dealer in Montgomery, Alabama, reported recently that he has sold over 100 football jerseys with Gilmer's number, 52, attached. In Biff's eyes that's a sign of real popularity.

Fan mail or not, football is definitely Gilmer's career. He intends to play pro ball after he graduates this year—he's majoring in Physical Education—and later he hopes to get into coaching.

* * *

MEL ALLEN, the soft-voiced sports announcer who wouldn't risk a "whammie" by getting his hair cut while the Yankees were running up their 19-game winning streak last Summer, has found one other native of his home town, Birmingham, Alabama, who roots for the Yanks in spite of their name.

The phone rang in the WINS

studio one night and the sound engineer who answered heard Icer Romeo of Birmingham complaining he couldn't get Allen's broadcast of the Yankee game.

When it was explained that the station's range wasn't great enough, Romeo said: "Well, hold the phone in front of the radio. I got a stack of quarters in my hand and I want to hear the game!"

The engineer taped the earpiece of an ordinary head-set to the telephone transmitter and piped $16 worth of Mel's words back to Birmingham. After Romeo had listened to three innings, the line was disconnected.

The operator said the Southern listener either had run out of quarters or had collapsed from joy. The Yanks, it seems, were winning.

* * *

BOB VOIGTS, Northwestern's new football coach, probably has heard plenty about Buddy Young. If Jim Holland comes through for Voigts like Buddy did for Illinois' Ray Eliot, the Wildcats should do very well indeed this Fall.

Holland, a 185-pound Negro from Rock Island, Illinois, who won the Big Nine indoor-sprint title last Winter, was a reserve end on the 1946 Northwestern football team. Voigts plans to exploit Jim's speed by using him at halfback, teaming up with Frank Aschenbrenner.

Holland has just recovered from knee surgery, and there still is some question whether his leg will stand up under contact. If it does, that should mean plenty of yards—and touchdowns—for the Wildcats.

* * *

RED-HEADED Ray Flaherty, who coached the Washington Redskins before he moved into the All America Conference to run the New York Yankees, says his Yankee material this year is "easily the best I've had in all the time I've been a coach."

That should be fair warning.

"Look, Biff," Ray said just before his team took off for Fall training, "I have four players on the Chicago All-Star squad —Buddy Young, Dick Barwegan, Ben Raimondi, and Leon Dickey. Raimondi

International

Associate Editor Bruce Jacobs, Jinx Falkenburg, and Marty Cassio study "A Lady Learns to Bowl" script. Note: That's Jacobs' belt holding up Jinx's slacks.

Just an idea of what can almost be done with new Benex Brushless Shave!

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You can practically flick 'em off!

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came from the same New York high school that produced Sid Luckman—Erasmus Hall —he's a great passer, too.

"I have Van Davis, a great end at Georgia; Ed Grain, the only Penn player who didn't give up in the Army game; Roy Kurrasch, the UCLA end who some people thought was better than Burr Baldwin; and Big Vic Schleich from Nebraska. They're just some of my 22 new players.

"And I have Frank Sinkwich. His knee is okay again, and he's in good condition. Frank went down to Georgia last Spring on his own and worked out with the team. He played in two practice games and averaged 16 yards every time he carried the ball. Why, he was so anxious to get in shape that he played golf after working out on the football field every day—and he isn't a good golfer."

How about the other clubs, Ray?

"They all will be stronger. I think Cleveland and Los Angeles will be the best in the Western section. I haven't heard where San Francisco has improved much. Brooklyn and Buffalo in the East will be greatly improved, and Baltimore will be better in every way than Miami was. It will be a tough race—and a long season, too."

* * *

SPITBALL pitching is outlawed in the major leagues as well as in the school room, but the latter kind of spitball may have started Billy Southworth on the road to big-league fame.

Here's how Braves' fan James Mackie tells it:

"While going to school at the age of 12, one of Billy's pals landed a spitball on the teacher. The culprit kept a solemn pose, but young Southworth showed so much glee that the teacher whacked him across the face with his open hand. Billy's temper really boiled then. He left the schoolroom, never to return."

Yet Southworth still thought a lot of education, Mackie adds, because while playing semi-pro baseball, he also worked in a bowling alley to help send his older brothers and sister through school.

* * *

LET'S START AN ARGUMENT DEPT. John Riggs of Wolf Summit, W. Va., really wants to start one when he cuts loose about West Virginia athletes who are seeking their education at the University of Kentucky. Listen:

"One boy who made All-State in basketball, football, and baseball four years straight, and has been voted the outstanding athlete of the State, went to Kentucky. Supporters of West Virginia U. offered him the same thing Kentucky is supposed to have offered, but the boy told a sports reporter the West Virginia offer was so small he had no choice but to accept the Kentucky offer.

"Also in the Clarksburg *Exponent* recently, there was a paragraph that two West Virginia high school coaches were on the carpet for accepting money from Kentucky for persuading high-school All-Staters to go to Kentucky."

That story about rewards for high-school coaches has trickled in from other sources. Biff wonders what his friends Bear Bryant and Adolph Rupp of Kentucky have to say about it. Maybe West Virginia's Legs Hawley has a few words to offer, too.

* * *

SQUIRTS FROM THE SOUR GRAPEVINE: The Georgia team has been fighting a jinx to get ready for the 1947 season. Losing Charley Trippi and five other regulars—four of whom also went pro—apparently wasn't enough tough luck for rotund Wally Butts. The Round Man tried three left halfbacks trying to find a successor for Trippi. First Johnny Donaldson came up with calcium deposits in his leg, making it hard for him to run. Then Billy Henderson was standing on the sideline watching a Spring scrimmage when Johnny Rauch rammed into him trying to catch a pass. Result: a knee injury for Henderson. Then Wally began working with freshman Chuck Magoni, and first thing he knew Magoni had a misplaced vertebra in his neck. . . . Howie Morenz, Jr., son of hockey's famous Stratford Streak, may break into

Acme

Bobby Layne, Texas U.'s 20-year-old triple-threat star, appears headed for top honors in the Southwest Conference.

the professional game with Buffalo this Winter. He belongs to Les Canadiens, of course, and has been carefully nursed through the amateur rinks. . . . After the Cards' Murry Dickson pitched a one-hit game against the Giants in July, he asked manager Eddie Dyer to let him start the second game of a double-header. "It was a temptation," said Eddie. "Because it would have set up my pitching staff nicely and Murry pitched a number of double-bills in the minors." . . . At the end of an inning, whenever the Oakland (Coast League) Oaks have scored a few runs, the fans toll off the count in time with a big bell. Casey Stengel hopes his boys always will be the ones "For Whom the Bell Tolls."

* * *

THERE are only four Pacific Coast League players certain to graduate into the major leagues next Spring, according to Jimmy Dykes, astute manager of the Hollywood Stars.

Jimmy's list includes his own center-fielder, Jim Delsing, who is the property of the Chicago White Sox; Cliff Chambers, Los Angeles left-hander who had a trial with the parent Cubs last Spring; Bob Chesnes, San Francisco's sensational right-hander who likely (⟶ TO PAGE 101)

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MY HUNCH ABOUT *Durocher*

Press Association

By Dan Daniel

Will Leo the Lip be back in Brooklyn in '48? Will he return to baseball at all? Here's what a top expert thinks . . .

WITH the close of the major-league baseball season, the celebrated case of Leo Durocher, suspended manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers, is reopened. When Commissioner Albert B. Chandler barred Leo last April, he announced the ban was for the duration of the pennant campaign and, of course, Brooklyn's possible participation in the World Series.

Now comes the question of Durocher's baseball future. Where does he stand with the Dodgers? Is Durocher going to resume running the Brooklyn club in 1948? Or will Burt Shotton remain on the job that he has handled so well so far?

If Leo is not to go back to Brooklyn, will he get some sort of post with Col. Larry MacPhail, who became so vehement in defense of Durocher after the charges preferred by the president of the Yankees played so vital a part in Leo's banishment?

Has Durocher become *persona non grata* so far as National League clubs other than Brooklyn are concerned?

These and a lot of other questions come up as one of the most widely discussed cases in the annals of the National League returns to the twin courts of baseball and public opinion for final disposition.

Efforts to get anything even resembling a hint from Brooklyn as to what is likely to be done about Leo have so far proved ineffectual. But I believe he is out.

I have been assured not even Branch Rickey knows just what he will do. I have even been told the Deacon has given no thought to the question, and is disposed to let Time and Circumstance act as his counsellors.

If it were up to me, I would let well enough alone and go right on with Burt Shotton as manager.

The contract Durocher holds with Rickey expires at the close of the year. There would be no legal bar to retaining Shotton. There would be none to giving Leo his release.

I understand that, despite his hav-

ing been suspended for the duration of the baseball year, Durocher has not been erased from the Brooklyn payroll. Furthermore, I am led to believe this is known to Commissioner Chandler, and that he approved payments to Leo for the work he did during the 1947 training season and five other months not in the playing campaign.

In short it is my impression that, with the consent of the Commissioner, who did not, and does not now, have any personal animus or bias toward Leo, the banned manager has been assured of half a year's salary.

During the period of his suspension, Durocher conducted himself with eminent wisdom and meager conversation—a system he should have followed before.

What looked like a black mark against the martyr in exile came on a visit to San Antonio in August.

Press association dispatches quoted Leo as having said he believed he would return to the leadership of the Dodgers; that he was certain Shotton did not want the job; and that Burt did not even want to wear the uniform of the Brooklyn club.

Acme

Burt Shotton, who stepped into Leo's job, is a sharp contrast to the Lip.

About a week later, Leo sent a telegram to Brooklyn denying the San Antonio quotes, emphatically, in toto, and without qualification. A good thing, because that Texas yarn had hinted Leo was backsliding into his habits of pop-off.

That Shotton has not worn a uniform is quite true. As a matter of fact it is silly for any pilot to get into a monkey-suit if he does not intend to work on the coaching lines.

Connie Mack long ago recognized the stupidity of putting on a uniform. In his late years as pilot of the Giants, John J. McGraw also sat on the bench in mufti. There was no smear on the uniform in Burt's failure to wear it. But the way Leo talked about it, he gave the impression that there was something subtly reprehensible in Shotton's action.

As for Shotton's not wanting the job—well, he did not seek it when he got it. But, having been persuaded to quit the comparative quiet of his chores as a scout, Shotton found the manager's post not without sweet recompense and personal satisfaction. Who is Leo to say that Burt disdains the job?

Shotton is well able to make up his own mind and determine his own decisions.

He will tell you he is in the hands of his old friend Branch Rickey.

It was Rickey who persuaded Burt to undertake the post. It was Rickey who pointed out Shotton had nothing to lose, and everything to gain.

SHOTTON demonstrated that a team could be run to gorgeous advantage without throwing wet towels at umpires, without continual wrangling, without fighting the opposition beyond the normal limits of hard, earnest competition.

Games could be won without calling harsh names. Victories could be hung up without turning a ball park into an annex to Bedlam.

In my opinion, Durocher should have been suspended after the famous Christian slugging case under the stands became public knowledge.

The Commissioner is said to have contemplated this action, but was stopped when Leo was vindicated by a jury in a Brooklyn court. The Commissioner is reported not to have been impressed with the verdict. He studied the minutes of the case closely. He got many a laugh out of the utterings of everybody involved—the defendant, the judge, the broken-jawed veteran who kept bolstering the Durocher defense.

After Durocher had been acquitted, the Commissioner called him for the first of three conferences.

Press Association

Happy Chandler banned Durocher for "conduct detrimental to baseball."

Here is what Chandler is reported to have told Leo: "Durocher, I know that the jury let you off. I have something more than a suspicion that you were not inactive in so far as the fan's mishap was concerned. In my book, you had something to do with the slug. I want to give you a warning. One more such adventure, and you can pack up and quit baseball. I do not propose to stand for any such tactics no matter how many juries may let you off."

The Commissioner summoned Durocher again last December. Chandler was at Berkeley, California. Leo flew there from Los Angeles.

"I thought I made it clear to you that you no longer were to say 'Hello' to Bugsy Siegel and a few others of that category," the Commissioner said.

"I want you to move out of that Hollywood actor's home, I want you to stop recognizing those mugs, I want you to conduct yourself quietly, as befits a major-league manager."

Durocher promised, ardently, faithfully. But he got into more rhubarbs. He attacked Judge Dockweiler of the Los Angeles Divorce Court because Leo did not like the way the jurist conducted the Laraine Day divorce action.

Durocher cut loose with language which I feel no citizen has a right to throw at any judge of a decent community.

These criticisms were printed all over the United States, heightening the bad impression of Leo which had grown up in a lot of places outside Brooklyn.

Judge Dockweiler appointed a committee of five Los Angeles lawyers to determine whether Leo had been guilty of contempt of court. I do not believe this group ever turned in a report. If it did, the Judge decided to let the matter drop.

After Durocher's run-in with the Judge, Commissioner Chandler is said to have determined to bar him from baseball if the committee found him in contempt.

I was given to understand at the time, that Chandler wanted to suspend Leo pending the committee's action, and that he was dissuaded by Col. MacPhail.

When Chandler barred Durocher for a year, the impression developed that this sentence was prompted only by the charges filed by Col. MacPhail.

It is to be greatly regretted that the thousand-word statement which Chandler's office issued as the verdict in the MacPhail charges was not shorter, and more to the point. The statement should have made it plain the suspension was not hung on Leo because of the MacPhail charges alone. Chandler said something about a "series of incidents," but he should have been more explicit.

I told Chandler so shortly after he had issued the verdict, and he said, "I wanted to go easy on Leo. I have nothing against him personally. As a matter of fact, I have a lot of sympathy for him. He is just a misguided man with a temper and a tongue.

"AS you know, I urged Larry to drop the charges. I warned him that the case packed a lot of dynamite. But he insisted on bringing Leo before me."

Chandler has been accused of harsh treatment of Durocher. However, I happen to know that if the Commissioner had not been so sympathetic toward Leo he would have tossed him out for five years.

"In the offices of the Commissioner in Carew Tower in Cincinnati, you will find two large metal filing-cabinets loaded with matters having to do with Leo Durocher," Chandler told me.

"It got so I did not want to read the sports pages in the morning for fear that Durocher had gone and done something, or said something."

In short, Chandler became convinced that the firebrand manager needed a Commissioner all to himself, and Happy was of no mind to devote himself to the job.

The matters filed away in the Durocher cases in the Commissioner's office are not secret. Most of them have been aired in the newspapers. Many of them go back so far they have been forgotten.

Not one of them, incidentally, in any way impugns Leo's honesty, his ardent devotion to baseball, the complete probity of his diamond career.

However, he has embellished that career with some unlovely incidents. A certain pitcher came to the Commissioner with the complaint that Leo had shouted obscenities at him, had said things from the coaching line for which this hurler would have been justified in outright mayhem.

The epithets concerned the pitcher's small son, who was deathly ill with infantile paralysis.

"That is not my province," Chandler told the complainant. "Those things are matters for the umpires and the leagues to control."

I am not in a position to quote Chandler on the rest of his conversation with the pitcher. But I am told that Happy added, "If anybody hollered that at me, I would grab a bat and split his head." Remember, this last sentence is only hearsay.

Durocher has a strange baseball philosophy. He believes all is fair so long as there is nothing against it in the rule book.

Last Summer Ford Frick, president of the National League, warned Leo he would have to stop ordering his pitchers to dust off batters. Report had it that Eddie Dyer, pilot of the Cardinals, had filed an official complaint. This Eddie denied. But Durocher insisted Dyer had gone to the league office.

"Since when is it illegal to throw at hitters?" Durocher asked. "They threw at me, and I never squawked. A pitcher can't let a batter dig in and tee off on him. He has got to keep the hitter loose. What's baseball coming to, anyway?"

Leo was sincere. He was frank and outspoken, baffled by the warning to stop that knockdown hurling. He always had regarded it as an integral part of the game.

I believe the National League and the umpires let Leo get away with so much that he developed the impression he was (⟶ TO PAGE 74)

Acme

Everything, of course, depends upon what Branch Rickey *(right,* in a friendly pose with Leo), decides to do. The Deacon of Montague Street isn't saying much.

In his radio booth, Bill must size up complex plays in advance.

HOW TO

Countless fans who pay fancy prices to watch their favorite teams never see more than half the action. Here's some helpful advice

By Bill Stern

ONE of the basic rules in playing any sport is to keep your eye on the ball, and that goes double for football. Yet, strangely enough, that cardinal principle doesn't always apply to the millions of spectators who watch thousands of American gridiron contests each year.

Countless earnest football fans, through no fault of their own, constantly miss worlds of thrill-packed action at each football game they attend because they *do* follow the ball. They're not looking where it'll do them the most good. They're watching the wrong players at the wrong time.

They're like the young Fordham backfield man who pulled a classic during the 1937 Fordham-New York University game. Fordham was being pushed around by the fine N.Y.U. passing combination of Ed Boell and Howard Dunney. Boell was the crack passer, and Dunney the pass-catching end. Sleepy Jim Crowley, Fordham's coach at the time, grew worried, so he sent a sophomore back into the game with explicit instructions to watch Dunney.

"Keep your eye on Dunney, no matter where the play seems to be going," cautioned Crowley.

However, the Boell-Dunney passing combination continued to click, and N.Y.U. led at half-time. Crowley cornered his soph back in the locker room and exploded. "I thought I told you to watch every move Dunney made!" he exclaimed. "I did just that," answered the youngster, "and let me tell you, Coach, this Dunney is one of the finest backs I ever saw."

Now, there's nothing in the world I'd rather do than go to a football game, but when I'm broadcasting the nation's outstanding games I'm not watching them as a spectator. I'm trying to get across the thrills and chills, as they unfold, to my radio audience.

If you don't mind, I'd like to sit next to you for this game, just for the fun of it, and tell you what I'd look for as a spectator. Are you comfortable? Fine. Now let's get into a grandstand-quarterback huddle.

In the first place, I'd get to my seat early. Twenty or thirty minutes before kickoff time will avoid the

Acme

Even when the ball is as easy to follow as on this pass by Navy's Baysinger against Army last Fall, you can still miss the line play.

WATCH FOOTBALL

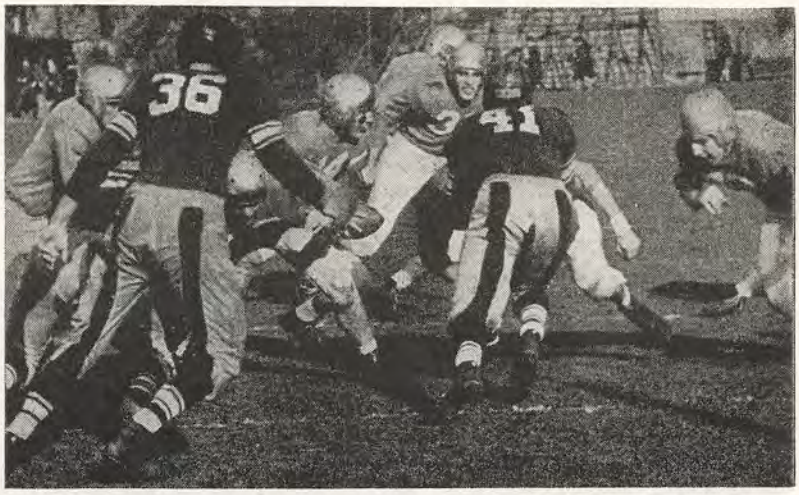
mob, give you a chance to settle yourself comfortably, and provide an opportunity to thumb through your program. This way you can familiarize yourself with the lineups, the numbers of your favorite players, and especially any bright and shining stars your morning paper has indicated may be spectacular and interesting.

If you memorize these few numbers, you will increase your enjoyment of football games that much more. You'll know who's doing things. Otherwise you'll spend too much time asking: "Who was that?" If you try to look up this information in the program during the game, you're liable to miss the next play. By the way, if you know a player's name and number, and can spot him in action, you're sure to take a personal interest in him. And that alone increases your enjoyment.

DO you remember in the beginning I said there are times when the spectator should take his eye off the ball? One of these times is the kickoff, for which we're about ready. Undoubtedly the kickoff is one of the big moments of the game. It's big because it contains plenty of maneuvering and drama which have nothing at all to do with the kicker.

Forget the kicker. Feast your hungry eyes on the deployment of the defensive team, because in a matter of seconds the defensive team will receive the ball and automatically take the offense. This way you'll be prepared for all the action, exactly where it takes place, as the two elevens meet head-on even before the ball settles into the receiver's arms. Watch the hand fighters on the kicking team, and the blockers on the receiving team. As in the first round of a prizefight, the contestants are feeling each other out, warming up to the thrill of battle.

Unless we see that supreme spine-tingler, the touchdown run from kickoff, we're ready for play from the scrimmage line. Now locate the center of the offensive team. As he bends over the ball, your eyes will naturally spot the men on either side of him, the all-important guards and tackles. When the ball is snapped, and they move, follow them, because on running plays the ball isn't going (⟶ TO PAGE 102)

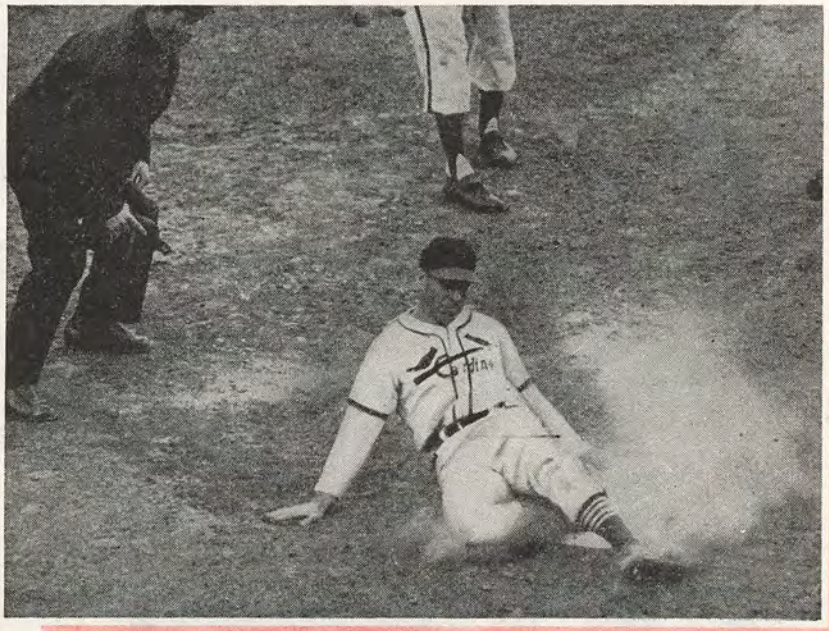


International

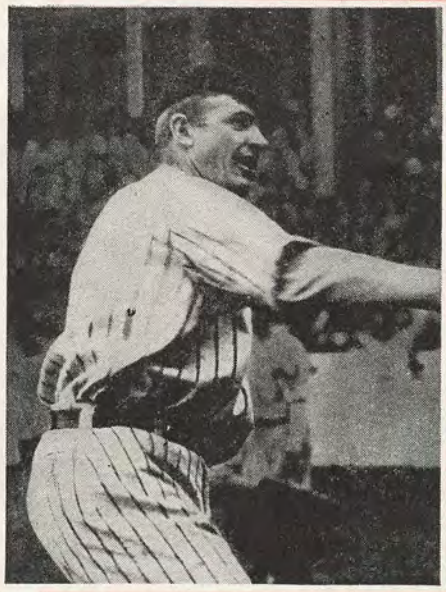
The intricacies of modern football are such that the average spectator has only a hazy idea where the ball is most of the time. To be sure, Joe Zilch always has a smooth explanation ready when his wife, Susie, wants to know what's going on—but the chances are he's making it up. Look at this play by Columbia's Gene Rossides (21) against Lafayette at Baker Field. It's no easy matter to keep track of the ball on a screened hand-off like this one.

WORLD SERIES THRILLS

Beginning with Christy Mathewson's three great shutout victories in 1905, the World Series each year has provided high excitement for the Dean of American sportswriters



Hard-running Enos Slaughter scored the pay-off run in the Cardinals' 1946 Series win.



Mathewson's three whitewashes in the first official Series, (1905), were against the A's.

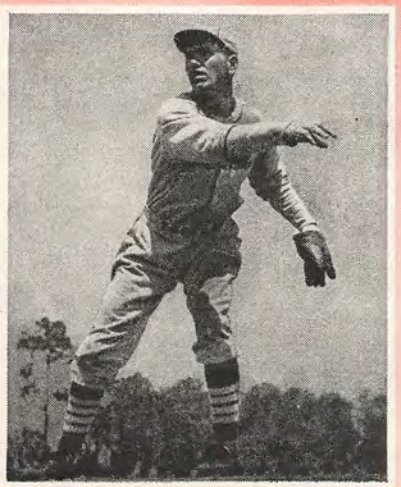
The Senators' Walter Johnson had to wait 17 years to play in the Series.

THE date was October, 1905, just 42 years ago. The contending forces were John J. McGraw's New York Giants and Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics.

Coming up from the South for the Atlanta *Journal*, this was my first World Series. It was also the first official World Series between the two leagues.

In the years of World Series play that followed, what was the greatest single thrill? What was the greatest or most exciting Series these four decades and more have had to offer? Those are hard questions to answer. Every World Series, from 1905 through 1946, has carried more than its share of drama, melodrama, glory, and tragedy. And for thrilling plays and thrilling games, 1947 may even top the list!

Each Series, running from four to seven games, is the brief, compact climax of a campaign that runs from the Spring training of late February to the first cool days of



The good right arm of Dizzy Dean led scrappy Cards to '34 win over Tigers.

By Grantland Rice

Photos by Culver, Acme, and Press Association

October. It is in this week of play that reputations are made and wrecked. It is a matter of both cash and fame, gold and glory. It's followed by millions of fans from unknown rural hamlets to the major cities of the country.

After that first Series in 1905, following the unofficial collision in 1903 between the Red Sox and the Pirates, the World Series parade was to include such stars as Ty Cobb, Babe Ruth, Hans Wagner, Walter Johnson, Tris Speaker, Lou Gehrig, Bill Terry, Carl Hubbell, Dizzy Dean, Grover Cleveland Alexander, Rogers Hornsby, Frank Frisch, Eddie Collins, Home Run Baker—all these and many, many others.

But suppose we turn back to that first official Series in 1905.

There was the fiery McGraw facing the cool, calm Connie Mack, who won the 1902 flag, repeated in '05, and went on to win seven more. McGraw's two aces were Mathewson and Iron Man McGinnity. Mack's were Chief Bender and Eddie Plank, with the famous Rube Waddell on the bench with an injured shoulder.

It was in this Series that I saw the finest exhibition of World Series pitching the old game has ever known.

In the course of six days, Christy Mathewson, then at his peak, turned in three shutouts. In the three games, he allowed only fourteen hits. Matty bestrode the scene like a Colossus with 27 consecutive scoreless innings. It was seldom that Mack's Athletics planted a runner as far around as second base.

The Giants' Big Six that week had fine speed, a fast-breaking curve, perfect control, and, above all, a combination of head and heart that has never been surpassed.

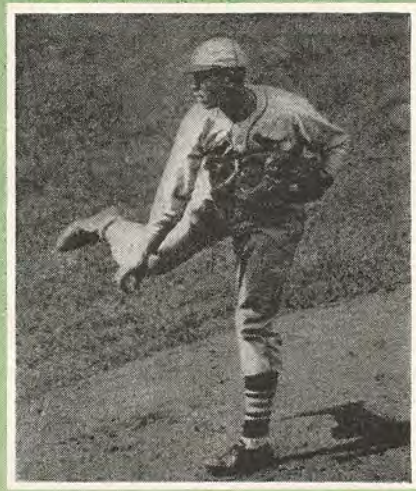
Although it was too one-sided to be ranked with many other meetings that were to follow later, here at least, was the major pitching thrill of any Series from that time to this. The picture and the memory of the all-conquering Mathewson still remains fresh in the mind.

The years follow in hurried, endless procession—a habit the years have known since time began. 1906 produced one of the game's leading upsets. The Cubs, directed by Frank Leroy Chance, had crushed the National League with 116 victories—still the record.

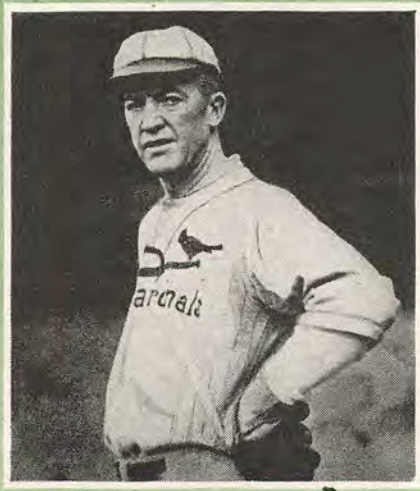
The Hitless Wonders, meaning the White Sox, were given little chance under Fielder Jones. But the brilliant pitching of Ed Walsh, Nick Altrock, and Harry White was more than the Cubs of "Tinker to Evers to Chance" could match. This was a stunner. The Sox, whose team batting average for the season was .228, won in six tingling games.

Now we'll take you along to the Series of 1911 where McGraw's Giants and Mack's Athletics met again in the same pit. The thrills of this Series were dominated by Home Run Baker, Mack's third baseman, who hammered successive home runs off Mathewson and Marquard—although Matty always swore he had struck Baker out with the winning pitch, called a ball, before the Baker blast came through.

This brings us to the matter of the two most all-around exciting Series, packed with pulse throbs, that we can recall. The first of these arrived in 1912 when McGraw's Giants (⟶ TO PAGE 77)



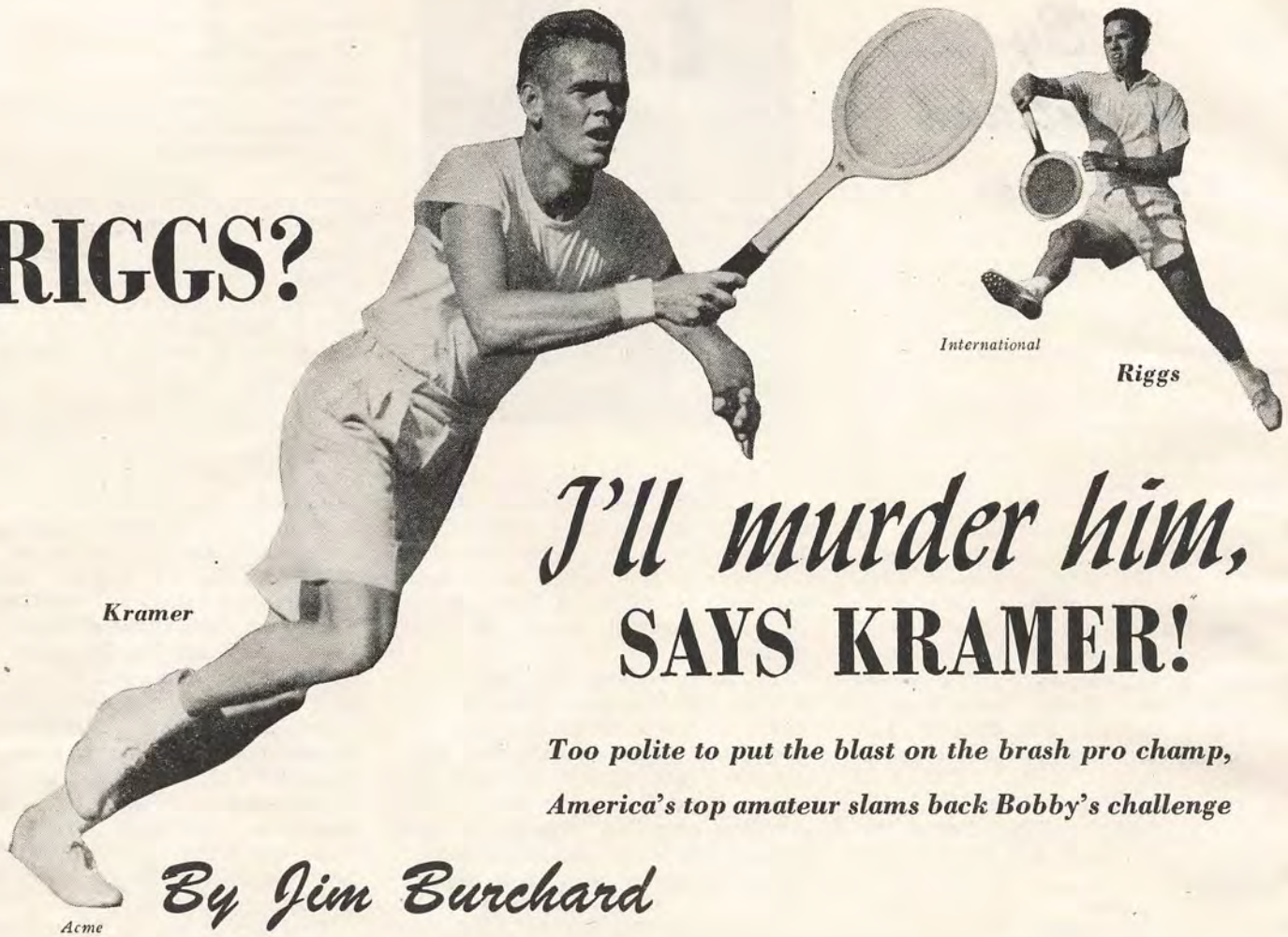
Dizzy's brother, Paul, won two games as the Gashouse Gang scored in '34.



Grover Alexander's '26 relief stint was highlighted by fanning Lazzeri.

The homer Babe Ruth "called" in 1932 has become a legend.

RIGGS?



Kramer

Acme

International

Riggs

I'll murder him, SAYS KRAMER!

Too polite to put the blast on the brash pro champ, America's top amateur slams back Bobby's challenge

By Jim Burchard

THE biggest betting match in the annals of tennis is about to be served up to a palpitating public.

It will be Bobby Riggs, king of the professionals, against Jack Kramer, undisputed ruler of the amateurs since he first grabbed the national singles championship last year at Forest Hills, N. Y.

Cocky, duck-walking Bobby has been shooting off a lot of steam concerning the fate that lies in store for Kramer when the all-conquering Californian relinquishes his simonpure halo. Not so long ago on these pages he stated:

"I can beat Jack Kramer on grass, on clay, on cement, or indoors. I can beat him in daylight or under floodlights. I can beat him in one match, and I can beat him in a series of matches. I can beat him for fun and I can beat him for money. I can beat him twice on Sunday, especially if I get paid for it."

Kramer read these brash words. So did his "first-ten" playmates who have watched and performed against both principals. To a man, they think Riggs is whistling past a graveyard. In fact, if Bobby wishes to risk a few of his well-guarded dollars on his first pro meeting with Kramer, he'll get all the action he wants from our better-known amateurs.

Naturally, Kramer can't discuss his professional future. He's still an amateur—or he was when these words were being written—and the USLTA moguls do not take kindly to any of their sheep who bleat about crude cash. The ex-amateur distaff queen, Pauline Betz, can attest to that.

"But let's take a hypothetical case," we said to Kramer. "Let's say you and Riggs are about to meet for charity, or maybe just playing in your own backyard for fun. What would happen?"

Big Jake, as he's known to his pals, first made it clear he was talking only as an amateur with no dishonorable intentions. Once that was understood, he gave forth with a few straight-from-the-shoulder opinions.

"I figure I can beat any defensive tennis player in the world—and Riggs by his own admission is a defensive player. Bobby cuts loose against men he knows he can beat, but against a forcing opponent who comes up to him he goes on defense.

"It's up to the forcing player to put the balls away. I can do just that. A good offense always should beat a good defense. Don Budge lost to Riggs in the last professional final because his overhead and serve have gone back. Mine haven't."

In his own amateur field Kramer has been pitted against a man of Riggs' type in Frank Parker, former U. S. champ who now stands No. 3 behind Kramer and Ted Schroeder. He's whipped Parker five straight times. As far as Kramer can recall, he's met Riggs about ten times and beaten him only once. That was at the Berkeley Tennis Club in New Jersey. Kramer and Riggs last clashed in 1941 at Seabright, N. J., and Riggs won in straight sets.

"So what?" commented Kramer. "That was (⟶ TO PAGE 88)

The story of the SPIDER

When this season started, the majors seemed so far off that Johnny Jorgensen was ready to quit. But a last-minute phone-call changed his mind. What happened next became Dodger history

By Dick Young

WHEN the phone rang in his hotel room that evening last Spring, Johnny Jorgensen was ready to quit baseball. It was April 14, and he wasn't getting any place. He'd been telling himself that if, at 26, you haven't made the majors, it's time to look around for another racket.

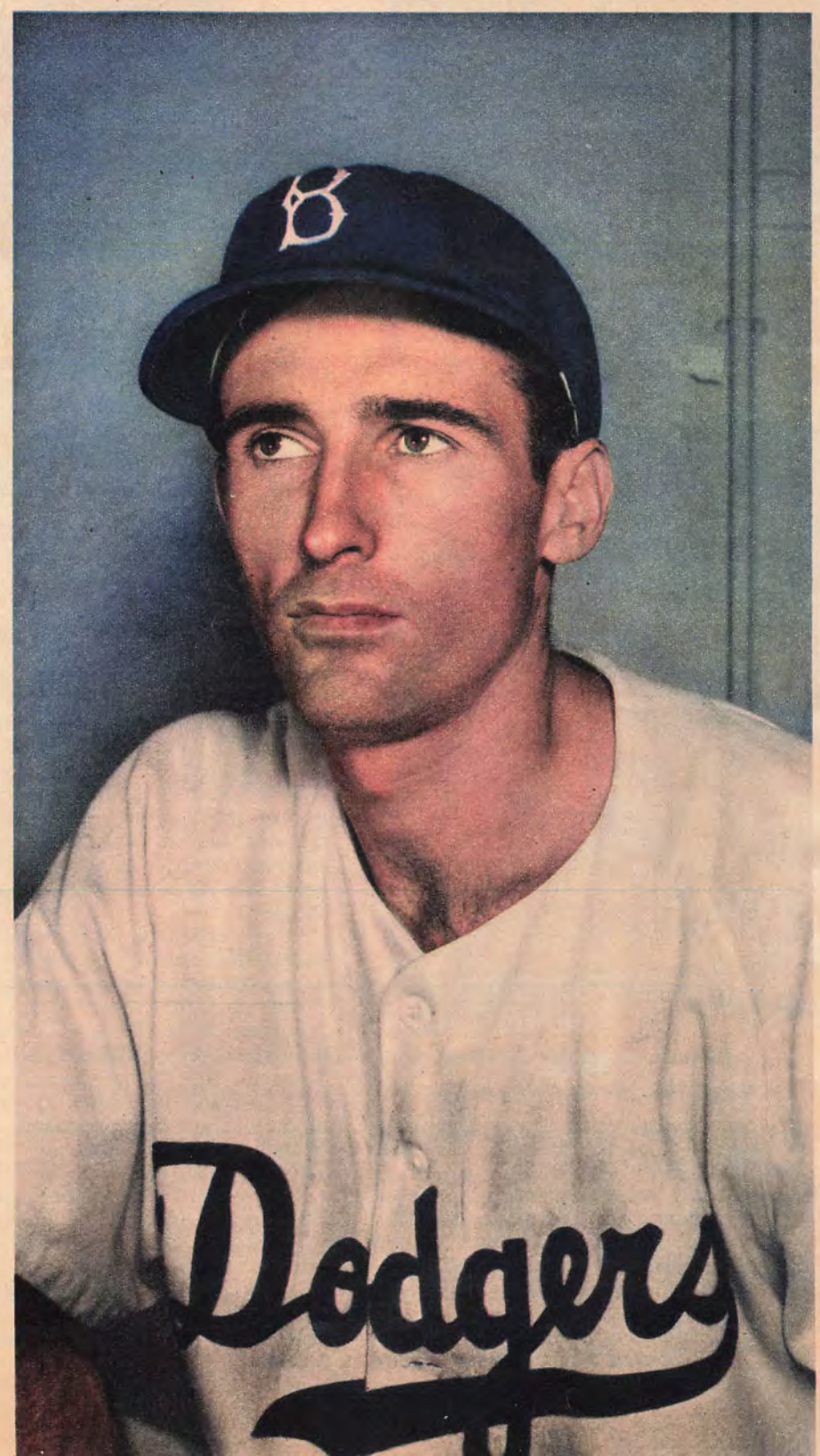
He had thought the Dodgers might bring him up this season, but he must have been kidding himself. Nobody paid much attention to him down in Havana during the early Spring. He had played good, hadn't he? His sharp hits for Montreal had even beaten Brooklyn a few times in their exhibition games. And his fielding had been fine, too.

But it didn't seem to have impressed anybody that counted. Not enough, anyway, because here it was a day before the National League opener at Ebbets Field, and here he was, spending his last few hours in the Hotel New Yorker, waiting to catch the 11:30 train for Syracuse, where Montreal would open in a couple of days.

"Montreal, again," the back of his eyes whispered to the inside of his ears. "Well, I'll try it one more year. Then, if it isn't Brooklyn next season, the hell with it."

The phone purred again with stubborn impatience. In bed, Jorgy's skinny arm reached from behind the thin-haired head it had been propping up. His "hello" couldn't hide the gloom his heart felt.

"Hello, Spider?" the phone said. "This is Branch . . . Branch junior." Jorgensen recognized the voice. He always liked to talk with young Rickey. Most of the kids in the Dodger organization did. Branch always kept a close, friendly, per-

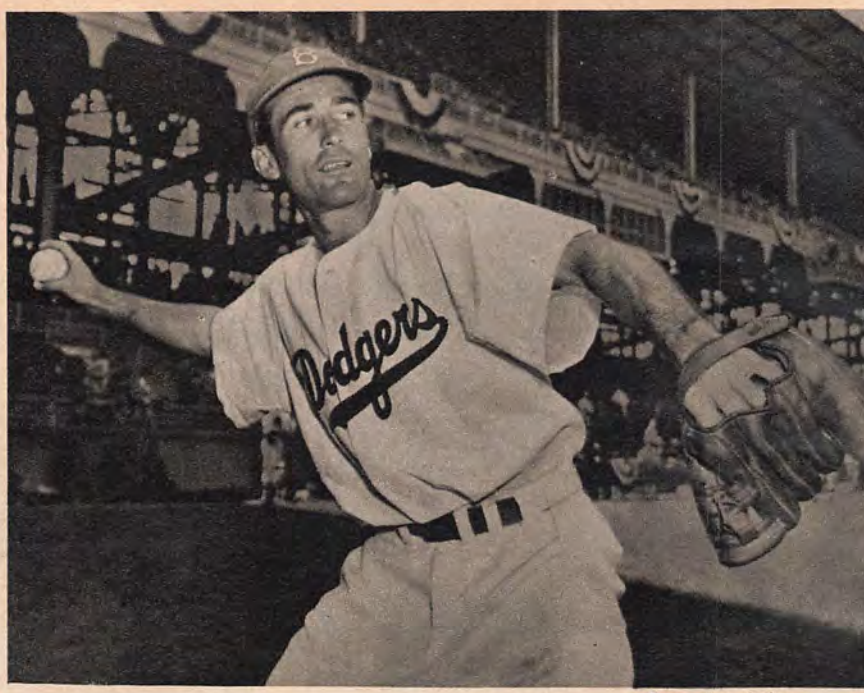


Scrawny Johnny looks more like a flyweight boxer than a baseball player.

Kodachrome SPORTrait by Acme

Press Association

The Spider's a whippet afield. His glue-finger grabs show in the Dodgers' high defensive rating.



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Jorgy got out to the park at 10 sharp. He stood in front of his locker for a moment, stared at the chalk-inscribed "Jorgensen" above it, and bubbled inwardly just as every rookie does when he first sees his soft white uniform hanging from the hooks.

But there was no glove in the locker, and no spikes. His equipment had been shipped up to Syracuse with the rest of the Montreal gear. Jorgy felt like the apprentice plumber who goes off on his first job without his tools.

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His first really big thrill wasn't to come till the next day. The fans

The story of the SPIDER

When this season started, the majors seemed so far off that Johnny Jorgensen was ready to quit. But a last-minute phone-call changed his mind. What happened next became Dodger history

By Dick Young

WHEN the phone rang in his hotel room that evening last Spring, Johnny Jorgensen was ready to quit baseball. It was April 14, and he wasn't getting any place. He'd been telling himself that if, at 26, you haven't made the majors, it's time to look around for another racket.

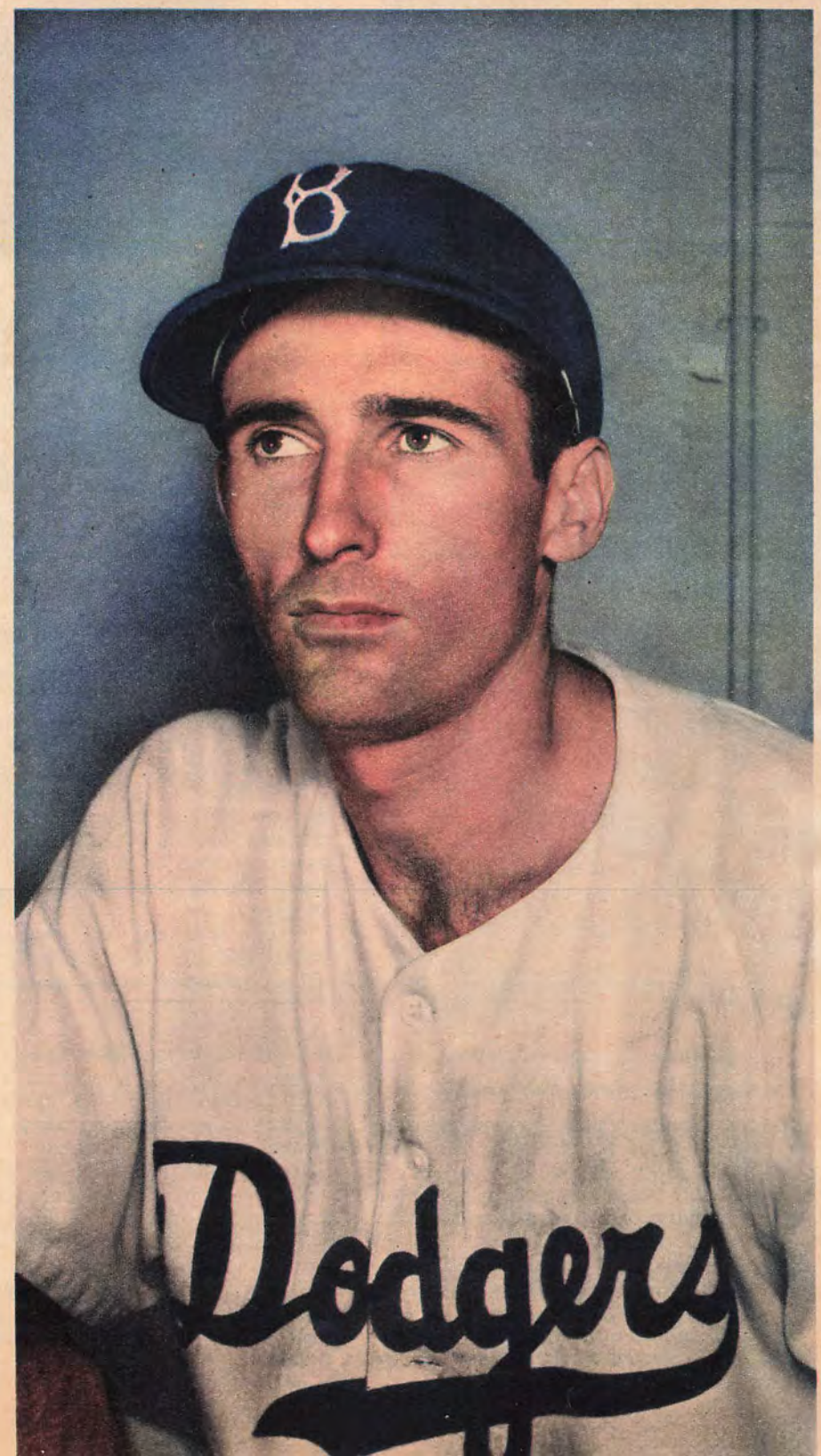
He had thought the Dodgers might bring him up this season, but he must have been kidding himself. Nobody paid much attention to him down in Havana during the early Spring. He had played good, hadn't he? His sharp hits for Montreal had even beaten Brooklyn a few times in their exhibition games. And his fielding had been fine, too.

But it didn't seem to have impressed anybody that counted. Not enough, anyway, because here it was a day before the National League opener at Ebbets Field, and here he was, spending his last few hours in the Hotel New Yorker, waiting to catch the 11:30 train for Syracuse, where Montreal would open in a couple of days.

"Montreal, again," the back of his eyes whispered to the inside of his ears. "Well, I'll try it one more year. Then, if it isn't Brooklyn next season, the hell with it."

The phone purred again with stubborn impatience. In bed, Jorgy's skinny arm reached from behind the thin-haired head it had been propping up. His "hello" couldn't hide the gloom his heart felt.

"Hello, Spider?" the phone said. "This is Branch . . . Branch junior." Jorgensen recognized the voice. He always liked to talk with young Rickey. Most of the kids in the Dodger organization did. Branch always kept a close, friendly, per-



Scrawny Johnny looks more like a flyweight boxer than a baseball player.

Kodachrome SPORTrait by Acme

Press Association

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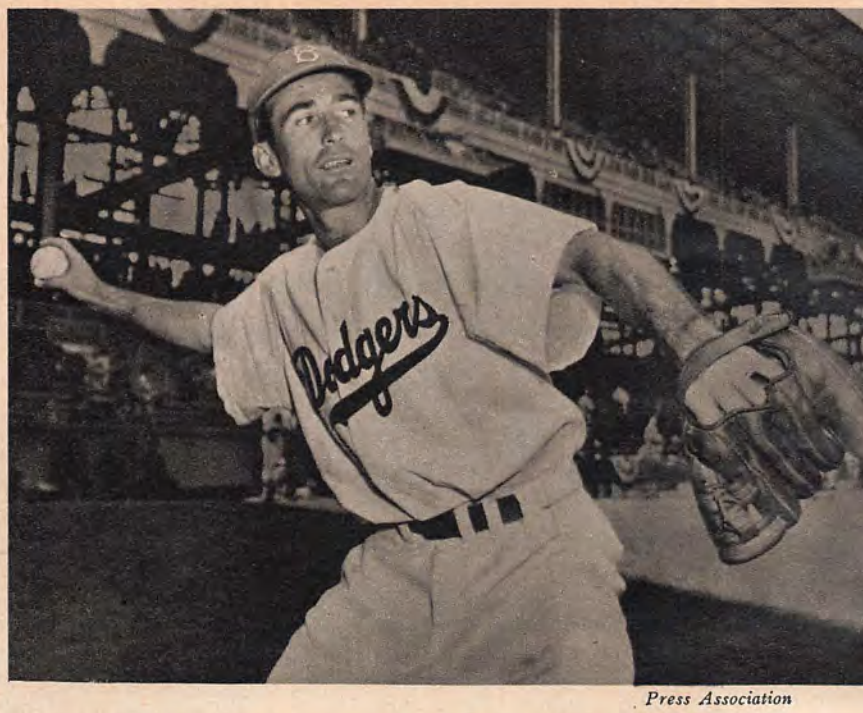

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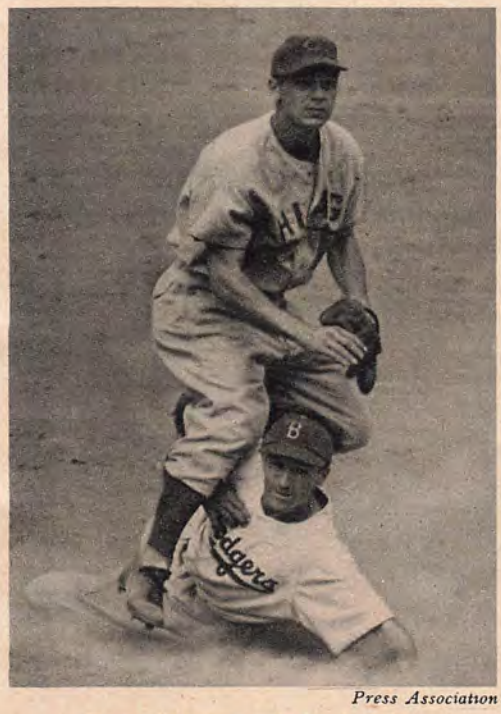

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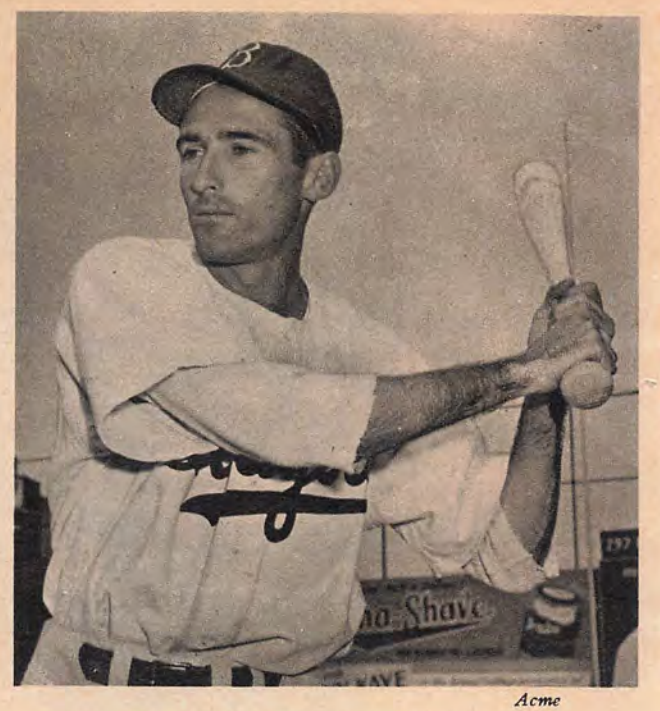
The Spider's big day came up early in the season when he banged in six runs with a homer and two booming doubles. Greeters *(above)* are PeeWee Reese (1) and Bruce Edwards.



Acme

Despite his small stature, the southpaw-swinging Jorgy drives a long ball. His manager says that powerful wrists do it.

were still asking: "Who is this skinny squirt playing third for us?" when Jorgensen turned their cynicism to enthusiasm by batting over six runs with a circuit smash and two doubles in Brooklyn's 12-6 blasting of the Braves. Suddenly he was in. He was a member . . . a major leaguer.

HE won that game for Kirby Higbe. If you like your baseball with a touch of irony, consider the fact that Spider's next biggest day with the stick lost a game for Higbe. It was June 25, and by that time Ol' Hig had gone to Pittsburgh as part of the celebrated quarter-million-dollar deal. The skinny little squirt, swinging against his former mate's tough knuckler, smashed a single, a triple, and a base-clearing double to drive across all but one run in the Brooks' 6-2 triumph.

Between those two bumper games, and since, Jorgy has been slamming right around the .300 mark. Even the ballplayers marvel at the snapping power produced by his bony 150-pound frame. His arms are so spindly that you can almost encircle them at the bicep with your thumb and index finger. His legs aren't much meatier, all of which explains the "spider" nickname. The flesh is drawn tightly around his high cheek bones and his strong pointed jaw.

His torso fills out his Dodger uniform as though he is expecting company. Those drawn cheeks make you want to hand him a buck so he can buy himself a square meal. But somewhere in that bony body, he packs plenty of power.

International

John *(left)* is the third baseman the Dodgers have long been seeking. He suits his infield mates, Reese, Ed Stanky, and Jackie Robinson *(right)*.

"It's timing," explains manager Burt Shotton simply. "And plenty of snap in those strong little wrists."

"He has that smooth hip-action," offers coach Jake Pitler. "Just the way Lefty O'Doul had it."

Not that the Spider looks like any O'Doul as he stands up at the plate. He bats from the same south side of home, but there the resemblance ends. Jorgy's stiff, old-fashioned stance—body leaning far back on his left foot, elbows pointing high, and bat resting far back on his shoulder as though its weight were about to drag him to the ground—makes you think of the ancient prizefighter's rigid and ridiculous pose.

But Jorgy's (⟶ TO PAGE 100)

Kodachrome SPORTrait by International

At Chapel Hill, North Carolina, where he lives and goes to school with his attractive wife, Charlie Justice is the biggest man on the campus. The Tar Heel alumni were happy to get him. His enrollment ended one of the greatest manhunts in Dixie football history.

JUSTICE TRIUMPHS

Charlie's game of ring-around-the-rosy with the country's leading college scouts was one of the great Asheville Ghost's best exhibitions of broken-field running

By Wilton Garrison

"Choo Choo" has three more years to play with the fast-rising Tar Heels.

IT was a rainy Winter morning in Chapel Hill. Slicker-clad students hurried to their classes across the dripping University of North Carolina campus.

The telephone in football coach Carl Snavely's office rang. It was the registrar's office calling. "Carl, I thought you'd like to know that a freshman named Charles Justice has just enrolled in the university," said the voice at the other end of the wire.

"Thank you very much," said the dour Dutchman, glancing at the calendar. It was Valentine's Day, February 14, 1946, and Coach Snavely had just received the finest Valentine of his life in the form of the slickest-running tailback the South had seen in many a moon.

Spring football practice had just started and Coach Snavely, with a straight face, solemnly offered the classic comment: "I hope Charlie comes out for the team."

Thus ended one of the greatest manhunts in Dixie football history. Young Charlie (Choo-Choo) Justice, 170 pounds of dynamite, had made a name for himself as a high school player in Asheville, North Carolina. He had starred as a runner, passer, and punter in the famous Shrine Bowl prep game in December, 1942, at Charlotte. He made All-Southern. College scouts dogged his trail, but there was a more important game going on that year, and Charlie soon was wearing the uniform of the U. S. Navy.

The luck of the draw sent him to the Bainbridge Naval Training Station in Maryland. Bainbridge had a classy football team composed of former college and pro stars. But Justice beat out two well-known pros for the scatback job, and made Second All-America Service team in 1944, also grabbing the honor of being the nation's highest scorer. Later he was shipped to the Pacific, and played football in Hawaii between tours of sea duty.

While still in service, Justice announced he'd enter Duke University when he completed his Navy hitch. Coach Eddie Cameron of the Blue Devils rubbed his hands in glee.

The Bainbridge coach, Joe Maniaci, called Justice "the greatest natural football player I've ever seen," adding that Charlie would accompany him to a college job after the war. But the job (believed to be Fordham) fell through, and Charlie was on his own.

Justice came back to the States late in 1945 and was stationed in Florida awaiting discharge. Then the scramble began. Every major university in the South, and several in the East, with money in the bank and football ambitions for the 1946 season, sent ambassadors to Jacksonville. Justice talked to them all, even visited a lot of the schools.

He was a prize catch. Only 21, he was a veteran player from a tough league, rugged, smart, and one of those slippery runners who comes along once in a decade—like Red Grange, Al Marsters, Bobby Grayson, or Bill Dudley. The colleges went all out for him, and the bidding was high. It was no secret. Everybody wanted him.

Although counted practically "in" at Duke, Charlie sat on the University of South Carolina bench as a guest of Coach Rex Enright at the 1946 'Gator Bowl game in Jacksonville on New Year's Day. Justice was discharged from the Navy on January 9, 1946, and reports began to drift back to his home state that Charlie was in Columbia, and about to enroll at South Carolina. In fact, said the stories, he and his wife were already installed in a university apartment.

His home-state university, hardly considered in the running while Duke and South Carolina fought it out, was forgotten. But all the while North Carolina alumni in Asheville were having words with the ex-sailor. They wanted to make sure he didn't land on the rival Duke campus. And he didn't.

Justice said later that he wanted to go to North Carolina all along. Tom Young, one of the Carolina coaches, cornered Justice in Asheville. Along with Pierce Matthews, an ardent alumnus, he persuaded Charlie to make one more trip to Chapel Hill. His first visit there had been in bad weather, and he didn't get around to meet the right people. This time they saw to it that he did. Jack Hazzard, local automobile man, had an apartment ready for Charlie and his wife. The young Justices decided the village was nice. The alumni talked fast and Charlie finally returned to Columbia, packed his bag, and headed for Chapel Hill.

The night he enrolled, February 14, an Associated Press story came out of Chapel Hill in the form of a "95" bulletin, which means important. It spread (⟶ TO PAGE 91)

A lady

To improve your game, study

1. Says Jinx to teacher: "Those pins look awfully far away!"

"WHO says this is the first time I ever picked up a bowling ball?" Jinx Falkenburg laughed. "I did it once before—but I was just posing for a photographer!" (*See cover.*)

The pretty brunette, former model and movie queen, now an NBC radio and television star, is a fair hand at tennis, though not quite up to her brother Bob. She once won a swimming championship in Chile. She can toss a basketball with a fair amount of accuracy, but she had never tried bowling.

So SPORT introduced her to Marty Cassio, the kegling ace from Rahway, New Jersey. While she was still lacing her shoes, Marty casually tossed four strikes, as fast as the pin boys could set 'em up.

"*That* I'll never do," groaned Jinx. (⟶ TO PAGE 26)

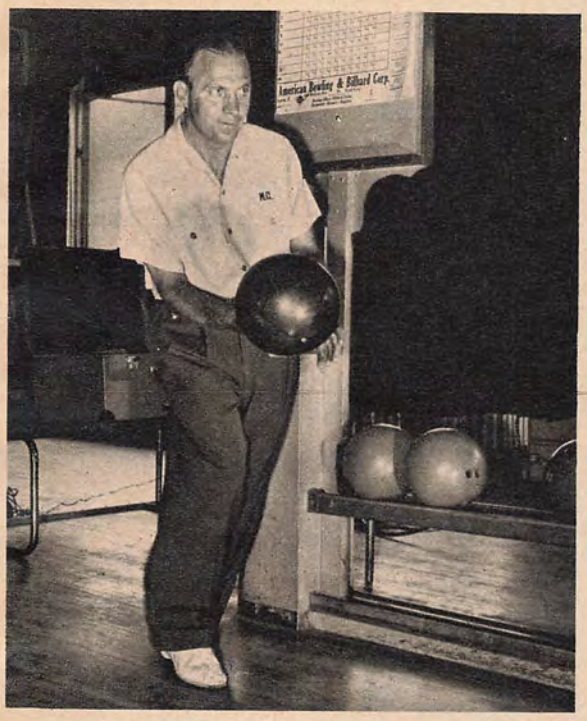
2. Marty shows Jinx the starting stance. He stoops forward slightly, holding the ball below the waistline, at the spot where he begins his stride. His eyes are on the pins.

5. This is the height of the back-swing. The right foot is forward. Arms and legs are in perfect balance. When the right foot is solidly on the runway, the ball begins a steady, even, downward swing.

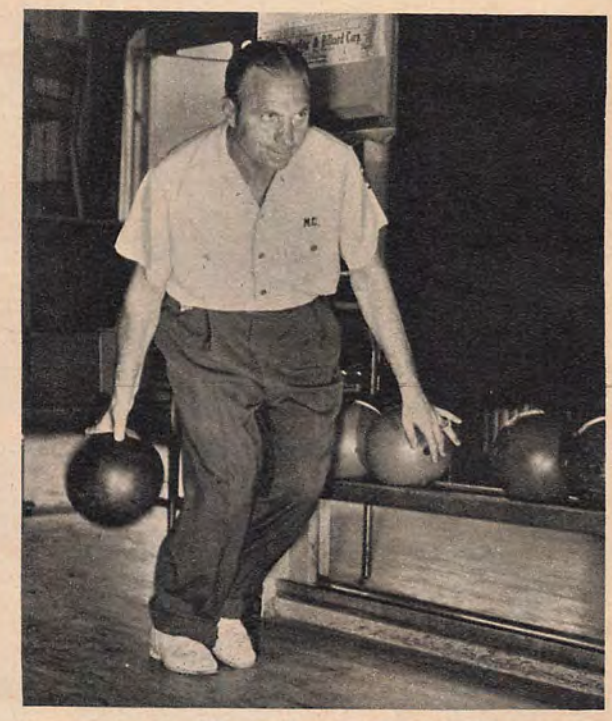
learns to bowl

By Bruce Jacobs

these action shots of Marty Cassio and a beginner named Jinx Falkenburg



3. A good delivery depends upon coordination of the run, the swing, and the follow-thru. On his first step toward the line, Marty is ready to go into his back-swing. From here on, it's all in the timing.



4. The ball is now starting upward on the back-swing. Cassio is a "control" bowler. He came within a cat's whisker of winning the World's Individual title in 1941, losing to Johnny Crimmins.

6. Contact! A short step, a slide *(above)* and the ball is released (*right*). Marty lets the ball go and comes to a stop just before the foul line. His follow-thru helps him roll a "smooth" ball.

(⟶ FROM PAGE 24) "You may surprise yourself," answered Marty, who has rolled at least 11 perfect "300" games during his brilliant alley career. On hand to give Jinx her first bowling lesson, Marty started off with a few pointers worth passing along:

1. Get a ball that fits your hand. Make sure the thumb hole is neither too tight nor too loose.
2. Pick out a comfortable pair of shoes.
3. Practice often.
4. Roll—*do not bounce*—the ball.

Jinx would look far and long to find a better teacher than the eagle-eyed Cassio, who once rolled 22 consecutive strikes and made 140 consecutive spares in a three-event match game.

At 17, Cassio feared he was through with bowling. He smashed his right hand through a window—and he was in the hospital for over a year. He came mighty close to losing the arm, and the hand is still somewhat deformed.

"The first time I bowled after I got out," Marty recalls, "I hit a snazzy 49. Did I feel low!"

Three years later, he was back in league competition. He held the ABC 10-year high average until Andy Varipapa edged the lead away from him last Spring. At 41, Marty wants to win the World's Individual Match Game Championship.

As for Jinx Falkenburg, who's also known as Mrs. Tex McCrary, it's a mystery where she finds the energy to do all the things she does. She and her strapping husband put on four television and radio shows a week over NBC. In their comfortable Manhasset, Long Island home, Jinx also keeps a firm and motherly eye on a 14-month-old bundle of dynamic energy named John Reagan (Paddy) McCrary III. Week-ends she plays tennis, and now she's bitten by the bowling bug.

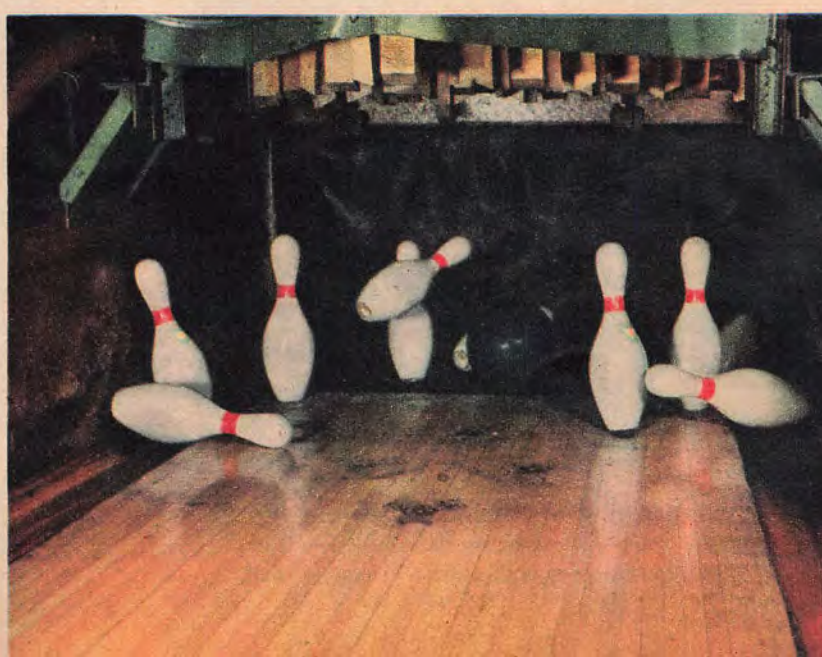
No one, including Marty Cassio, will be surprised if she rolls "300" one of these days. Jinx, if you'll pardon the pun, fellas, has quite a lot on the ball.

Speed-Ray bowling sequence in black-and-white and color photographed exclusively for SPORT by Arthur Sass and Hugh Broderick of International

3. Ball suddenly got heavier as Jinx finished backswing.

4. She lets it go! The ball looks headed down the middle.

7. Jinx tries it again, and this one finds ten targets.



8. Here's Jinx's first and only strike during the day's lesson.

1. Now Jinx is up. First she must choose the right ball.

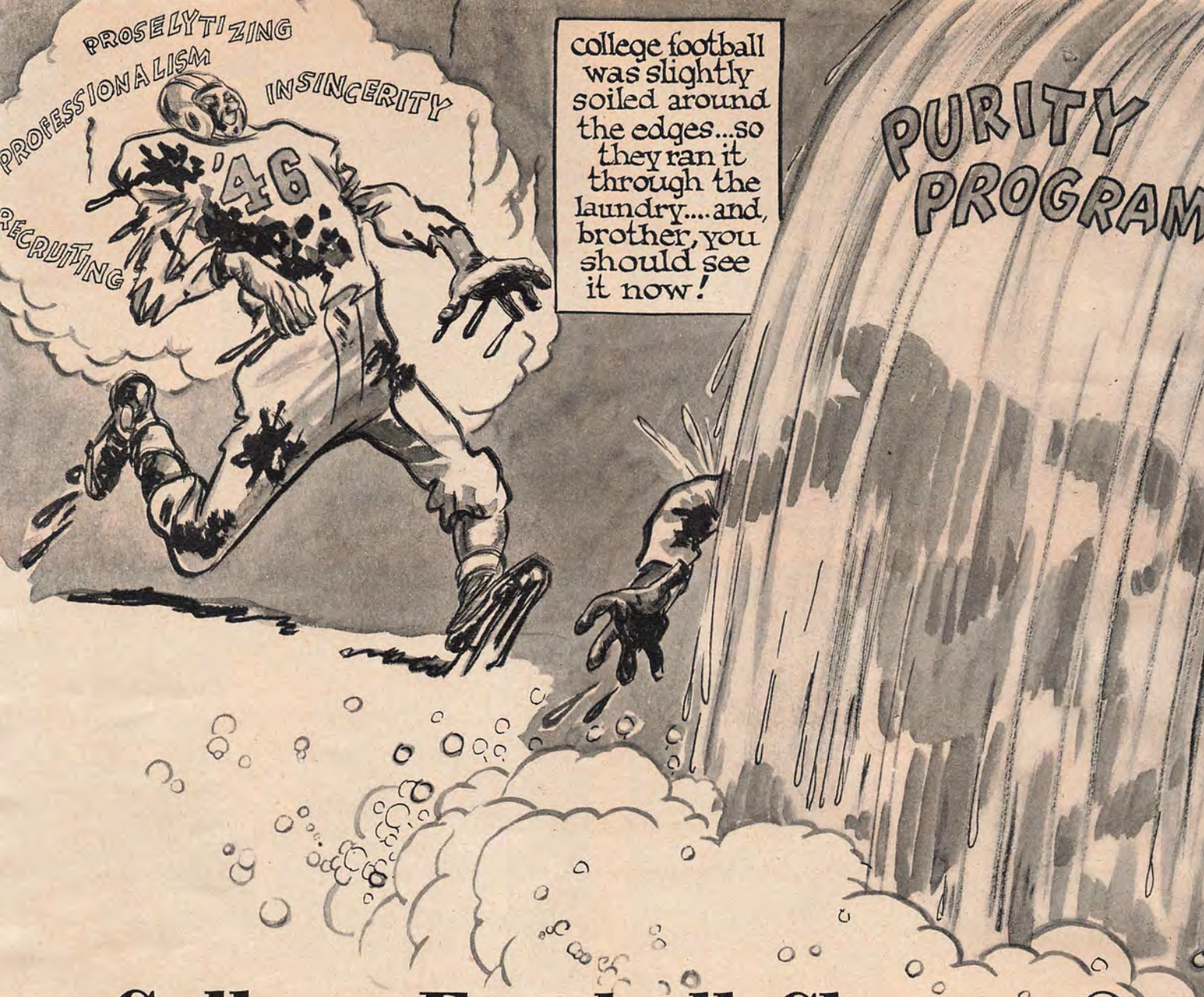
2. Marty checks stance to be sure Jinx steps out on right foot.

5. Marty *(in background)* admires the—let's see—follow-thru.

6. Darn! It hooked into the gutter. And it looked good, too.

9. It's a swell shot—but it leaves Jinx slightly off-balance.

10. Marty figures up scores, gives Jinx 113. Is that bad?



College Football Cleanup? Phooey!

They gave our Autumn madness its annual dose of purity last Winter. But, as usual, it failed to take. The game is now as clean as a dirty shirt, claims a writer who can spot a fake a mile away

By Dan Parker

PURE as Pittsburgh snow and as free from commercial taint as a roulette wheel with a gimmick, college football is with us again after its annual Winter purification ceremony. This ritual is performed with whitewash, crossed fingers, and generous slices of bologna, by some of the nation's most accomplished liars and most colossal hypocrites.

Space under tables is at a premium, since most of it has been spoken for by football coaches who have money to pass in the night, and

promising halfbacks who have mitts open to receive it, thus sealing a bargain by which they rent out their athletic prowess to a mercenary jade known as Alma Mater.

Save for player-raiding, subsidizing, talent-scouting, and lowering of scholastic standards to accommodate physical giants who are mental midgets, the lofty code of ethics adopted last Winter to clean up college football is being observed to the letter. (Anyone who mentions the "spirit" will be penalized half the length of the field for clipping.)

Long before the season opened, mud was flying in all directions as coaches hurled recriminations at each other. Holier-than-thou conferences were just as bespattered as those which do their cheating openly and don't care who knows it. The lofty resolutions passed by the National Collegiate Athletic Association at its mid-Winter meeting in New York City had turned out once more to be just so many words, as empty as a tramp athlete's noggin.

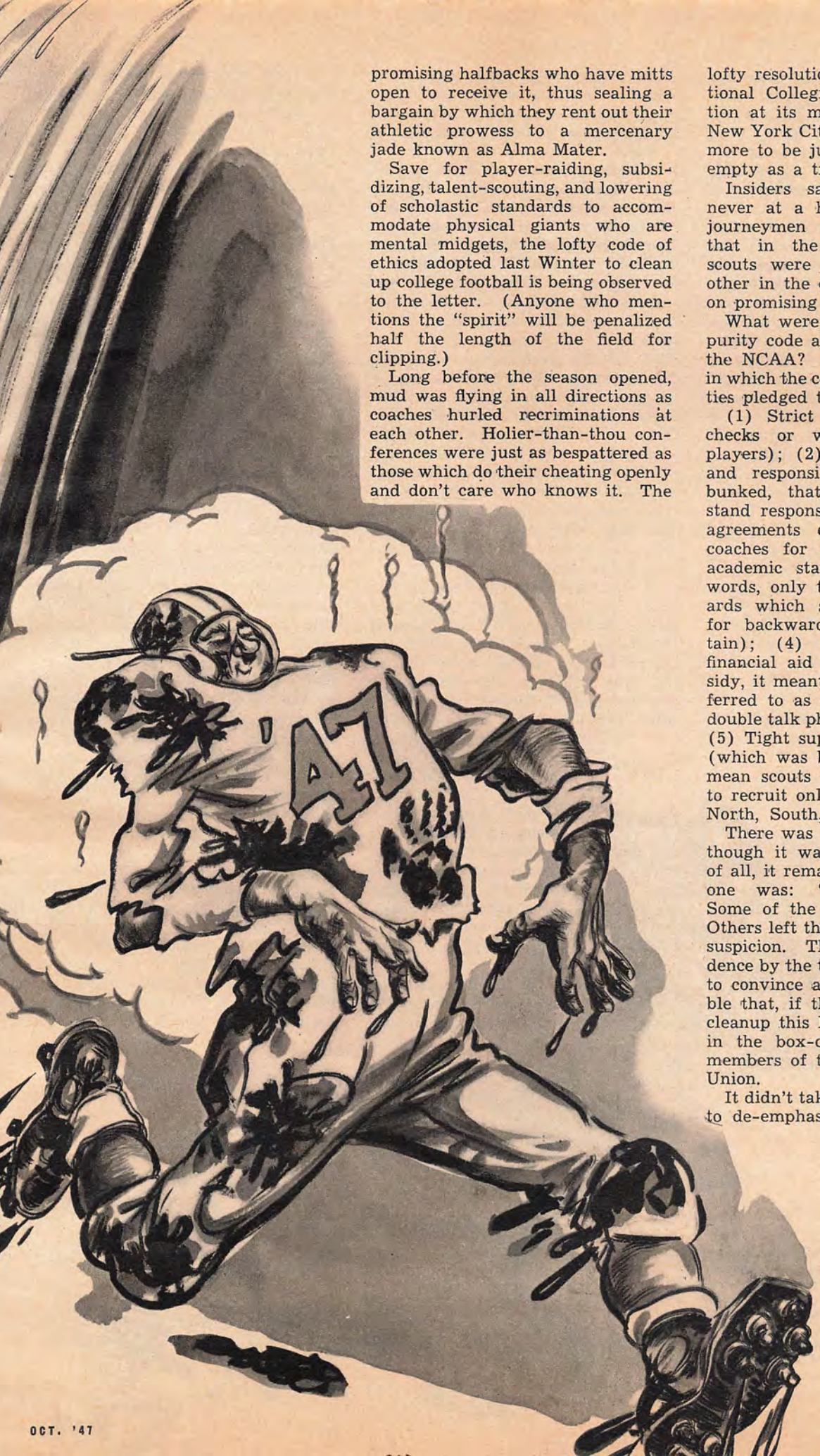
Insiders said the market was never at a higher peak for good journeymen football players, and that in the hinterlands, college scouts were stumbling over each other in the dark as they crept up on promising young players.

What were the provisions of the purity code adopted last Winter by the NCAA? It was a five-pointer in which the college athletic authorities pledged themselves to:

(1) Strict amateurism (i.e., no checks or written contracts for players); (2) Institutional control and responsibility (meaning, debunked, that the colleges would stand responsible for any financial agreements entered into by the coaches for players); (3) Sound academic standards (or, in other words, only those academic standards which sounded easy enough for backward tailbacks to maintain); (4) Strict governing of financial aid to athletes (the subsidy, it meant, was never to be referred to as such but only by the double talk phrase "Grant-in-aid"); (5) Tight supervision of recruiting (which was broadly interpreted to mean scouts were to be permitted to recruit only in four directions—North, South, East, and West).

There was a sixth point, too, and though it was the most important of all, it remained unwritten. This one was: "Don't get caught!" Some of the boys did get caught. Others left themselves wide open to suspicion. There was enough evidence by the time the season opened to convince all but the most gullible that, if there was any football cleanup this Fall, it would be only in the box-office and among the members of the College Halfbacks' Union.

It didn't take long for the colleges to de-emphasize their football de-



Illustrated by WILLARD MULLIN

emphasis drive. The Big Nine had been one of the strongest proponents of the purity program at the January conference. None of its members was more fervently devoted to the cause, by lip service, at least, than the University of Michigan.

So what happened? Fritz Crisler, Michigan's athletic director and football coach, announced soon after the convention in New York that he was rejecting a lucrative offer from the University of California because he had been assured by the Michigan authorities that his supply of football talent would not be cut off.

In fact, Michigan was to demonstrate its own peculiar brand of de-emphasis with a $3,000,000 building program that called for enlarging the football stadium and constructing a field house that would seat a measly 18,000. Those who read between the lines of new football stadium seats concluded that Michigan was still the dear old puritanical institution whose alumni kidnapped Tommy Harmon from Ohio State football scouts, and virtually held him prisoner in a motor car at Ann Arbor over a weekend until the danger of losing him had passed.

Tommy owned two cars while at Ann Arbor, but to preserve the chaste traditions of Michigan football he insisted on going through his entire course without the services of a valet.

Hypocrisy was imputed to the Big Nine by Clarence (Biggie) Munn, football coach at Michigan State, after his college had been rejected for membership in the Conference because it gave athletic scholarships. Munn, insisting the scholarship method was the more honest approach, declared:

"IT IS the practice in some Big Nine schools to hand it to the players under the table, and then take them into another room and make them sign a paper to the effect they haven't received anything. The Big Nine dislikes our Jenison Scholarships. But if our boys get a little help through scholarships, it's all right with me. They all do it one way or another. Why not do it above the table?"

There was no answer from the Big Nine but Dick Cullum, sports editor of the Minneapolis *Times,* hopped on Munn. "This is the common defense of the athletic scholarship," he wrote. "Those who employ this method defend themselves by saying, 'We're no worse than you are.'

"Isn't this rather a low level for educators to stand on in conducting their controversy? Are we to understand that it is a fundamental of education that each person has the moral right to match the immorality of the most horrible example he can find?

"It is a matter of constant amazement that college presidents —a large majority of college presidents—laughingly condone practices in their athletics that calloused mugs in professional sport look upon with scorn.

"If there were no more to it than this—that one group pays bare tuition and living expenses by open agreement and the other group cheats on rules which call for pure amateurism, it would put them both in about the same class.

"But here are the real facts. One group starts with rules of pure amateurism and cheats on these rules. The other group starts by professionalizing players and cheats from there on out. These people who try to justify scholarships are paying the highest salaries, far in excess of the limits they have agreed upon among themselves.

"But in either case—in the case of the purists who can't resist temptation or the case of the cheaters who cheat on their own low code—the amazing thing is that our top educators, the university presidents, are the people responsible for this prostitution of our athletic youth. They know exactly what is going on; they know that nearly every high school athlete of ability in the country is getting a broad education in sneaky dealings; and they know exactly how to stop it.

"But they do nothing, although it wouldn't take more than just a little courage."

The Big Nine said nothing about codes when Perry Moss was induced to quit Tulsa and enroll at Illinois, where he is reputed to be better off than Coach Ray Eliot himself. Nor did Buddy Young's resignation from Illinois right after the Rose Bowl game embarrass that institution, although it was obvious that Buddy was under contract to the New York Yankees professional football team (⟶ TO PAGE 97)

In November, 1946, SPORT published this cartoon by Willard Mullin, showing the conditions which were then prevalent in the world of college football. We reprint it now because it still gives an accurate picture of the situation. Little change has been noticed by most experts. Promising prep-school players still have to run from the scouts.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE CAT

He's no showboat, but slender Harry Brecheen, hero of last year's World Series, is one of the greatest clutch pitchers in baseball

By
Bob Broeg

BASEBALL and betting are supposed to be strange bedfellows, but someone has been taking someone else's money on the outcome of almost every ball game played since Abner Doubleday was a plebe at West Point. So when a coldly calculating bookmaker who spells sentiment with a dollar sign says that a St. Louis Cardinal laborer named Harry Brecheen is the man to back in a clutch, you've got to pay attention.

"It's my business to follow baseball closely. The reason I'd take The Cat would be my observation that he never has lost a game he had to win," explained this gambler, who comes not from St. Louis but from Philadelphia, and thus cannot be tagged as a home-towner. If that high compliment seems somewhat left-handed because it comes from a guy who operates slightly left of the law, please remember that Brecheen himself is a left-hander.

The Boston Red Sox, you will recall, had good reason to remember Brecheen last Fall after he became the first southpaw ever to win three games in one World Series. The Cat's accomplishment would have done justice to the huskiest, strongest-armed pitcher who ever stepped on a major-league mound. But the feat was nothing less than extraordinary for a little hollow-cheeked, bandy-legged son of Oklahoma's red-clay country—a slender portsider once considered too small ever to be a successful big-leaguer.

Acme

Harry got only an even break in '46 with 15 wins and 15 losses, but his three World Series victories for St. Louis helped him finish gloriously.

There are important baseball ears that must burn whenever the name Brecheen appears as the winning pitcher in a Cardinal box-score. Ten years ago, Ira Thomas, scout for the Philadelphia Athletics, turned thumbs down on a Class B pitcher at Portsmouth, Virginia. "Too little," he said. And as recently as 1942, the year he left St. Louis to become the Brain of Brooklyn, wise old Branch Rickey insisted the five-foot, ten-inch, 160-pound Brecheen didn't fit the great man's tape measure.

"I guess there were a lot of others who thought I wasn't big enough," the stoop-shouldered pitching star recalls now with amusement. "But my father at least always thought I'd make it."

Tom Brecheen, grounds superintendent of the Naval depot at McAlester, Oklahoma, was always a big, powerful man himself. He had to be strong to work for the Choctaw Lumber Company, back when Oklahoma was still a Territory. Tom led 80-mule teams across the border from Texas to clear the way for the survey of a site called Broken Bow, where his son Harry was born 32 years ago. As the years passed and Tom first became a farmer, and then a town-dweller at Ada in the east-central section of the young state, he developed a burning ambition to help his wiry son become a major-league ballplayer.

Perhaps Tom, a Texas-born Irishman, and mother Lucy Tyree Brecheen, a Dutch girl from the same community of Cooper, Texas, didn't realize the overwhelming odds against even the most talented youth in the keen competition of modern baseball. But they saw to it that their eldest child—two daughters came along four and 13 years later—wasn't tied down with too many chores.

Of course, there was work to be done, and Harry had to learn the bow of a plow from the stern. But most of the time he was out pitching, (that was the position he just seemed to fall into), or treading the bottom lands for gray squirrels, or squatting on the banks of a nearby lake with a minnow bucket at his side.

IT appears that from the time he was 10, Brecheen either has had a glove or a bat, a gun or a rod in his hand. And right now if there's a more avid outdoors couple than Harry and his wife, Vera, we'll bet one of Brecheen's 13 bird-dogs they would be hard to find.

The Brecheens are childless, though not by choice, and so there are no ties to keep them from loading the dogs, their eight guns, and their fishing gear into a half-ton trailer every Fall and beginning a four-month trek that would make any sportsman's mouth water.

First there's a two-week October trip along the 1250-mile shoreline of Texoma Lake, a man-made power and fish reserve, for a catch of crappie, perch, and bass. Next, there's a long motor trip to New Mexico for a marksman's try at the elusive deer. Then it's early November, quail time back home in Oklahoma, and Bob White had better watch his whistle. And finally, because the staggered quail season of neighboring Arkansas is most obliging, there's a January opportunity at the same game bird before time to start for Spring training.

Vera is a great companion for Harry, tireless in her appreciation of nature's blessing. But it's a bit irritating when she beats the guy to the various outdoor catalogues and magazines the postman delivers regularly to the six-room frame house in Ada, or to the efficiency apartment in St. Louis—depending on the time of year. You wouldn't believe there was a time, when the Brecheens first were married 13 years ago, that Vera Caperton didn't know a pitch-out from a perch, or a dugout from a doe.

However, even though she knew almost nothing about baseball, the 17-year-old farm girl Harry had met at a country dance, and married within a year, was quick to agree with Tom Brecheen that the game was right for her husband. The parents on both sides had grumbled at the youthful marriage, but Harry, at 18, was a man of responsibility. Despite the depression he was doing all right in 1934 with the combination job of working for a construction company and pitching for its semi-pro baseball team. He had won 65 games and lost only three in three years of pitching American Legion junior baseball. Aided by family encouragement, he finally said:

"I'll do it. I'll take a shot at pro ball. But"—and here he was definite—"I won't take that $175-a-month offer from the Cardinals' scout. That's a chain-gang outfit, and I hear it's cheap. And the Yankees are offering me practically nothing."

International

Like so many big-leaguers, Harry likes to fish during the off-season. Here he picks out a rod.

International

Brecheen's greatest rooters are the folks in Ada, Oklahoma, where he lives. Every Winter he gets into the hometown Hot Stove League.

So through Homer Blankenship, a former Pittsburgh pitcher and an Ada business man, young Brecheen in 1935 signed for $150 a month with Galveston of the Texas League. But two years later he was down in Class B, two rungs lower in the baseball ladder. There was absolutely no resemblance between his pitching and that of his boyhood idols, Carl Hubbell and Lefty Grove.

For one thing, like most left-handers, he lacked control. For another, he needed that "third pitch"—something to go with a fast ball that wasn't too fast and a curve ball that wasn't too sharp.

Then he got lucky and a screwball. Or, rather, he met a man named Lucky and developed a screwball, a pitch that coincidentally made Oklahomans Hubbell and Brecheen both famous. Actually, two years earlier, Cy Blanton, then an outstanding big-league hurler who lived near Ada, and Guy Morrison, a township school teacher and left-handed semi-pro pitcher, had first demonstrated to Harry the reverse twist of the wrist that makes the screwball possible. They showed him how a southpaw could throw a pitch that would go down and away from a right-handed batter, into a left-handed hitter.

But until he met Dick Lucky, a veteran catcher for Portsmouth of the Piedmont League, in '37, Brecheen had been unable to get his screwball over the plate, and had discarded the pitch. Lucky insisted on practice and more practice, and finally Harry was getting his butterfly across as a change of pace. Subsequently, on his own, he developed more thorough use of a pitch that, just past mid-season this year, had enabled him to compile 66 major league victories against only 35 defeats, and had helped him gain four World Series triumphs.

"I owe an awful lot to Dick Lucky," he remembers. "Until I met him, I was just trying to throw the ball past the hitters, always trying for strikeouts. But he worked on my control and showed me what it meant really to 'think' a game."

That season, when the Cat won 21 and lost only six in Class B, was the year scout Thomas of the Athletics turned down a chance to buy Brecheen because he wasn't in the market for shrimps. The same year, however, Harry found himself purchased by the "cheap chain-gang outfit" whose offer he once had spurned. And, for the first time, Eddie Dyer became an influence on the Cat's career.

At the time Dyer, for a quarter-century a trouble-shooter in the Cardinal organization, was president of the St. Louis club's Asheville farm in the Piedmont League. When major-domo Rickey turned over $6,000 with which to draft two players, Ol' Lefthander Eddie chose two southpaw pitchers—Richmond's Clem Dreisewerd, who incidentally was with the Red Sox in last year's World Series, and Portsmouth's Brecheen—for $3,000 each.

Dyer is modest about the future he foresaw in the pitching star of his 1946 world champion Cardinals. "No, podnuh," the mild-mannered Texan drawls, "I can't say that I realized the Cat would become the great pitcher he has. But after the '39 season, when I managed at Houston and he won 18 games for me there, and set a Texas League record of 38 consecutive scoreless innings pitched, I felt he needed only one season in Double-A to be ready for the big time."

Brecheen gives his present manager more credit. Dyer helped Harry overcome his youthful prejudice against the Cardinals and their paychecks, and now Harry is a booster for the organization. He particularly remembers a remark made by the Skipper when he and five other Houston players were assigned to the parent Redbirds, at a time when reports already were filtering through that Rickey considered Brecheen too small to make the grade.

"If I ever manage a big-league club, kid, you'll get your chance to see whether you can pitch up there. I promise you," Dyer said.

The chance finally came before Dyer was in a position to keep his word, but there was an agonizing delay while the Cardinals exhausted their three options on Brecheen. Late in '42 the (⟶ TO PAGE 86)

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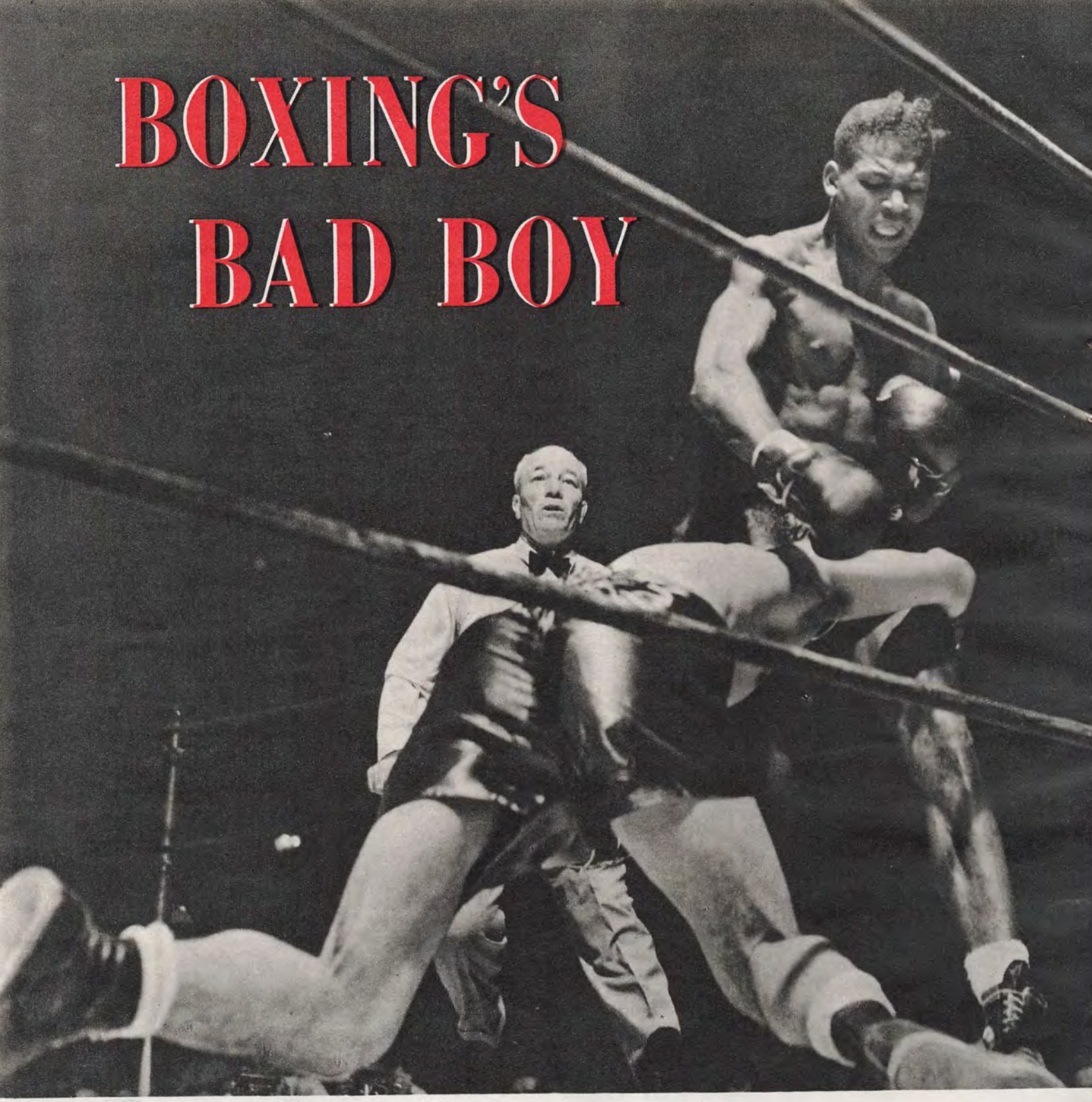
Harry and wife Vera own a six-room frame house in Ada, but live in a small St. Louis apartment during the regular playing season.

No giant, Harry was rejected by several managers as "too small."

Acme

BOXING'S BAD BOY



Acme

By Barney Nagler

Ray (Sugar) Robinson is usually in hot water, but the fans flock to all his bouts. This history of the welterweight champ reveals a fighter who's really tough

JIMMY DOYLE was dead, victim of Ray Robinson's fists in a Cleveland ring, and now the coroner was holding an inquest. He stood quietly in the somber room and then, as Robinson was called to the witness stand, the coroner turned and began questioning the world welterweight champion.

"Isn't it true," he asked, "that you knew Doyle was in trouble during the fight?"

Robinson, nattily dressed, clear-eyed, confident, countered with the speed he has often displayed in the ring.

"Mister," he said without emotion, "it's my

business to keep those fellows in trouble."

An innocent abroad might have suffered under the impact of Ray's cold dispassion. The fight men present didn't even react. They knew Ray (Sugar) Robinson and knowing him, they realized he could not be put on the spot.

In a wildly active ring career going back seven years, Robinson has squirmed in and out of many scrapes, including one with the U. S. Army. He has been accused of running out on more fights than any other boxer of his championship status, and he has won more fans by his skill and punch than any other contemporary except Joe Louis.

Wanting to, he can be a wonderfully personable man of exceptional grace. Forgetting the polish, he can be mean, ornery, and self-centered.

Yes, in the business of boxing, there is no more controversial fighter than Robinson. Joe Louis has called him the greatest workman in the ring today. What sportswriters, his Harlem neighbors, and casual acquaintances have called him is another matter.

Few of Robinson's activities fail to cause a storm. When he ducks out of a match, the press pulls back its collective sleeves and goes to work on him. When he speeds up Harlem's Lenox Avenue in his big station wagon, on which is painted "Ray Robinson, World Welterweight Champion," his neighbors fume.

The fury varies in ratio with the importance of the act, but to this day, Ray's career in the Army is the hot-point of all discussions.

In 1943, Robinson had been a pro three years. Already he had established himself as the uncrowned welterweight champion. The recognized kingpin, Freddie (Red) Cochrane, who was not much of a fighter, was in the Navy. It looked like a long time before Robinson would get a shot at the title.

The tall man with the whiskers stepped in at this point and drafted Robinson. It wasn't long before Ray was a sergeant. Soon he and another prominent sergeant, a fellow named Joe Louis, were the spark-plugs of a boxing-exhibition troupe being set up at Camp Siebert, Alabama, for a tour of the European Theatre.

At Siebert, two significant events took place. One, according to Robinson, was when he was told by an examining physician that he wasn't physically fit for the trip overseas, and that he would be discharged as soon as the troupe (Casual Detachment "Z") reached Fort Hamilton, Brooklyn.

The second, and the one which apparently had the greater emotional impact, occurred while Ray and Louis were waiting for a bus to take them from camp to town. By some mix-up, Ray and Joe sat in the waiting room reserved for "Whites." An M.P. who didn't know Ray and Joe ordered them to move on.

In the excitement, Robinson and Louis spent four hours in military custody. Ray has never put it into words, but he has never forgotten the experience of being pushed around by a fellow-soldier.

The incident rankled on the trip Northward with Casual Detachment "Z." But the Harlemite expected to be discharged and returned to civilian status at Fort Hamilton. However, it didn't work out that way.

At Fort Hamilton, Ray was examined by Colonel Miner F. Felch at the Station Dispensary and pronounced fit for overseas service. This examination took place two days before the troupe was set to sail.

The day before sailing, however, Robinson disappeared from Fort Hamilton. The consternation was great and the embarrassment in proportion. Lieutenant Colonel Frederick H. Weston was ordered to investigate the situation. Parts of his report, never before published, follow:

SERGEANT Walker Smith (Robinson's real name) had been given a thorough medical examination at a nearby general hospital and it was found that there were no defects disqualifying him for overseas service.

Sergeant Smith had been informed by Lieutenant Crawford, detachment commander, that he was found to be physically qualified for overseas service. He then stated to Lieutenant Crawford that he would not embark for the movement. Lieutenant Crawford then read Article of War No. 28 to Sergeant Smith and interpreted same to him, pointing out the punishment which could be given for desertion.

Lieutenant Crawford then reported to his superior officer the intention of Sergeant Smith to be absent without leave when the movement left. Lieutenant Crawford's superior then decided that Sergeant Smith should be placed aboard at that time or should be placed under guard. It was decided, however, by higher port authority, that such action would jeopardize the success of the tour, and was not accomplished.

The investigator then reported how Joe Louis was brought in and asked to help trace Robinson. Joe said he didn't know where Ray was, but volunteered to call Ray's home. He also furnished the investigator with Robinson's home address.

When the harbor boat left Fort Hamilton with the boxing troupe, Ray was not present. The boxing troupe boarded the troop ship at Pier 90, where Louis received a great ovation from the soldiers already on board.

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Even riding in his special automobile, Ray manages to swagger

Acme

During the war, Robinson (shown with Henry Armstrong, *left*), had difficulties with the U. S. Army.

Lieutenant Colonel Weston reported that it was his opinion "that each member of the troupe was in excellent spirits upon departure." He did concede, however, that there was a feeling of bitterness on the part of the enlisted men concerning Robinson.

"They feel that he is sick," Weston wrote, "and should not have been forced to go. They believe that the medical officers were influenced to arrive at the decision that Sergeant Smith was physically qualified for overseas service."

Several days after the troupe sailed for a tour of Army camps in Italy and North Africa, Robinson was picked up. No definite word has ever been divulged on how or where, but the accepted story on Jacobs' Beach is that Robinson was apprehended in the subway.

Thereafter, he spent some time at the hospital on Governors Island, where he underwent examination. Two months later, on June 3, 1944, he was honorably discharged at Fort Hamilton. The Army said he suffered from a pronounced "ineptitude" for military service.

Robinson refused to discuss the situation, although the gossips insisted his discharge was dishonorable, a canard at complete variance with the facts. For more than two months, Ray stayed away from the boxing byways. Then, quite suddenly, the Hearst newspapers announced that Ray would engage in a series of six bouts for the Disabled Veterans' Fund, a promotion of that newspaper chain.

Robinson pitched in and swept through the six-fight program, from which the Disabled Veterans' Fund swept in $23,000 from Ray's purses. It was a fine gesture, but few in boxing gave Robinson any credit.

"He's just trying to wipe out his Army record," they snickered. Even as a do-good, Robinson was being belted as a no-good. He couldn't wipe out the stigma of his skirmish with the military. The infamy was so widespread that eight months after his discharge, when he was in Chicago to box Sugar Costner, one newspaper columnist roasted him as follows:

"The participation of one headlined fighter in this event stinks up the fight game so, it smells clear across the Atlantic. I heard about this alleged fighter dozens of times from real fighters in France. They are burned up about this alleged fighter drawing big money for appearances and being boosted by fight promoters, fight fans, and sportswriters."

In rebuttal, the Chicago *Tribune* printed a photostatic copy of Robinson's honorable discharge. The fans, showing their indifference to the whole fuss, shelled out $94,120 to see Robinson prove himself the great fighter that he is by knocking out Costner, hitherto a hero, in two minutes and 55 seconds.

FROM this point on, there was no stopping Robinson. He came back for his first post-Army fight in New York's Madison Square Garden and belted Jake LaMotta, only man to have whipped him in 170 amateur and pro fights. It was inevitable that when Cochrane, the welterweight champion, finally came out of the Navy, early in 1945, Robinson should be named the leading contender.

Fight men knew Cochrane's cabinet didn't believe Freddie could survive a meeting with Ray. What's more, the managers found a solid gimmick on which to hang the runaround.

"Hey," they asked, "what was Robinson doing during the war? Cochrane was in the Navy in the Pacific."

Instead of Robinson getting the shot at Cochrane's shaky crown, Marty Servo, an ex-Coast Guardsman, drew the chance. He and his manager, Al Weill, shrewd and loaded with lucre, guaranteed Cochrane $50,000.

At this point, the New York State Athletic Commission stepped in and made both Cochrane and Servo agree that the winner would fight Robinson within a reasonably short time after their match. Well, Servo knocked out Freddie the Red, as expected, but when it came time to fight Robinson, Servo suddenly developed a sore nose. Rather than take on Ray, Marty retired as champion.

Even in this situation, Robinson didn't come away without causing undue fuss. Speaking to several fight writers at his Greenwood Lake, New York, training camp before the bout was called off, he boasted to them: "I was offered $25,000 to pull out of the fight with Servo. Yes, $25,000."

Accepting the story in good faith, the writers rushed to their hot typewriters and, in deathless prose, told the world about the bribe offer.

The matter was forgotten and Ray went on to win the welterweight championship from Tommy Bell in a 15-rounder designated as a title meeting by the National Boxing Association and the New York solons. Suddenly, a month after Robinson was crowned, Rocky Graziano's equally boastful yarn of a $100,000 bribe put a match under the sizzling fight world. The District Attorney's office handed the hot spud over to Eddie Eagan and the New York commission. Graziano's license was revoked and, in order to make a display of logic, the solons then called in Robinson to explain his bribe story.

He was completely unconcerned. He swaggered into the hearing room sat in the witness chair, and spouted, "I told the story 'cause I thought it was good for publicity."

The writers who had printed the story were let down considerably for being taken in by Ray's guile, which was nothing new. As for Robinson, he drew a mere 30-day suspension.

ROBINSON'S free and easy manner runs a straight line through match-makers, managers, and people in general. During his professional career he has been dogged by charges of avoiding matches in which he had promised to appear.

A complete list isn't available, as man's memory is short, but the aforementioned Servo was twice victimized in Philadelphia, finally cornering Ray in the ring at Madison Square Garden. Once a small New York outdoor club, the Queensboro Arena, advertised a bout involving Ray. He didn't go through with the fight until official pressure was brought into play.

Before the ill-fated Cleveland clash with Doyle, Ray twice asked postponements because of eye wounds received in subduing Georgie Abrams in Madison Square Garden. The postponements cost Promoter Larry Atkins more than a mere pretty penny, but Ray didn't mind. He already had been paid $2,000 for training expenses, in addition to a $25,000 (⟶ TO PAGE 96)

It happened in OCTOBER

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO (1922)

International

At Hamilton, Bermuda, Sybil Bauer of Chicago broke the world's 440 backstroke mark for both men and women in 6:24.8 minutes. . . . At the Garden in N. Y., 185-pound Billy Miske, of St. Paul, Minn., beat Tommy Gibbons of St. Paul, Minn., in 10 rounds. . . . Rogers Hornsby of the Cards ended the season with a .401 batting average. . . . For the first World Series radio broadcast in history, the announcer was Grantland Rice. The New York Giants won the Series, taking four straight from the Yankees. . . . At Greenbrier Golf Club, White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., Miss Glenna Collett, 19, of Merion, Pa., won the Women's National Golf title, beating Mrs. William A. Gavin of England. . . . Iowa's grid team, coached by Howard Jones, defeated Yale, coached by brother Tad Jones, 6-0. . . . Harvard beat Centre College, 24-10, to avenge that '21 defeat.

Acme

TEN YEARS AGO (1937)

International

Tony Lazzeri of the Yanks was the World Series hero, handling 27 chances without an error. Lefty (El Goofy) Gomez won two games as the AL champs beat the Giants in a five-game Series. Then in a surprise move, the Chicago Cubs signed Lazzeri as a player-coach. . . . For the third time in three years, Fordham and Pitt fought to a 0-0 grid tie. . . . Leo Durocher was traded to the Dodgers by the Cards for four players. . . . The AAU All-American swimming team listed Ralph Flanagan of the Miami, Florida, A. C. for five posts—the 440, 500, 880, 1500 meters, and 1 mile. . . . Menow won the Futurity at Belmont in world's record time of 1:11.2. . . . Newark, winner of the International League title by 25½ games, beat Columbus for the Little World Series title, in four games.

International

FIVE YEARS AGO (1942)

International

Count Fleet set a new world mile record of 1:34.8, fastest time for a two-year old, in the Champagne Stakes at Belmont. . . . The Cardinal pitching ace, Mort Cooper, won the NL's Most Valuable Player award. . . . After the Yankees won the first game, the Cards took four straight to wrap up the Series. . . . The USO got a $362,926.65 share of the $1,105,249 total gate receipts. . . . Ray Robinson won his 36th fight in a row, beating Jake La Motta in a Garden tenrounder. . . . Notre Dame beat Bernie Bierman's Iowa Pre-Flight Seahawks, 28-0, after the latter stopped Minnesota's winning streak at 18. Minnesota, also upset by Illinois, 20-13, lost its two-year hold on the Big Nine football championship.

International

ONE YEAR AGO (1946)

Acme

The National Hockey League opened its new 180-game schedule. Montreal shut out the Rangers, 2-0, in the first game for both teams. . . . Illinois, on its way to the Western Conference title and Rose Bowl fame, rolled over Purdue, 43-7, in its first Big Nine game. . . . In the play-off for the NL baseball title, St. Louis beat Brooklyn and went on to win the World Championship from the favored Boston Red Sox. . . . Harry Brecheen won three Series games for St. Louis, and became the first left-hander to turn that trick. . . . In an early grid poll, Texas ranked first. . . . Army won its 24th straight, over Duke, 19-0. . . . The New York pro football Giants upset the mighty Chicago Bears, 14-0.

Acme

GIANT for a day

Sometimes you can find sport drama even behind the drab gray walls of a prison. Here is the true-life story of a tough kid with a burning ambition, who had dreams of baseball greatness

By Frank Graham

MAYBE if Frenchy had got a break somewhere along the way, he would have become a big league ballplayer. That was what he wanted to be when he was a kid growing up on the West Side of New York.

"You're good, Frenchy," the other kids would tell him. "What team are you going to play with when you're old enough?"

"The Giants," Frenchy would say.

But you can get into trouble on the West Side, just as you can anywhere else. Just as Frenchy did when he was about 18 years old.

One night a gunman stuck up a saloon on Tenth Avenue. He wounded the bartender who swung at him with a club as he was about to make his getaway. Detectives in a prowl car, attracted by the shot and the yells of the patrons, caught him and disarmed him. They took him back to the saloon and the bartender, bleeding from a wound in the side, identified him.

"There was another one," the bartender said. "I seen him standing by the door."

"That's a lie!" the gunman said. "There wasn't—"

"Shut up!" a detective said, and slapped him across the face with the back of his hand.

The detective bent over and asked the bartender:

"What did he look like?"

"Younger than him," the bartender said. "This one come in and had a drink and I seen the other one standing on the sidewalk looking in."

"All right," the detective said to the prisoner. "You can talk now. Who is he?"

"There wasn't anybody else."

"Maybe you don't like to talk here," the detective said. "Maybe you can talk better in the station house."

He took out his blackjack.

"Or maybe you'd like to change your mind," he said.

The prisoner talked. An hour later, Frenchy was picked up. His was a simple, sorry story. He needed a new overcoat. The gunman had promised to stake him for acting as lookout. He never had been in trouble before.

The police charged Frenchy with robbery and felonious assault, for although he hadn't taken the money from the till or shot the bartender or even had a gun, he was in on the job. He pleaded guilty and was sentenced to three and a half to five years in Sing Sing.

It was Spring when Frenchy went up the river. There was a baseball team in the prison and he had no trouble taking over at third base.

One day the news ran through the prison that the Giants were coming up. These were the Giants of Terry and Jackson and Lefty O'Doul, of Hubbell and Critz and Ott. Frenchy was happier than he had been for a long time because, although he would not be one of them, he would be on the same field with his heroes.

Two days before the game, the manager of the prison team, a convict like himself, said:

"Look, Frenchy, I don't like to tell you this. But you ain't playing against the Giants."

"Why not? What's the matter with me?" French asked.

"Nothing. That's just it. You been playing swell ball and I'd sure like to see you in there. But we got a guy coming out of the reception cells tomorrow that we got to play. He was in the Southern League before he got in trouble, and the only place he can play is third base."

Frenchy's face was bleak.

"I know it's tough," the manager said. "But we got to be as strong as we can for the Giants, and it's just your hard luck this guy is a third-baseman. You understand, don't

A SPORT SHORT

you, Frenchy?" he asked anxiously.

Frenchy nodded slowly.

"Sure," he said. "Sure, I understand. Like you say, it's my hard luck."

"Sure," the manager said. "I figured you'd understand."

Frenchy tossed on the cot in his cell that night, trying to keep his mind off the Giants, trying not to remember the Giants were coming and that he wasn't good enough to play against them. In the shop the next morning, he worked as hard as he could, trying to keep from thinking about the new guy that was coming out of the reception cells.

As he was going into the mess hall for lunch, another prisoner said to him:

"I hear you don't play against the Giants."

"That's right," Frenchy said.

"What's the matter? No guts?"

Frenchy moved closer to him.

"I'll show you whether I got any guts or not," he said.

"Break it up," a keeper said.

Frenchy walked into the mess hall and sat down. He didn't know it, but every other man in the room was watching him. Some, feeling sorry for him, wanted to tell him it was nothing but (⟶ TO PAGE 84)

He thought of all the times he'd waited outside the Polo Grounds to watch the players come out.

ILLUSTRATED BY *BEN DALE*

Kleberg

By Joe H. Palmer

International

The owner of King Ranch is a graying man, over 50. His interest in improving livestock dates from his undergraduate days at Wisconsin.

SEVERAL years ago, a Texas horseman advertised for an experienced man to care for his horses. The ad concluded: "Must be willing to work, and not sit around all day on a bucket and say, 'That's not the way we do it in Kentucky.' "

Kentucky prides herself, with some justification, on her horses and her horsemen. But last Fall, Kentucky's biggest and strongest organization of Thoroughbred breeders, The Thoroughbred Club of America, gave its highest honor to an outlander from Texas. The club invited Robert J. Kleberg to come and tell them how to breed horses.

The reason? Well, two horses which had been produced on the Klebergs' fabulous King Ranch at Kingsville, Texas, were beating the brains out of everything Kentucky, or for that matter any other state, could send against them. These were Stymie and Assault, now the two leading money-winners of the world.

There was an incident more than 10 years earlier which Kleberg certainly did not remember with any animosity, and possibly did not remember at all, which made the situation just a little bit keener.

The Thoroughbred Club gives a testimonial dinner each Fall, picking as its guest of honor a man who, for one reason or another, has deserved the very best from racing. Kleberg had come to one of these earlier dinners as a guest. After the formal ceremonies were ended, and the affair had broken into smaller knots of discussion, he attempted to explain his own theory of breeding. The writer chanced to be one of the group, and is thus in a position to say that Kleberg was received with amiable but complete skepticism.

Nearly every newcomer brings to thoroughbred production a theory that is "going to revolutionize the business." This is usually a scheme for making two and two equal five. So we all jibed mildly at this Texan who was trying to tell us—Kentuckians, mind you—how to breed horses. "Keep that for those humpbacked cattle you're fooling with," we said.

Last Fall, having given Kleberg the highest honor in its possession, the Thoroughbred Club listened in respectful silence while he described the production of Santa Gertrudis cattle and the development of the theory which, put to Thoroughbred breeding, had produced the smashing Assault and the stretch-running Stymie. They gave him a scroll which ended with these words. "The breeding paddocks of tomorrow will be the richer for his achievements of today." It was a remarkably thorough triumph.

The subject of it is a quiet, graying man of 50-and-something, browned deeply by the Texas sun and wind, and perhaps a tiny bit under middle size. There is Texas in his voice, too. But it is more the soft slurred speech of the South than the slightly nasal drawl which comes in your radio when the children are listening to the Westerns.

For a man who thinks that South Texas contains all the better features of Heaven, plus facilities for producing the best cattle and horses in the world, Kleberg has a remarkable disdain for Texan stage properties. He is friendly, but you get all your fingers back. He does not wear high-heeled boots when he visits the East, nor a hat the size of a walking-ring. On him you will not find even the Texas gallus, nor the embossed leather-and-silver belt.

You would think he had studied the mannerisms of speech and dress and carriage popularly attributed to his state, and had then carefully discarded them all. This is not hearsay. My own notion is that he is so thankful to be from South Texas that he doesn't care whether other people realize it or not.

He is a man who laughs easily, but at humor rather than wit. A broad and good-natured jest appeals to him, rather than nimble speech with its occasional glint of malice. He talks readily, but not necessarily. He thinks methodically, patiently,

# of King Ranch

Kentuckians smiled when a big brash Texan came up with a new horse-breeding theory. But a pair of winners named Assault and Stymie showed the world he was right

Acme

Assault *(on the rail)* and Stymie battle it out for the all-time money-winning title every time they're in a race.

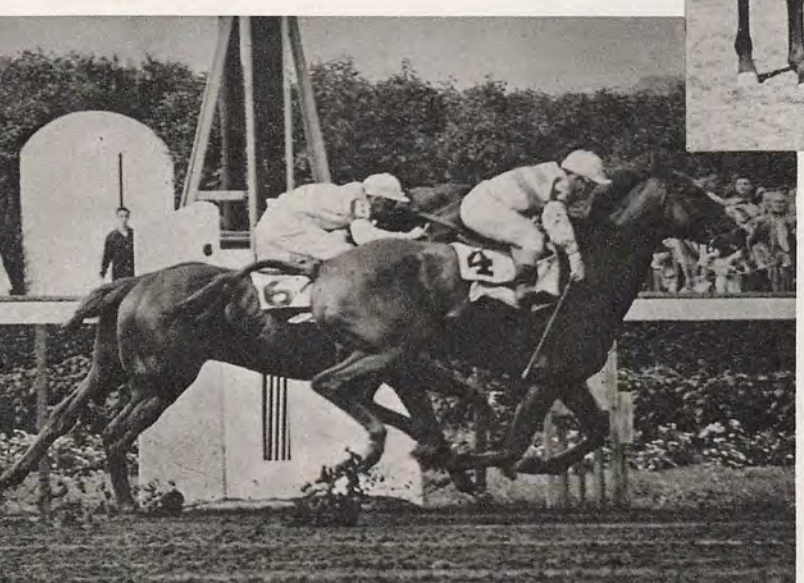
perhaps a little slowly—but when he takes hold of a problem, it is the problem that has to let go.

His problem has always been the improvement of livestock, for this has interested him all his life. He studied animal husbandry, genetics, and related subjects at the University of Wisconsin. Apparently he was interested in nothing else the University could give. This knowledge he added to an immense fund of practical experience, and with the combination set to work to improve the cattle at King Ranch. That he was on the way to giving the American turf two of the most thundering horses of recent years could hardly have crossed his mind. His mind was solely on cattle.

Cross-breeding was the obvious first step. The strains combined were the native Shorthorns, which made excellent beef cattle but wilted under the climatic conditions of South Texas, and the Brahma breed from India — hardy, resistant to heat, and (⟶ TO PAGE 85)

Acme

King Ranch's trainer is Max Hirsch *(front center)*, pictured with Assault *(left)* and Better Value.



With Conn McCreary in the saddle, Stymie, the horse Kleberg let go for $1,500, won the Gold Cup International Race in July. King Ranch wasn't shut out, however. Assault took third.

Acme

Once IN A LIFETIME

There was all the glory and brilliance of a World Series victory in prospect. But as the shadows fell, a game which was apparently over came up with a never-to-be-forgotten moment in baseball history

By Bill Brandt

"INSIDE OF SPORTS"
BROADCASTER (MUTUAL)

THE sun was shining brightly on October 5, 1941. It was just about the warmest, brightest afternoon in World Series history. But to Brooklyn, it was the darkest day that ever dawned.

Deceptive, too. Not one of those 33,813 fans who packed Ebbets Field had the slightest thought of the calamity that was to fall. Everyone—that is, everyone who was a loyal Dodger rooter—was happy and gay. Their beloved Bums were going through the gratifying motions of humbling the haughty New York Yankees. They had the Yanks hog-tied, ready for the final hitch that would even the Series at two games each.

Yes, it was all over but the shouting. But that shouting never came. It died a-borning in 30,000 throats, choked with the awful suddenness of a bolt from the sky that left its wreckage in broken hearts.

And today, six years later and World Series time again, those hearts still bear the scars of that terrible blow.

What caused all this? A muff? A bonehead play? No! It was a wonderful curve. And, like a curvaceous siren, it deceived one and all.

What's more, it chose the most critical, the most dramatic mo-

ment possible to make its devastating appearance.

Brooklyn's faithful had waited 21 long years for a World Series. Not since 1920 had a National League pennant come to Ebbets Field. And now they were licking their chops over the bright possibility of a World Championship.

True, the Yanks had won two of the first three games, but nobody was worried. Manager Leo Durocher hadn't played his ace yet. He had held back Kirby Higbe, winner of 22 games during the pennant race. But today Ol' Koiby was ready to go. He'd trim the Yanks, even the Series, and everything would be jake from now on.

But despite the confidence, there was a terrific tension weighing heavily over the park. From the moment Mayor LaGuardia of New York threw out the first ball, the fans seethed under the pressure of high-geared emotions that threatened to blow the roof off the stands.

It soon became apparent that Higbe, the dependable, wasn't going to make it. He was nicked for a run in the first inning. Then the Yanks leveled off on him for keeps in the fourth and Kirby was through. The Yanks were leading, 3-0.

But Atley Donald, the Yanks' starting pitcher, was doomed to get his lumps, too. In the Brooklyn half of the fourth, pinch hitter Jimmy Wasdell smashed him for a double to drive home two runs. Now it was Yanks 3, Dodgers 2.

Johnny Allen was the Dodger pitcher in the fifth, and the Yanks went after him with a vengeance. They filled the bases and figuratively set fire to every seat in the ball park. But in from the bullpen strode one of the greatest firemen of them all—Hughey Casey.

Cheers rocketed to the sky as Casey iced the Yanks—set them down without allowing a run. Right here, Casey basked in the warmth of every Brooklyn smile. But Fate, lurking in the shadows, was snickering, rubbing its hands in anticipation of the devilish deal it had in store for stout Hughey.

Brooklyn spirits hit the top in the last of the fifth. With Dixie Walker on base, Pete Reiser hammered a home run over the right-field wall and the Dodgers were in front, 4-3.

That was the end for Donald—and the end of all run-making—for a while.

Marvin Breuer and Johnny Murphy, Donald's successors on the mound for the Yanks, blanked the Dodgers all the way. Casey was throwing goose eggs for Brooklyn, and joy reigned in Flatbush. The Dodger lead was a slim 4-3, but it looked like a million as the innings reeled off.

And then came the ninth, the Yanks' last licks. Johnny Sturm was first up for New York. He was easy. Pete Coscarart tossed him out on a roller toward second. Red Rolfe was next and he was easier. He bounced the ball squarely into Casey's hands, and was out on a simple throw to first.

Two down. Nobody on. One more and it would be all over.

The Brooklyn crowd could hardly contain itself. It was winding up for a tumultuous outburst of pent-up enthusiasm that would hail a second victory over the Yanks, even the Series, and put the Dodgers (so they thought) on the high road to World Series glory.

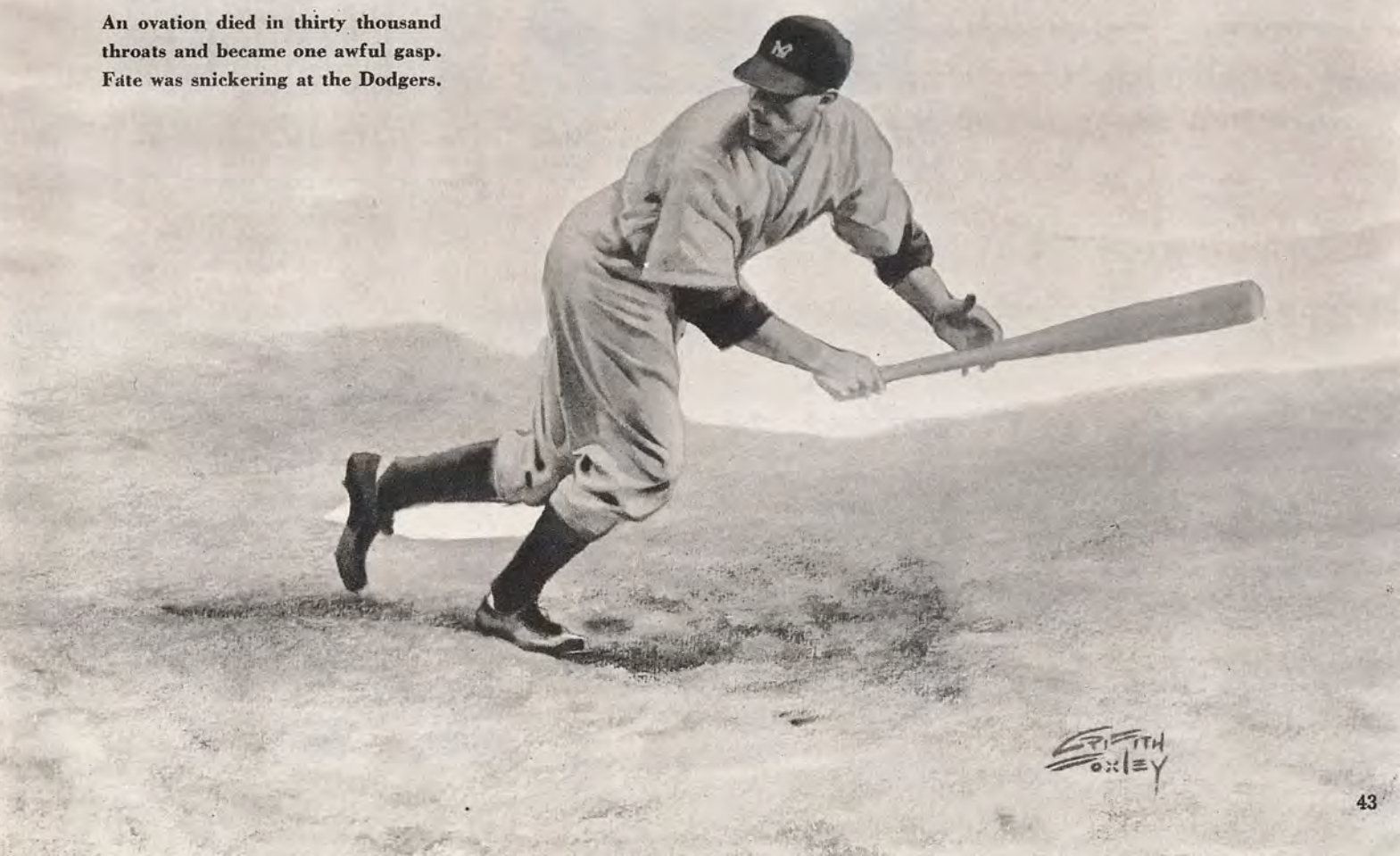
As Tommy Henrich came to the plate, the chatter of the fans ran like drum-fire through the stands. Casey worked carefully. The count ran to three balls and two strikes.

Then he called on a curve.

It came over . . . low, breaking sharp.

Henrich lashed at it . . . Missed! Strike Three! The Dodgers win!

But wait! (⟶ TO PAGE 79)



An ovation died in thirty thousand throats and became one awful gasp. Fate was snickering at the Dodgers.

SPORT'S *Quiz* in words and pictures

Give yourself five points for each answer you get right. A real sport expert should score from 80 up to 100

Wide World

1 More than 13 years ago, this shot-put ace set a 16-pound record (57′, 1″) which has never been broken. He is:
(A) . . . . Al Blozis
(B) . . . . Jack Torrance
(C) . . . . Pat MacDonald

Wide World

2 Against Michigan in 1924, an immortal back carried the ball five times and scored five touchdowns. His name:
(A) . . . . Red Cagle
(B) . . . . Red Grange
(C) . . . . Swede Oberlander

Wide World

6 The Hart Trophy, annually awarded to the NHL's most valuable hockey player, last year went to:
(A) . . . . Maurice Richard
(B) . . . . Milt Schmidt
(C) . . . . Max Bentley

Acme

7 The New York Giant infielder, Buddy Blattner, is a former world's champion at one of the following sports:
(A) . . . . table tennis
(B) . . . . handball
(C) . . . . trap shooting

What's your rating as an expert on sports?

Try our quiz each month and see how you stack up

11 Are bowling pins used in lawn bowling?

12 At Belmont in July, 1923, jockey Frank Hayes died of a heart attack during the race, but crossed the wire still in the saddle. Was the win allowed?

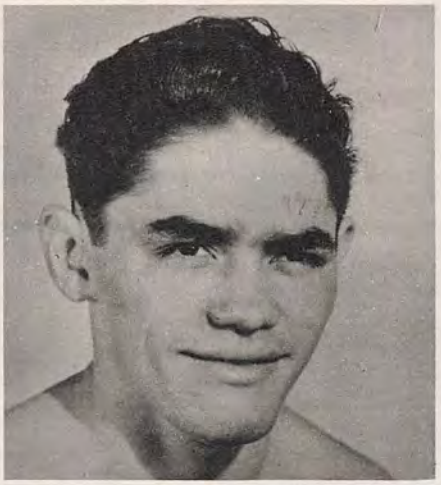
13 The longevity record for a major league baseball game was set by the Dodgers and Braves They played:
(A) . . . . 18 innings
(B) . . . . 21 innings
(C) . . . . 26 innings

Press Association

3 In England's Derby this year, a 40-1 shot romped home in front of the field. The winner was:
(A) . . . . Pearl Diver
(B) . . . . Migoli
(C) . . . . Sayajiro

Wide World

4 In 1929, the All-American football team picked by the N. Y. *Sun* listed one player at two positions. He was:
(A) . . . . Ken Strong
(B) . . . . Bronko Nagurski
(C) . . . . Benny Friedman

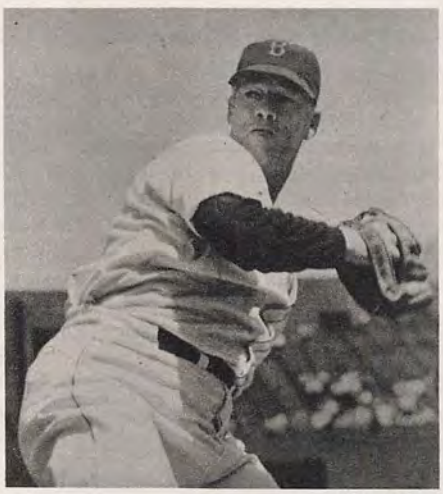


Press Association

5 When Jimmy Doyle succumbed to ring injuries last June, it was after a fight for the title of which division?
(A) . . . . middleweight
(B) . . . . welterweight
(C) . . . . lightweight

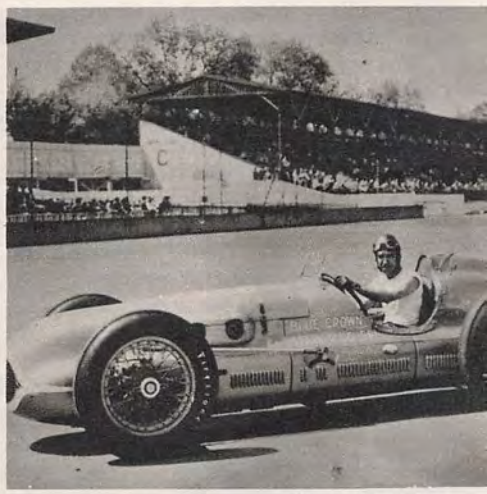
Press Association

8 In his first year as a professional athlete, this ex-college star signed to play both baseball and football:
(A) . . . . Buddy Young
(B) . . . . Frankie Sinkwich
(C) . . . . Charley Trippi



Wide World

9 Following are three Hall of Fame pitchers. Which do you think had the highest lifetime winning average?
(A) . . . . Lefty Grove
(B) . . . . Christy Mathewson
(C) . . . . Walter Johnson



Press Association

10 The big Indianapolis "500" auto race was last May. Can you remember by which driver it was won?
(A) . . . . Mauri Rose
(B) . . . . Shorty Cantlon
(C) . . . . William Holland

14 Which President of the United States coached football at two colleges?
(A) . . . . Teddy Roosevelt
(B) . . . . Woodrow Wilson
(C) . . . . Warren G. Harding

15 One of these big league players was born in Scotland:
(A) . . . . Tommy Holmes
(B) . . . . Bob Thomson
(C) . . . . Bobby Doerr

16 How many times, before this year, has the British Women's Amateur Golf title been won by a U. S. lassie?

17 This year's IC4-A outdoor track title was won by:
(A) . . . . Illinois (B) . . . . NYU
(C) . . . . California

18 Can you match these college-grad big leaguers with their alma maters? *One point each.*
(A) Lou Boudreau . . . . . Michigan
(B) Hank Borowy . . . . . Baylor
(C) Spud Chandler. . . . . Illinois
(D) George Sisler . . . . . Fordham
(E) Ted Lyons . . . . . Georgia

19 How much do you think it costs to outfit a football player from head to foot? The cost is approximately:
(A) . . . . $75 (B) $100
(C) $125

20 Which of these countries has been in the Challenge Round, but never won the Davis Cup?
(A) . . . . England (B) . . . . Japan
(C) . . . . France

→ FOR CORRECT ANSWERS TO THIS SPORT QUIZ, SEE PAGE 105

Baseball's Comeback King

Even the cellar-dwelling Athletics gave up on George McQuinn last year. But the agile veteran sold himself to the Yanks, and now he's got the Series on his mind

By Milton Gross

A SPORT PROFILE

This month we offer another in our great new series of pen portraits of the "Personality-of-the-month."—THE EDITORS

EAGER as beavers to get an extra whack in pre-game practice, the Yankees lingered at their batting cage, although the warning bell already had been sounded and the Tigers were scrambling to take the field. George McQuinn was the last lucky Yankee to sneak in another swing. As he moved reluctantly from the batters' box, his slim frame collided with stoutish Steve O'Neill.

"Why must you keep bumping into me even when I'm awake?" the Detroit manager asked, a note of despair tinging his voice. "I dream about you playing first base for us. The dreams are so pleasant and peaceful, and then I wake up and you're gone—to the Yankees."

"I dream too, Steve," McQuinn answered with a satisfied smile. "I'm dreaming almost all the time, and if all this is a dream I hope I never wake up."

The Yankees, of course, could be excused if they slipped McQuinn a steady diet of nembutal or some other sleeping potion. Because if the way McQuinn has performed for them this year is a product of dreams, the Yankees want him to remain clasped in the sweet arms of Morpheus forever.

McQuinn is the stuff of which dreams are made. He is, without doubt, the story-book story behind the Yankees' success this season.

The man nobody wanted—a first-baseman cut loose by Connie Mack's last-place Philadelphia Athletics, a spavined ballplayer of 37, plagued by varicose veins in his legs and a painful lumbar condition in his back—McQuinn is far and away baseball's comeback king of the year.

George's amazing season is a reflection of the Yankees' slashing pace this year, and is itself a mirrored image of what playing for the Yankees meant to McQuinn. Without George, the Yankees could not have put their best team on the field this campaign. Without McQuinn, Tommy Henrich would have had to play first base, and Yogi Berra would have been in right field. Without McQuinn, Manager Bucky Harris would have been strapped during Charley Keller's extended layoff. If George had not made good, Johnny Lindell would not have been available as Keller's replacement. He would have been playing at Washington, along with Yankee third-baseman Billy Johnson, as the result of a trade for first-baseman Mickey Vernon.

That's what McQuinn meant to the Yankees this year. Yet early last January, when Connie Mack announced that McQuinn had been released, he said:

"I'm sorry to lose George, but I really believe he has played baseball one year too long."

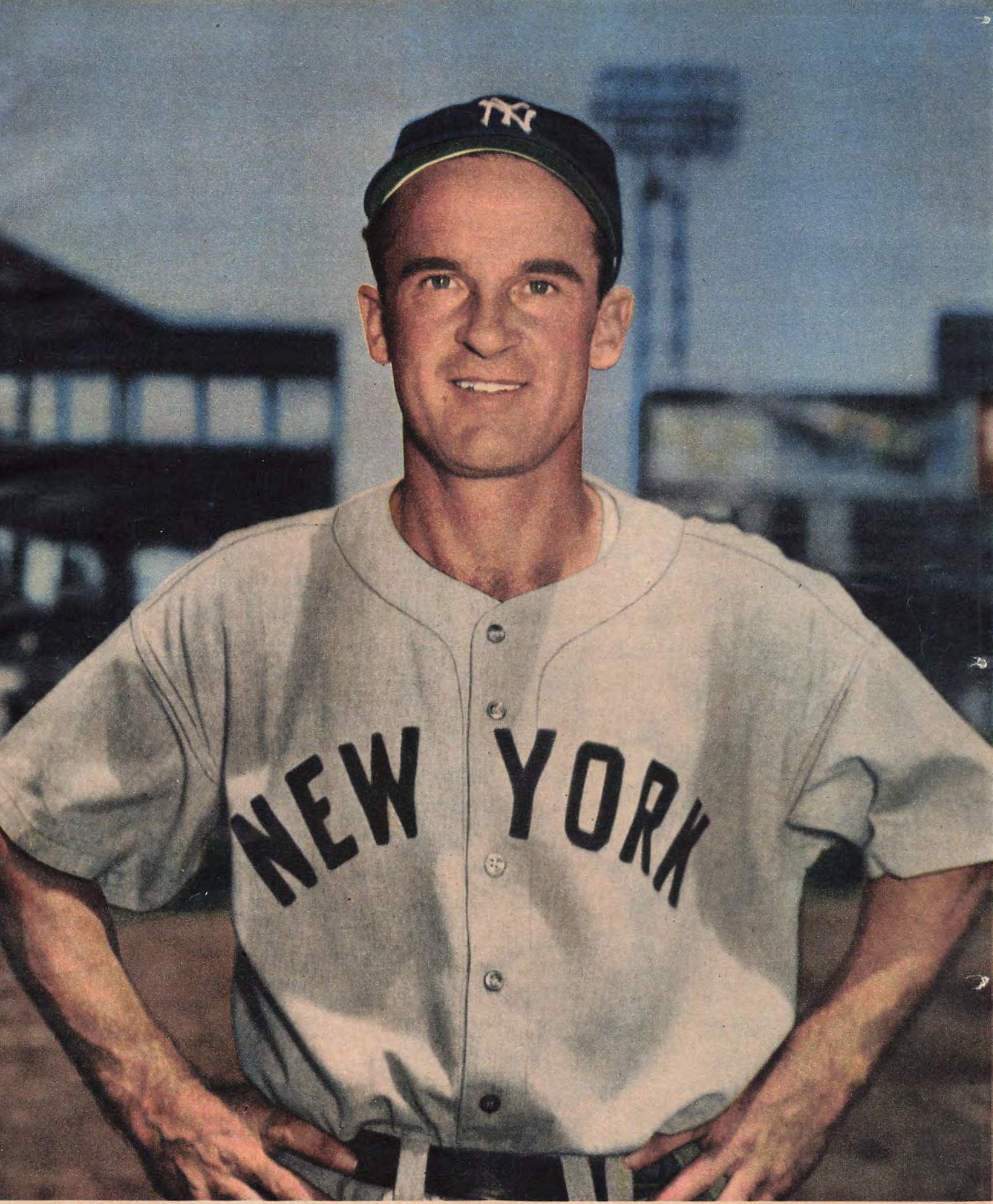
Today, after a season with the Yankees, most of which he spent among the league's leading batters, a day of which he was the All-Star first-baseman, and for all of which he is being paid more handsomely than at any point in his major-league career, McQuinn is a scrap-happy ballplayer.

He deserves his happiness. There were far too many years in the slim Scotsman's baseball life when happiness was tougher to achieve than a base-hit.

For many baseball stars, the road to riches has been a velvety one, a six-lane highway as straight as an arrow with no stoplights. For George, the way (⟶ TO PAGE 48)

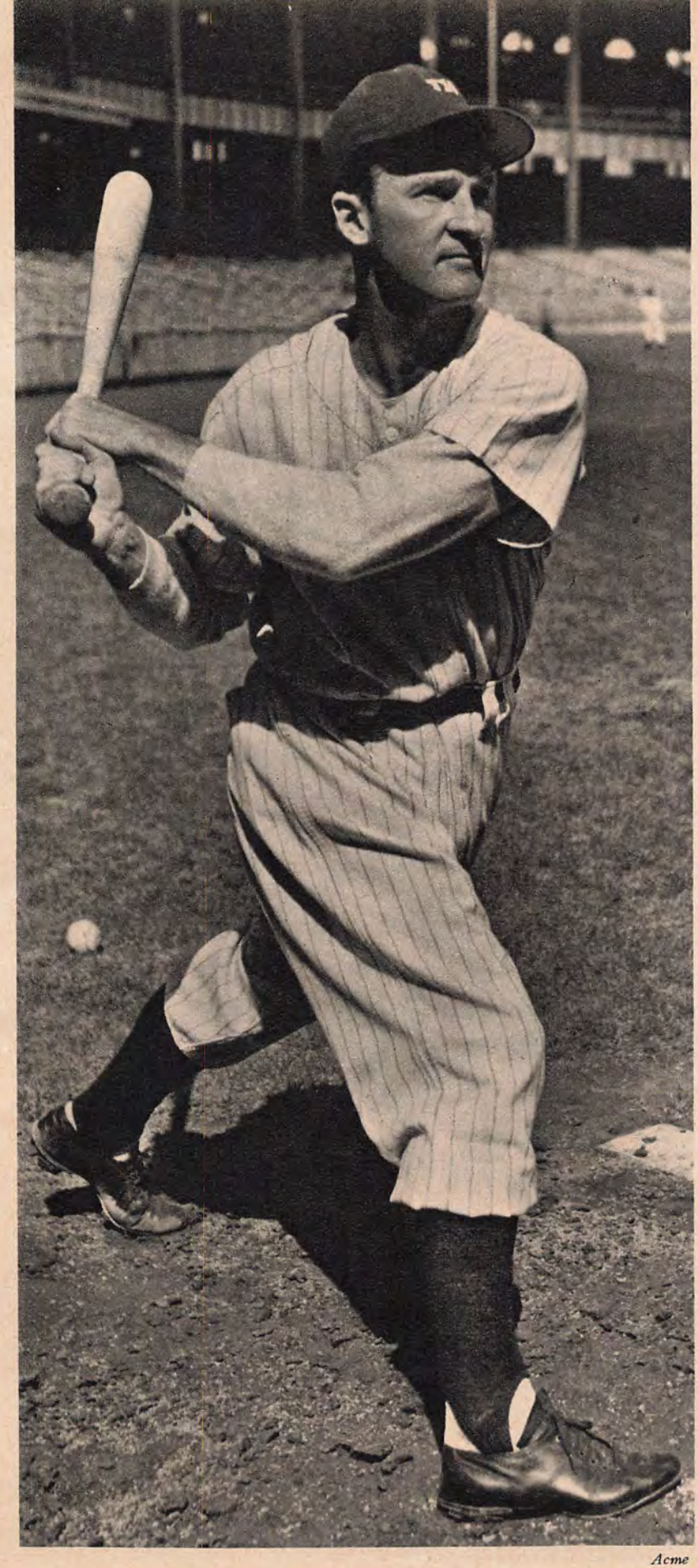
Wide World

George is of Scottish descent, and his pretty wife Kathleen is from the North of Ireland. Mrs. McQuinn persuaded her husband to give baseball another try when he wanted to quit after a poor season with the Browns in 1943. Now watch him go!



Exclusive Kodachrome SPORTrait by International

George was a Yankee farmhand in his younger days, but his path to the varsity was blocked by the sturdy figure of Lou Gehrig. The Browns drafted him from Newark in 1937, and he was trapped with a hopeless second-division club most of his career.



Acme

All through his career McQuinn has been known as a fielding artist, but not since his early years with St. Louis has he been a dangerous hitter. So his unexpected power at the plate had Yank fans dizzy after he joined the club.

(⟶FROM PAGE 46) has been paved with disappointment, despair and disillusion. He had to take detours through the heat and peonage of St. Louis, and the boos of Philadelphia fans dissatisfied with second-division mediocrity. It took him 17 years, traveling over a hard, circuitous route, to reach the place he should have reached as a youth.

Promising was the word for McQuinn when, as a 19-year-old out of Washington and Lee High School in Arlington, Virginia, he was signed by Wheeling of the Mid-Atlantic League, a link in the Yankee chain-store system.

Up through the minors at Scranton, Albany, Binghamton, Toronto, and Newark, McQuinn's bat cut a .300 swath for eight years as a Yankee chattel. A dancing dandy at first base with every team he joined, George also ran his batting average as high as .357 to pace the New York-Penn League for Binghamton in 1933. At Toronto the following season, he belted .351.

"Had I known then what I know now about baseball," McQuinn soberly admits, "I would have appealed to Judge Landis for a chance with the Yankees. Three major-league teams that I knew about were bidding for me. I deserved the chance to better myself, but I was virtually being covered up."

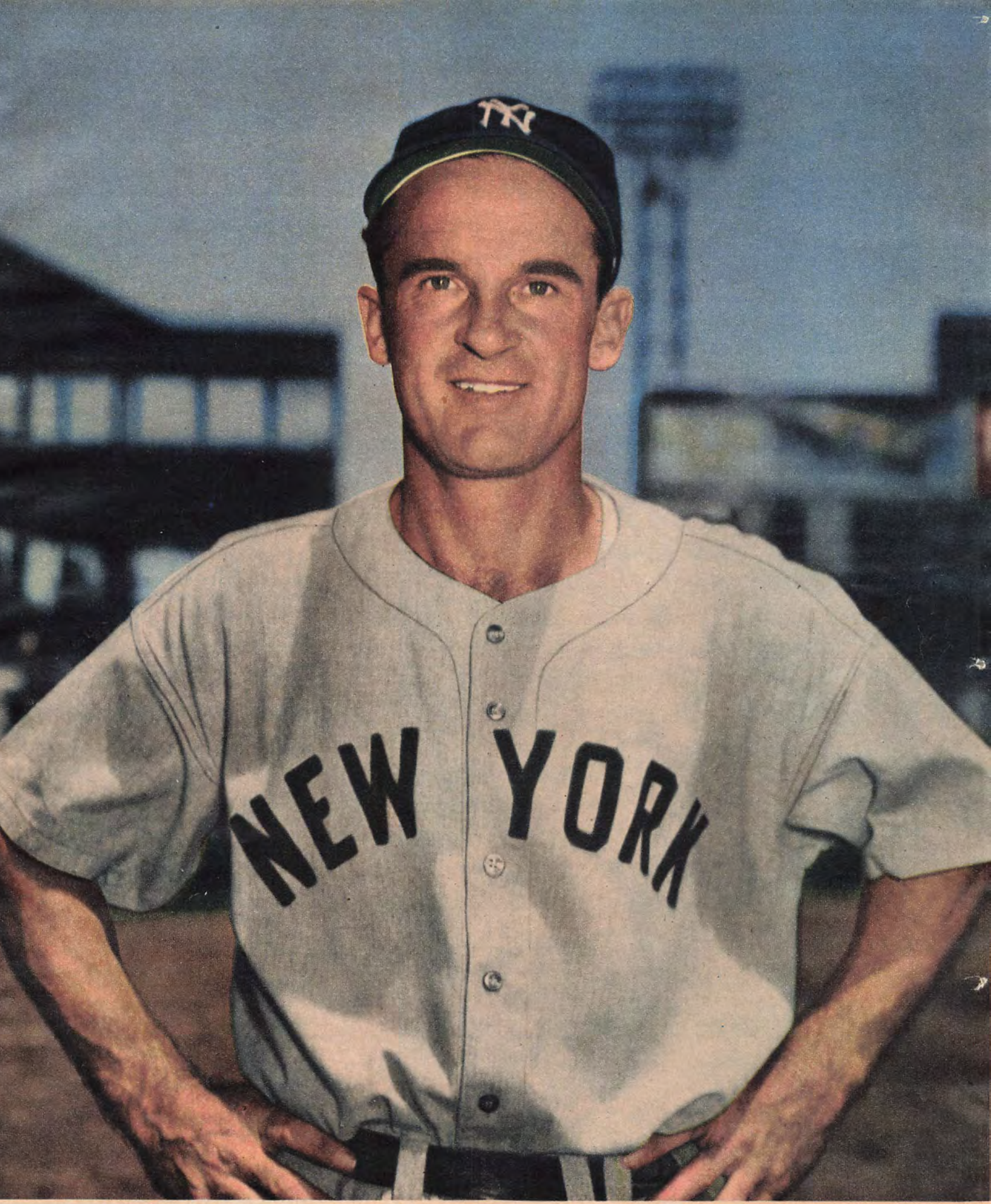
ACTUALLY, it wasn't so much a cover-up as the stalwart presence of Henry Louis Gehrig which kept the Yankees from giving George the opportunity that was rightfully his. McQuinn continued a minor-leaguer, in uniform if not in ability, until the Yankee hold on him ran out.

Having been sent down three times, McQuinn was subject to the major-league draft. And finally, in October, 1937, the Browns acquired him from Newark. But George's heart still was in New York, where the gold and the glory were being passed around with a lavish hand.

Every so often during the next few years, McQuinn's pulsebeat would quicken, and his hopes would rise, with each rumor that the Yankees were trading for him to fill the gaping void that the fatal illness of Gehrig had left at first base.

One December day in 1939, George, who had led the American League's first-basemen in fielding and had batted .316 for the season, was at his Virginia home preparing to start on a hunting trip. His wife Kathleen burst into the room waving a newspaper and shouting:

"Look, George. It's happened!"



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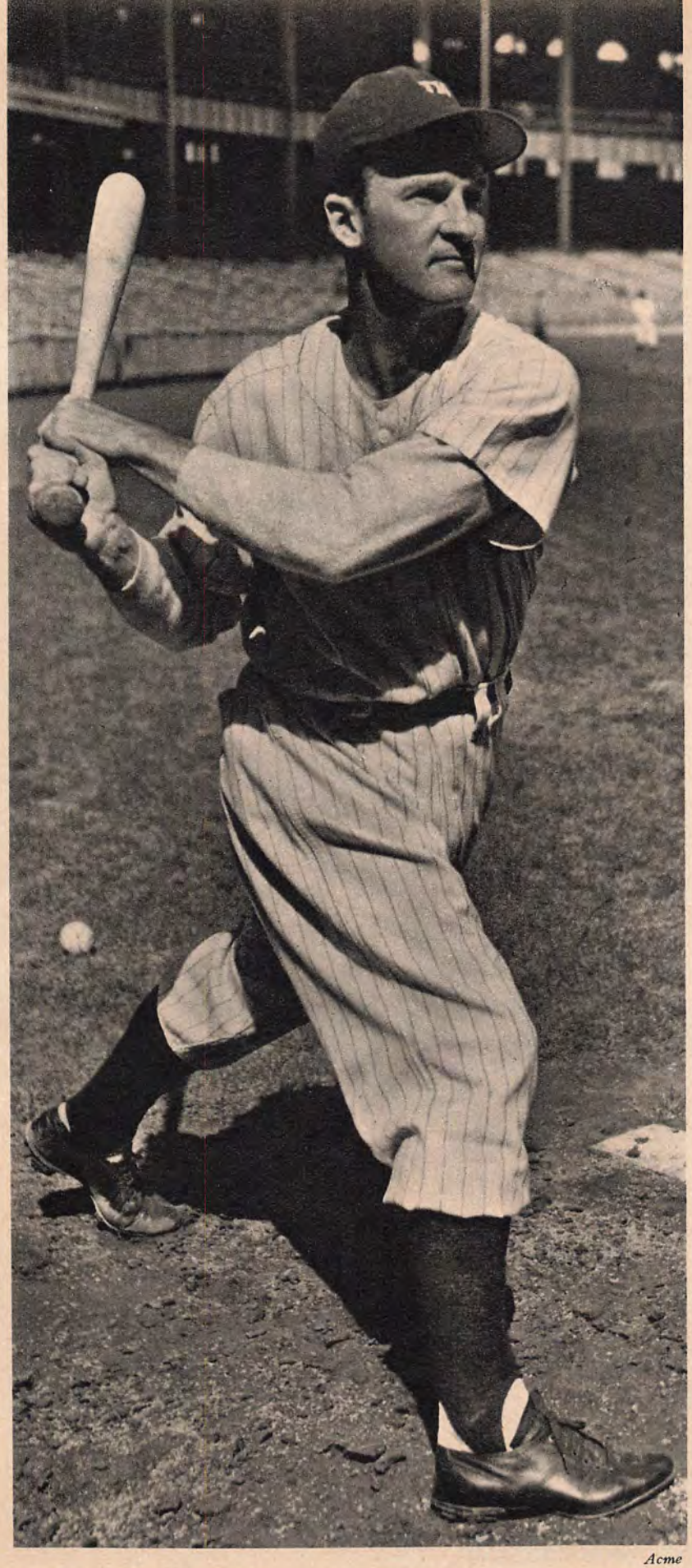

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"Look, George. It's happened!"

McQuinn scanned the headline, his grey eyes twinkling, the chords of his muscled arms flexing as he read: "McQuinn Traded to Yankees for Three Players and Cash."

"The hunting trip's off, Kathleen," George said as he swooped his wife in his arms and swung her happily about the room. "Today we celebrate. We've waited a long time for this day, but finally it's come."

While preparing for their celebration that evening, the McQuinns kept an anxious eye on the door waiting for the telegram which would officially notify George of the trade. No wire came that day. Instead, there was the evening paper, which amplified the earlier trade report.

Completion of the deal, the story read, would wait on the meeting of New York and St. Louis club officials at the approaching Winter meetings. With each passing day, doubts crept into George's mind. The doubts turned to despair when, later that month at the meetings, Clark Griffith of Washington pushed through a regulation which seemed to be aimed directly at McQuinn and his dreams.

Although the rule remained on the league books for just one year, it prevented the Yankees from obtaining McQuinn and the deal was quashed. Pennant winners were forbidden to acquire players for the next season except through waiver channels or by bringing up men from the minor leagues.

The move was one of those designed to break up the Yankees. It succeeded temporarily, since Detroit took the flag in '40. But McQuinn was never the same again. From that point on, his path of personal achievement stopped going up and started going down.

Second-division doldrums, bad pay and playing conditions, matchbox dressing rooms, and teammates who neither inspired nor were inspiring, combined to make George think seriously of quitting baseball in 1943. Besides his mental difficulties, McQuinn was playing under a tough physical handicap.

The mid-Summer St. Louis heat, which has been known to wear strong men down, was particularly hard on McQuinn, who is referred to in dressing-room conversation as a bag of bones. George weighed about 170 at the start of each season. Under the enervating sun, he lost poundage he couldn't afford to lose.

By that time, too, his back had begun to get the miseries. Pressure had developed on his sciatic nerve. The pain traveled down George's legs, making his graceful movements on the sun-baked St. Louis diamond a torturous way of earning a living.

To this day, though playing baseball is a labor of love to McQuinn, it is a gruelling, painful business. No man spends more time than George on Trainer Eddie Froelich's rubbing table before and after each Yankee game. No Yankee player finds it harder to fall asleep, despite weary limbs begging for a few precious hours of shut-eye.

EARLY this season, McQuinn confided to Arthur Patterson, the Yankee traveling secretary, that if it was at all possible, he'd like to room alone on the road.

"It isn't that I want special treatment," George explained. "But I find it so hard to go to sleep at night, I'd be disturbing my roommate."

Had George cared to reveal it, the true explanation would have been more along this line: "I can't sleep because of the pain in my back unless I have a large double bed. I sprawl all over it, trying to find the most comfortable spot for my back. I have to use two pillows, one for my head and one under my stomach, to keep my back from sagging."

Despite all this, McQuinn's wife, the former Kathleen Baxter, whom George met and married when he was playing for Toronto, knew her husband would be unhappy out of baseball. It was the only true interest he had, the only way he had ever earned his living. That's why she made him sign again with the St. Louis club after the 1943 season.

George had two more seasons with the Browns—helping them win the 1944 pennant—before moving to Philadelphia in a trade for first-baseman Dick Seibert. Sensing McQuinn's dissatisfaction, Mack paid George $2,000 more than he had received at St. Louis. But Connie could not make up for all those years George had spent in the second division.

McQuinn's confidence in himself, a reflection of his teammates' lacklustre performances and the beatings his body and spirit had taken, ebbed. Contributing to this mental murk were the Athletics' fans, who felt George was laying down on the job. He became their special razzberry target. When he fanned four times in one Sunday game against the Red Sox last year, and popped out three times in the second game of the doubleheader, they flayed him viciously.

"The next day was an off-day," McQuinn recalls. "I caught a train at North Philly station after the second game. When I got home in Arlington, I told my wife I didn't want to go back. I couldn't face that crowd again."

"It's up to you, George," Kathleen said. "But I don't believe you'll ever be content with yourself if you quit now. You've had too many good seasons not to be able to take a bad one."

The job of being a baseball wife is a strange one. Mentally, Mrs. Ballplayer steps up to the plate with her husband each and every day of the year, (⟶ TO PAGE 80)

Acme

Not much on talk, George is a team player who gives every play the old college try as a matter of course. Here, Tebbetts of Boston tags him out.

Acme

Babe is the only American who ever won the British Women's Amateur golf title.

My Life with the Babe

Most sports fans think of Mildred Didrikson Zaharias as a terrific athlete first, and as a woman second. But to her husband, she's a swell wife who can cook and keep house—as well as play a little golf

By George Zaharias

THERE is an old saying in sports that if you can't beat 'em, join 'em. So that's how it turned out with me.

Now she's my wife, the Babe—Mrs. Golf to you!

But let's roll back the years and start from my beginning.

I was born in Pueblo, Colorado, in 1908 of Greek parents who had come to this country the year before. I grew up around the steel mills with the Fireman Jim Flynns, the Damon Runyons, whom we used to call Al, and the Manassa Mauler, Jack Dempsey, my old pal, who called on us many times.

Pueblo was and is a busy little industrial town—the home base of the school of hard knocks. I earned my diploma in that school at an early age. The first thing I can remember was putting headlocks on the neighbor kids. I always said I wanted to be a wrestler like Jim Londos. My room was plastered with his pictures and I kept a scrapbook on him. So naturally I landed in the wrestling business.

Times were pretty rough in those days, and I set out to put on those headlocks for money. New York was my first stop. I was around 20 years of age. To my surprise, they put the green kid from the West to work in the big town. But they said I couldn't quite make the big leagues yet, so they farmed me out to the Texas League. That's what the boys in our trade called the gasoline circuit, because you rode miles and miles from one match to another. Texans called it the country where the survival of the fittest begins and ends.

One night I landed in Beaumont for what was billed in the local papers as the "Match of the Month." The year was 1931 and the crowd was small. I asked the promoter, "How come such a lousy turnout?" He shrugged his shoulders.

"Babe was in a basketball game tonight, George. That's always a tough break for us."

"Babe who?" I wanted to know.

"Why, haven't you heard about Babe Didrikson?"

"No, tell me more," I said.

He went into a long spiel about the greatest gal athlete in the world, and said he would have been at the basketball game himself if he hadn't had a show on. That was the first time Babe got into my hair, but it wasn't the last, by a whole flock of headlocks. Our paths crossed many times, and I found myself following her great victories in the Olympic Games and other sports. I wanted someday to meet this girl the sportswriters were raving about.

Editors' Note:

SPORT considers it a privilege to present herewith an exclusive husband's-eye-view of the lithe Texas girl who has won universal acclaim as the greatest of feminine athletes. You may have read stories about her before, but you've never read one like this!

Once I just missed getting acquainted in Florida because of a traffic jam. I was down there playing golf with some of the big-league ballplayers—Paul Waner, Dizzy Dean, and Paul Derringer—and they mentioned that Babe Didrikson was performing only a few miles away. We started over to watch her, but the traffic was so bad we turned back. She continued to make headlines and I continued to mix wrestling with a golf game that was both good and bad for the next few years.

By now it was 1938. Playing with the Mangrum brothers, Lloyd and Ray, I managed to break 80 one day. Kiddingly they said to me in Los Angeles, "You are now ready for tournament play." So along with them I entered the big Open, sponsored by the Los Angeles *Times* and directed by Bill Henry and Braven Dyer.

The night before the first round, I pick up the *Times* and find I am paired with a girl and a preacher. I think to myself, "What is this?" But I sort of liked it because the girl was Babe Didrikson, and I always wanted to get acquainted with her. The preacher's name was Pardee Erdman. I found him to be a fine fellow, and we're still great friends.

Well, I get up early after a restless night and head for Griffith Park and my first golf tournament. Thousands, or at least it seemed like thousands, were milling (⟶ TO PAGE 52)

Naturally, the Babe is posing in these pictures. But the domestic angle is no fake. Though her many athletic interests keep her traveling a good part of the time, she's always happy to settle down again in the home she and George built in Denver, Col. Mrs. Zaharias (pouring coffee for her husband, *above*) is proud of the way she decorated the house. She likes to mow the lawn and tend the garden.

Exclusive Kodachromes for SPORT by Press Association

Acme

Georgé Zaharias was a pro wrestler when he met Mildred at the Los Angeles Open golf tournament in 1938. They were married before the year was out.

(⟶ FROM PAGE 50) around the clubhouse and first tee. I think to myself, "They must be waiting for Jimmy Thomson, Willie Goggin, and Horton Smith to tee off." Then some fellow says something about Babe, George, and the preacher going to start. So now I'm feeling the butterflies and think this is no place for big George.

About that time Braven Dyer comes over with Babe and says: "George, here's your partner today. Meet Babe Didrikson."

I tell her I've never played before a crowd before and she says, "Aw, come on, big boy, don't let anything bother you. We'll have a good time." So we teed off while the photographers enjoyed a field day. I closed my eyes and swung. "Where did it go?" I asked Bill Jelliffe, a well-known golf pro and my friend of many years.

"Down the middle." Bill smiled and grabbed me by the arm to support me down the fairway. I hit the second shot on the green and got a birdie 4.

Babe smiled, looked me over suspiciously, and said: "Say, fellow, you must be a player."

That broke the ice and as the holes went by we got better acquainted. We finished the round with me having an 81 and her an 82. That's the first and last time I ever was able to beat her. The next day we were paired together again, which was quite okay with me. While we were playing the second round, she said something pleasant and I answered:

"Say, you know you're my kind of girl."

"Well, that's good enough for me—you're my kind of guy."

So I guess you can say it was love at first sight.

We got together for dinner that second night and went over to call on Ed (Strangler) Lewis at his Glendale Steak House. We both seemed to enjoy ourselves and I said, "Babe, we ought to do this more often."

She said she wouldn't mind. "Pick me up at 7:30 o'clock tomorrow night."

I did. The romance was beginning to blossom.

We saw each other every night for the next three weeks, and the steak tasted better with every meal. Finally our schedules parted us. But we carried on through the mail, and I found myself switching my schedules to wind up in Ohio in early Spring. Babe was playing golf in Cincinnati and I became a galleryite. We were together again and satisfied with the world in general.

My bookings took me away in May. We did not see each other again until June, when we got together at the beautiful Broadmoor layout in Colorado Springs, only 40 miles from my home. Babe was playing in the Western Open Tournament. After that we visited my folks in Pueblo, where we started making some serious plans for the future. I bought the ring and she put it on.

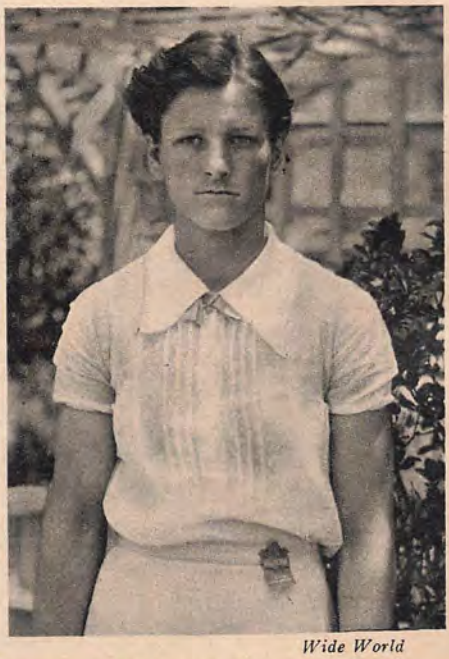
We decided to get married before the year was out. December 23 was the big day. The place was St. Louis and I was proud to have Leo Durocher, the famous baseball manager, and Joe Medwick, the hard hitter, stand up with me. Tom Packs, prominent sports promoter, made the arrangements for us, and the ceremony was performed at his home. Packs and our many friends gave us a great send-off, and Babe and myself will never forget it.

After visiting first in my native Colorado, we went to see the Didriksons at Beaumont, then set sail for Australia and an extended honeymoon. We returned in the fall of 1939 and decided to make our home in Los Angeles. We bought a little home in West Los Angeles, and Babe became a housewife.

Honestly, she surprised me. With all of her accomplishments in sports and the vast amount of time she had spent in practice and competition, I didn't see how she could have been so familiar with the routine of housekeeping.

"Here's your supper, honey," she said the first night. I'll say it tasted good.

Norwegian meat balls was the special treat, and her recipe is something out of this world, let me tell you. Cooked vegetables, which I am very fond of, and Texas fried



Wide World

In the '32 Olympic Games, the Babe set new records in two track tests.

chicken were other specialties. But just so she wouldn't run out of ideas, I bought the biggest cook book I could find.

Being the chief tester of the little woman's culinary arts, the scales pretty well tell the story of her ability over the kitchen range. I weighed 230 when the knot was tied and today the weighing machines wobble around the 300 mark. I have always threatened to get more exercise and shed the rubber tire around the middle, but that cooking keeps coming, and who am I to resist?

Cooking wasn't the only thing Babe could do around the house. I never will forget the day I came home from the golf course and found her hanging new drapes in the dining room.

"How do you like them?" she asked with a big beam.

I asked where she bought 'em and how much they cost.

"I made them," she snapped. I snickered in doubt. Then she hauled out the sewing tools and said, "All right, I'll show you I can sew." In 20 minutes, she cut and stitched a broadcloth shirt for me. That takes in quite a bit of territory.

I had suggested that I'd get her a maid a few days a week to help with the cleaning and washing. But she would have none of that. She not only did her own work, but found time to paint and redecorate the house.

YOU might wonder how in the world she found time to play golf. Well, somehow she did. We spent many evenings in practice at the driving ranges, and she kept up her lessons, which Tommy Armour started in 1935. Stanley Kertes and silver-thatched Bill Jelliffe, now a Denver neighbor of mine, carried on the instructions—until I took over, ha ha! Seriously, though, we did work together since we both were so deeply in love with the game of golf.

Not being too familiar with women's golf tournaments, I asked Babe why she didn't play in more women's competitions. She explained that being a professional, she could play in only the open tournaments. Right then I made up my mind to do something about regaining her amateur standing.

We asked the United States Golf Association what she would have to do to regain her amateur status and become eligible for all women's tournaments. The requirements were that she remain away from professional golf for three years. So she did just that, but continued to practice. When the letter came from executive Joe Dey of the USGA that she had been reinstated, I can say it was one of the happiest moments of her life.

Right away she started campaigning and winning titles. This was in 1944. It seemed like a new life for her to be able to compete in the major amateur events. I retired from active wrestling and went into sports promotion so that I could spend more time with her and her golf career. We made all the tournaments together by automobile. She played in virtually all of them, large ones and small ones, with one aim—to win the United States women's championship.

Her dream came true in Tulsa, Oklahoma in September, 1946.

My business took me to Denver in 1945 and today we are happily located in the beautiful mile-high city. Babe picked out the house, an English-style brick of seven rooms with an expansive yard, which was the real lure for her.

"Now I can grow some roses and tend to the lawn," she remarked when we moved in. And she hasn't missed. Hour after hour she finds relaxation by planting and experimenting with flowers and keeping the grass short.

Babe also has fallen for Colorado's trout streams. Last Summer she became a very good angler. She whoops and hollers to let everyone know when she lands a big rainbow. We usually take our skillets along and I build the fires and she fries the fish. Nothing like it.

Of late Babe has taken on a new hobby—carpentry. She has converted the garage into a woodworking shop, where she likes to tinker around making do-dads. The knack for this was inherited from her father, (⟶ TO PAGE 87)

Acme

Wearing Scotch kilts, Mildred posed with her cup on return from England.

Strolling with his wife, Jim wears a canary-yellow V-necked wool sweater by McGregor ($5.95) under his sport jacket. His Kuppenheimer Bat-Wing raglan topcoat of Valgora 16-oz. gray wool tweed has two slash pockets, adjustable sleeve tabs and retails at $55. His slacks, also made by Kuppenheimer, are all-wool Bedford Cord in a marine blue color. The fabric is tempered to resist wrinkling and withstand many cleanings. Price, $18.50. *At right*, Jim in Giant football uniform. Like Red Grange, his number's 77.

Many Colors Including WHITE

By J. Robert Breen

Big Jim White, hulking tackle of the football Giants, is a big man who looks good in the new Fall sportswear

AS THE hot vacation days fade into Autumn, sport fans begin to think in terms of topcoats, tweeds, and felt hats to replace air-conditioned Summer attire.

To prove that a man can be stylishly dressed in casual clothes without personifying Joe College, SPORT went style-scouting for Big Jim White of the New York Foot-

Jim White *(above)* in a new Fall sports jacket—a garment popular with men because it's suitable for so many occasions. The jacket is of soft wool in a light-brown broken pattern on a cream ground. It's the Selkirk model by McGregor. Retails at $30. His red, blue, and cream silk tie with its circle pattern by Merritt Cravats is $2.50. His neat Arrow Sudan sport shirt of Bur-Mil rayon is light tan. It retails at $4.50.

★

***At left,* Mrs. White helps Jim select a necktie to go with his new sports outfit. Meanwhile Jim, who believes in comfort, has slipped into a rayon lounging robe, worn over slacks and open-throat sport shirt. The robe, of a striking blue-and-white paisley design, is in a long-wearing gabardine weave, and is caught together at the waist by a sash of the same material. Made by Peerless Robes & Sportswear. Sells at $17.50.**

ball Giants. Jim, a former Notre Dame tackle, literally lives in sports clothes. But, since "Tarzan" is 6′2″ tall and packs 220 pounds of power, he doesn't go for bright plaids and checks. He prefers sports clothes with a correctly casual air, suitable for almost any occasion.

Jim's pretty bride, the former Marion Leech, heartily approves her husband's wardrobe. White's a full-time outdoors man. When he's not on the football field, or around home in Dumont, New Jersey, he works as a stevedore boss along the waterfront. But his new Fall outfit is just as suitable for the office-to-stadium man.

Odd jackets and slacks are the backbone of any well-dressed man's sports wardrobe. They're not only ideal for spectating, but are also excellent for travel and general wear. They're particularly appropriate when made up in quiet patterns and subdued colors, like the ones White is wearing in the photos on these pages. His two-button, single-breasted, patch-pocket jacket is a comfortable type of garment any man, large, medium, or small, old or young, likes to be seen in.

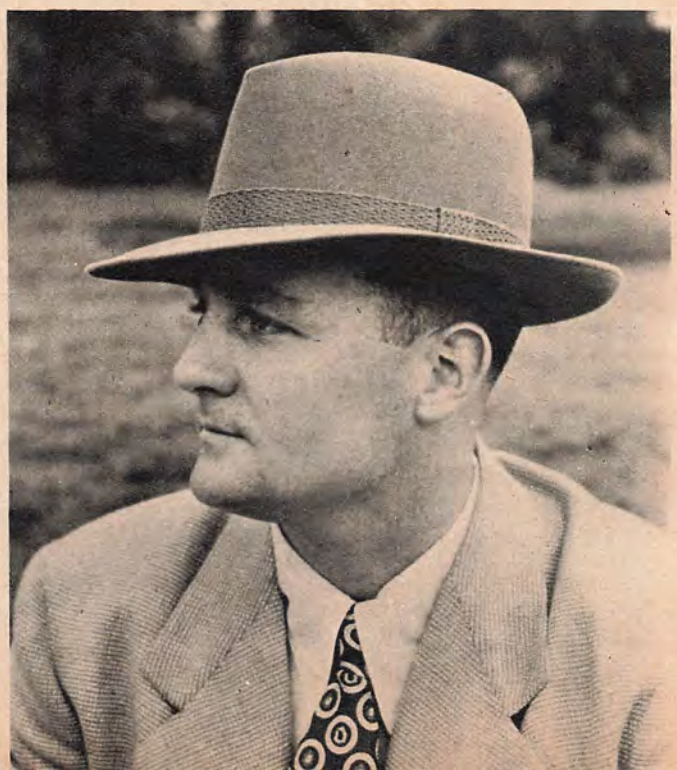
Although Jim's clothes are conservative in cut and style, they're far from sombre. To give a jaunty air to his outfit, White passes up the traditional grey flannels in favor of a pair of marine blue slacks. And he adds touches of Autumn colors in his woolen sweater, of a bright canary yellow, and in his patterned silk tie.

Jim's complete outfit is available at Stix, Baer & Fuller in St. Louis. The clothes, except for the shoes, are also available at Abraham & Strauss, Brooklyn. Remember that prices may vary from store to store around the country.

All photos exclusively for SPORT by Acme

In a white broadcloth sport shirt by Arrow, with twin breast pockets, and Sanforized so it will not shrink when washed, Jim looks pleased with his new red-and-gray silk tie by Merritt Cravats in a modern design. His new Hickok Bar-H tooled saddle-leather belt in two tones of brown has silver-colored buckle and trimmings. The shirt retails at $3.95, the necktie at $5, while the Western-type belt sells for $2.50.

***Above,* the popular wing-tip blucher oxford in genuine shell cordovan in the Tulane model by Wright Arch Preserver Shoes. They retail at $18.95. The argyle-patterned socks by Interwoven are gray, red, and cream, with a cotton lining throughout, the cotton being 55%, the wool 45%. Shrink-resistant. $2.50.**

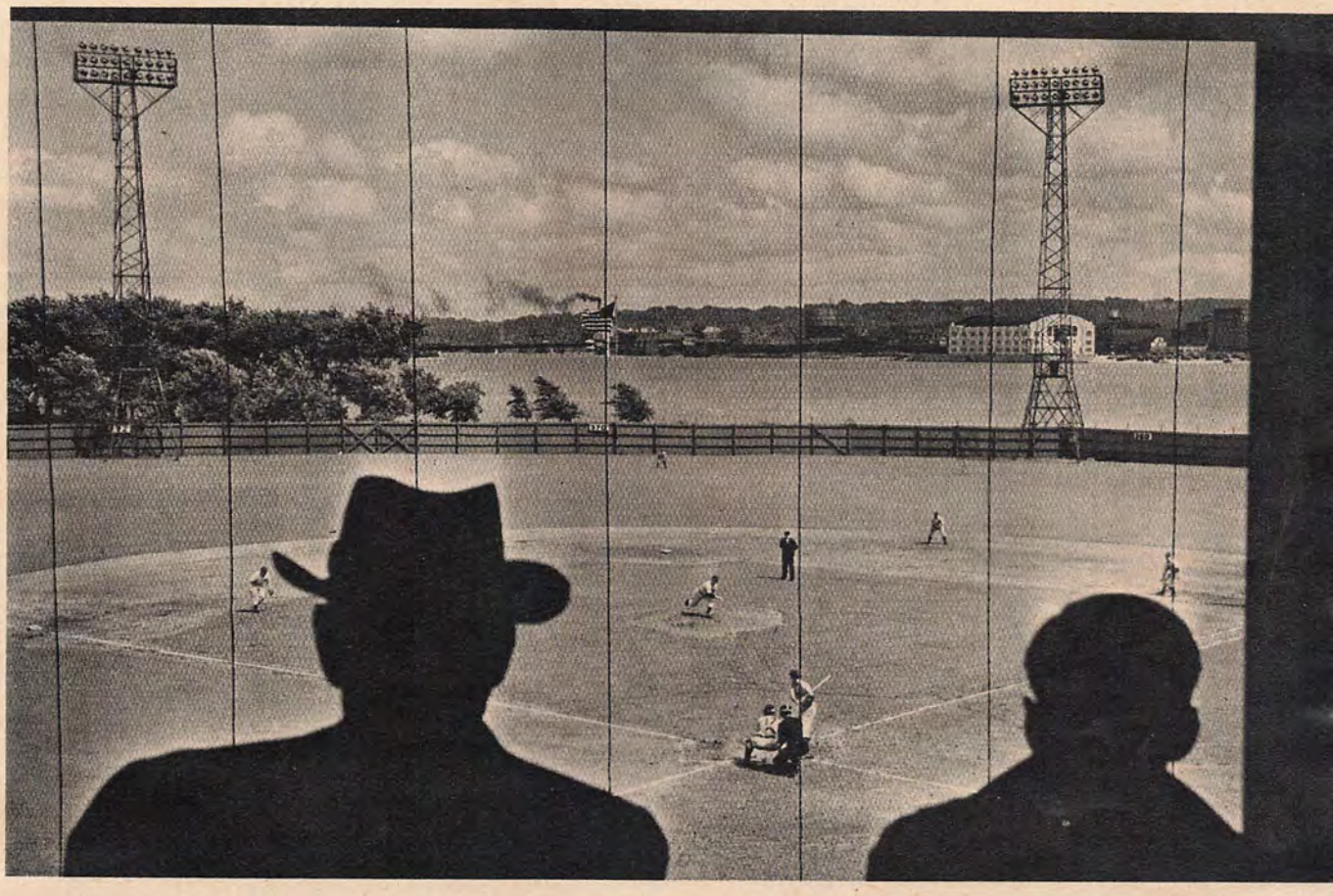


***At right,* Jim wears his Royal Stetson casual light-brown fur-felt hat with the brim snapped down. The sporty band and the soft furry finish distinguish this as a hat especially designed to go with sport and casual clothes. It's comfortable, smart, and correct. $10.**

SPORT STYLES FOR MEN

GREAT SPORT PHOTOS

Here are more pix entered in the SPORT photo contest which closed on September 1. The judges are busy going through hundreds of entries, and hope to announce a verdict soon

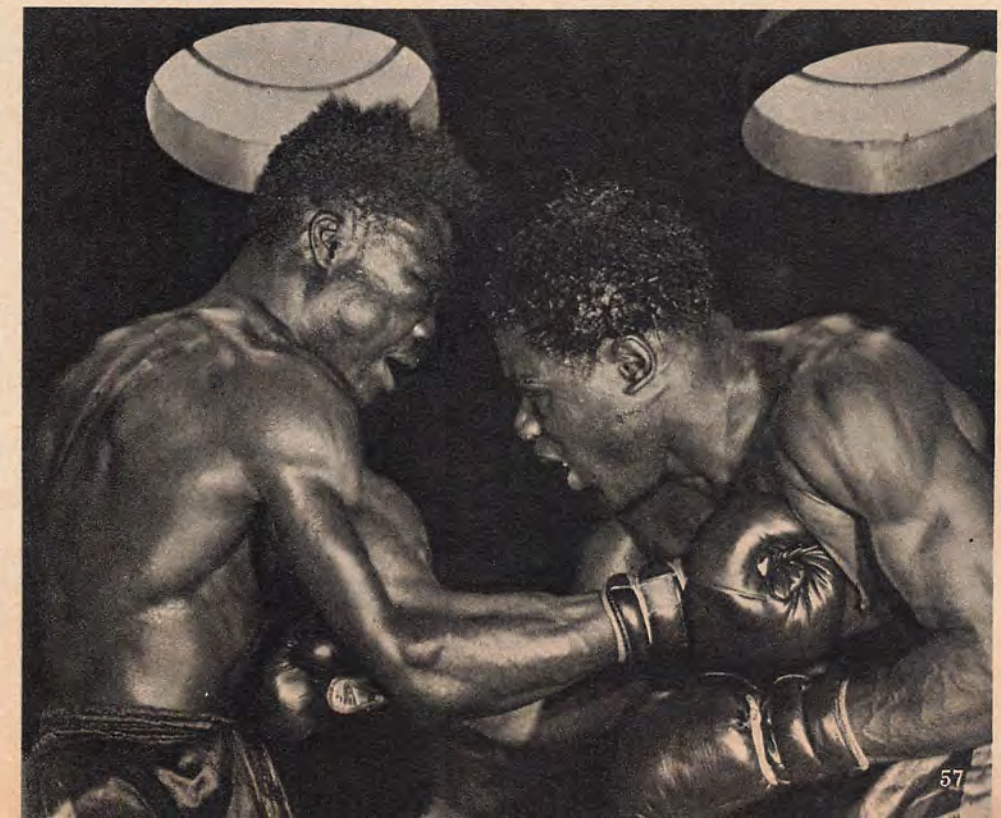


SOMETIMES you find striking pictures in quiet, peaceful scenes, and sometimes in savage tableaux like the shot of the grimacing boxers (*right*). In sports photography, the one rule is to be always on the alert.

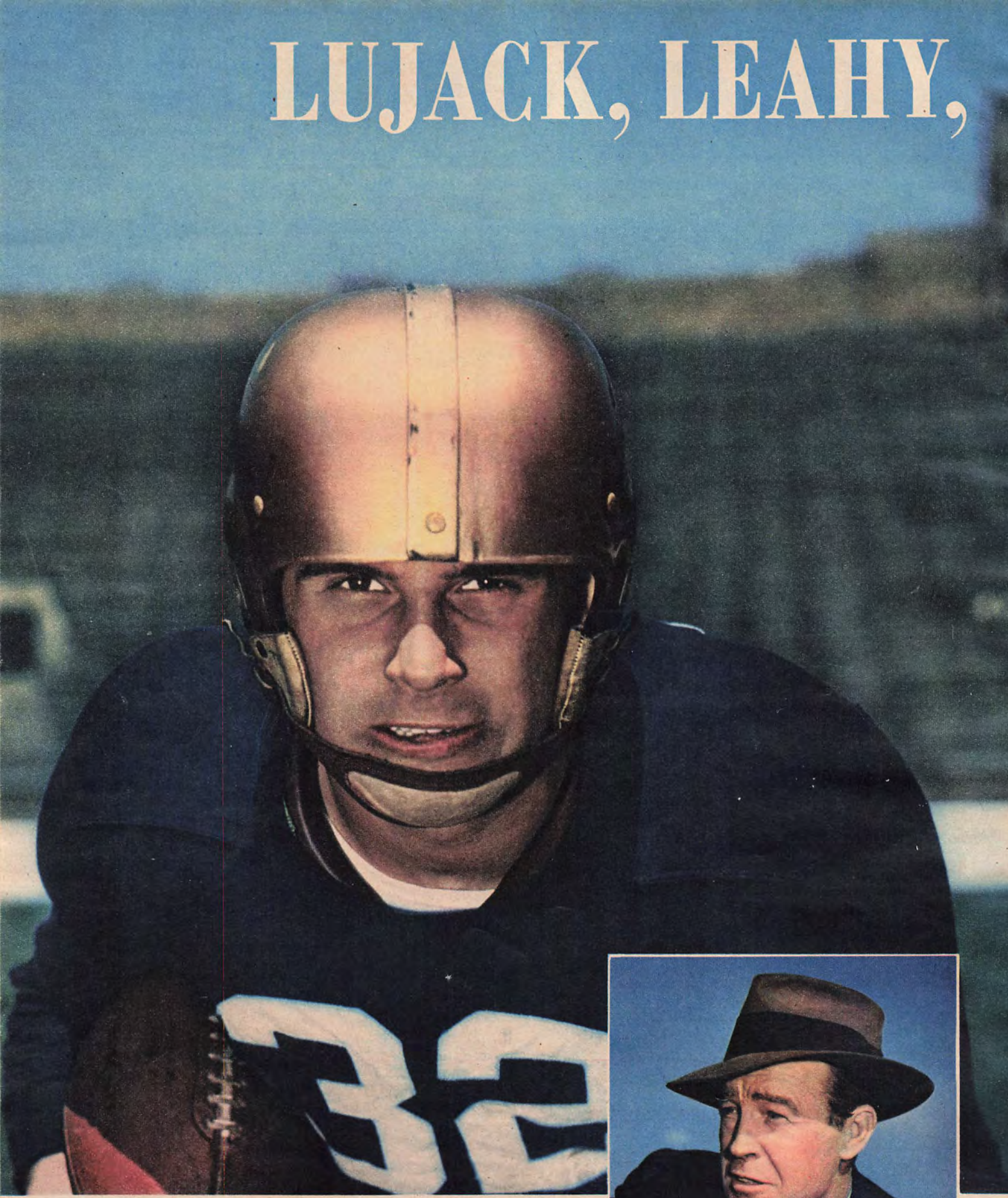
John H. Neagle of the Des Moines, Iowa, *Register and Tribune,* took the father-and-son picture (*above*) at a ball game. The shadows of the two figures in the foreground provide an eloquent contrast to the lighted activity of the game.

Kayo Harris of Oakland, California, came up with that superb boxing shot. Just look at those boys sweat! Either type of picture is very effective.

While the judges are deciding the winners of the $50, $25, and $15 prizes in the contest ending September 1, remember SPORT always wants your pictures, and pays $5 for each one it publishes. Send them to SPORT, 205 E. 42 St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.



LUJACK, LEAHY,



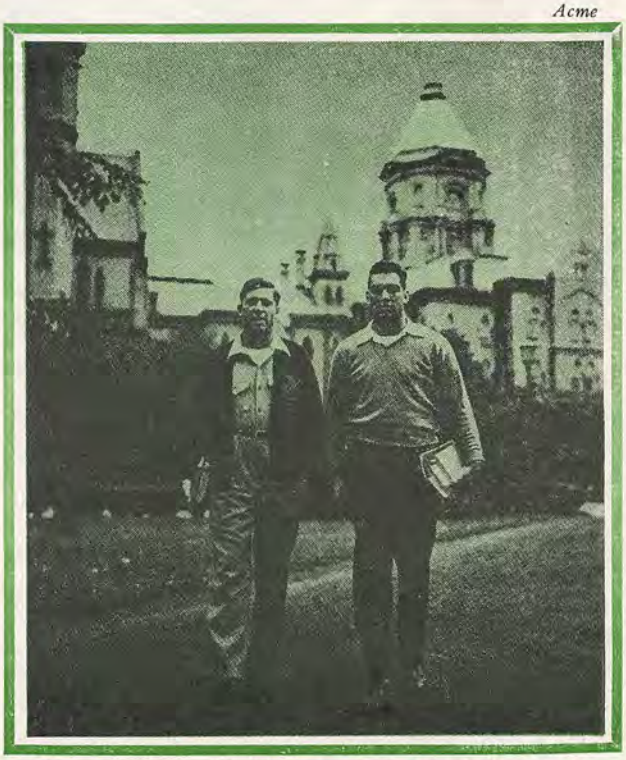
Exclusive Kodachrome SPORTraits by Acme

In their pre-game nightmares, Notre Dame's opponents see the fighting face of quarterback Johnny Lujack. That menacing figure sitting on the sidelines is Frank Leahy, head coach of the Fighting Irish (*insert right*).

and NOTRE DAME

Every football lover knows another great Fighting Irish eleven has blossomed under the Golden Dome this year. But few of them know the real story of the sweat and spirit that helped create it. SPORT is proud to publish for the first time the whole saga of the beloved school whose "alumni" number thousands of Americans who never went to college

Acme



Johnny Lujack *(left)* is overshadowed by burly "Moose" Connor, star tackle, as they walk from class.

By Jack Sher

LAST November, in the gray light of an early morning, a heavily loaded New York Central train moved eastward through Indiana. It carried among its passengers a football team from the University of Notre Dame. As the train slowed down, moving through a small town, one of the players suddenly sat up straight in his seat and said, "Hey, look!"

"Well, look at that," another added, softly.

Clustered on the station platform and strung out along the track were groups of school kids. Here and there among them were nuns. The kids ranged in age from seven to 16. It was not yet seven in the morning. It was cold.

The kids held up two paper banners. One of them read BEAT ARMY; the other, in irregular letters, spelled out VICTORY FOR NOTRE DAME. One of the smaller kids was crying, whether from discomfort, or a rebuke, or emotion, the players would never know. The others were waving and shouting, but their sounds could not be heard over the powerful noise of the train. And then they were gone from sight.

In dozens of small towns all the way from South Bend, through Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York, similar scenes were repeated.

The incident is told to show the emotional tie, the fervent feeling and love that youngsters of Catholic faith have for Notre Dame. It is this phenomenon, more than anything else, that explains how a small, midwestern school with a normal enrollment of some 3,400 students, could become such a colossus on the national sport scene.

For more than two decades, the colorful, victory-laden campaigns of the Notre Dame football team have been splashed across the sports pages of the nation's newspapers. The movies have cashed in on the school's spirit, glamour, and fame. Almost everyone knows the tune and words of the Victory March, has heard about the Golden Dome, can recite the seemingly endless list of the great players who have worn the Blue and Gold. It starts with Rockne and Dorais, goes to George Gipp, the Four Horsemen, Miller, Layden, Crowley, and Stuhldreher, and the stars of more recent years, Frank Carideo, Marchy Schwartz, Jumpin' Joe Savoldi, Moon Mullins, Angelo Bertelli, up to today's sensational T-formation quarterback, Johnny Lujack, and the team's famed hard-driving coach, Frank Leahy.

Long before the plane on which I was riding revealed the dazzling sight of the Golden Dome beneath its wings, there were many questions crowding my mind about Notre Dame. Questions that had grown through the years, that went back to street-corner arguments, heated controversies, rumors, and opinions. And questions of the present, the condition of the team, the reputation of the coach, Frank Leahy, the stories about players, Lujack, Connor, Strohmeyer.

If I've ever seen a loaded team, this 1947 Notre Dame squad is it. They are virtually the same bunch that won eight games last year, lost none, and battled the West Point Cadets to a scoreless tie. Opening against Pitt on October 4, they should win in a breeze and go on to take them all, including their toughest opponents, Southern Cal, Army, Iowa, and the Navy.

At left tackle the All-American, George Connor, will still be standing like a rock. So will the bruising, buoyant center, George Strohmeyer. On the flanks will be two sophomore ends who are rated among the best defensive men in college football, Leon Hart and Jim Martin. At left guard is the All-American play-stopper, Bill Fischer. On the other side of the line is his rugged mate, Joe Signaigo. The only position in the first-string line that's still open is right tackle, and it can be filled by any one of a half-dozen veterans, including Ziggy Czarobski, Johnny Fallon, Ralph McGehee, and Wilmer Russell.

That's the line Doctor Blanchard tried last year and diagnosed as the toughest he had ever faced. "Mr. Outside," Glenn Davis, voted the same ticket after trying unsuccessfully to leg it around the ends—and ending up on his.

In the backfield, the Connellsville Comet, Johnny Lujack, should reach new heights handing 'em off from the T-quarterback position. There was talk last Spring of switching him to halfback, in order to allow him to

Acme

On the last day of Spring practice every year the Irish climax their training by playing the traditional "Old-Timers" contest.

lug the ball. Spectators at Spring practice were surprised to see Lujack working out in the running position. Up to this year, he's done little ball-carrying, winning his All-American laurels on his masterminding of the team, his beautiful ball-handling, his passing, and his superb defensive play. But Johnny can also run with a ball, and would like to prove it.

If Lujack does any half-backing, Frank Tripucka and Pete Ashbaugh are Grade A quarterbacks. The other halfbacks are tried and proven men. All of them showed more stuff last Spring on Cartier Field than they did in the stadiums a year ago. Big Bob Livingstone should go strong, and Terry Brennan, Larry Coutre, Fred Earley, Emil Sitko, and if his knee gets back into shape, Ernie Zalejski, are all threats.

Then there is a small, five-foot, nine-inch Texan who scales some 165 pounds, who may become the surprise of the year—a 20-year-old phantom named Coy McGehee. At fullback, John (Pep) Panelli is a powerhouse, and he's backed up by the equally fine rookie, Floyd Simmons.

These are the names you'll be hearing on the air and seeing in the stadiums all this month and next. These are the boys who are out to sweep the field for Notre Dame. It doesn't seem possible that any collection of 11 men in the country, short of the pro ranks, can possibly stop them. It is the strongest Notre Dame team since the 1941 champions, a team on a par with the Rockne-coached unbeatables of 1924, 1929, and 1930.

ONE of the reasons why it's such a hot team is the 22-year-old, six-foot, 180-pound Lujack. The kid who wears the number 32 on his broad back has already earned a place among Notre Dame's all-time greats.

As a sophomore, 18 years old, Lujack won varsity monograms in four major sports—football, basketball, track, and baseball. That has been done only twice before at Notre Dame, by Rupert Mills and Dutch Bergman.

Although most of Johnny's fame has been gained by his stunts in a football uniform, he is as good, if not better, on a baseball diamond. Even as a high-school player, he showed enough class to get an offer from the Pittsburgh Pirates. At the end of his first football season at Notre Dame, Lujack became a first-string guard on the basketball team. Spring came around and he by-passed baseball to go out for track.

When the Notre Dame nine dropped five in a row, coach Jake Kline persuaded Johnny to join the team as right-fielder in a game against Western Michigan. What Johnny did that day will be long remembered at Notre Dame. He belted three hits, and led the ball club to a 3-1 victory. Between innings, still in his baseball uniform, Lujack trotted to an adjacent field and won the javelin throw in a track meet against De Pauw. He might have won the high jump, one of his specialties, but his baggy baseball jeans knocked off the bar at 5′ 10″.

The things about Johnny Lujack that have made him a great quarterback are his defensive play, his sharp passing skill, his feeling for the tempo of an offensive, the speed with which he can run plays, and the intelligence he shows in picking them. Against Iowa Pre-Flight, in 1943, he sent his team through 13 plays in four minutes and 30 seconds, shooting a back at the Iowa team once every 20 seconds. In his first three games as a first-string quarterback, he completed 18 out of 39 passes for a total of 287 yards.

Nobody has ever tried to count the number of crucial tackles Lujack has made during his football career at Notre Dame. Those who saw the Army game last year will never forget the spectacular shoe-string tackle he laid on Doc Blanchard in the closing moments of the game. Those on the field, knowing Johnny, never doubted he would make it.

A Lujack pass was intercepted on the Army 15 by Tucker, who ran it back to the 37. All afternoon, Blanchard had been trying to break through the Notre Dame line and, on the first play after the interception, he did. Big Doc broke around end and headed down the sideline, completely in the clear. Lujack, with his usual deadly instinct, had seen the play coming. He cut across the field, the only man who had any chance at all of waylaying a back who was almost never stopped in the open. Blanchard thundered down the sidelines, while 70,000 spectators held their breath, and Lujack closed in. Johnny hit him like something shot out of a rifle, right at the ankles. Doc went down on the Irish 37-yard line, and he went down hard.

An endless amount of copy has been written about Johnny Lujack's phenomenal feats on the football field. It is unusual, almost fantastic, that so little has been revealed about his background, his kid days in a rugged, hilly, small, railroad town in the Western Allegheny mountains—days that went into moulding, in mind and body, an athlete of tremendous skill and heart. It is strange that this part of Lujack's life has been touched on so lightly. It is a story filled with warmth and drama, American earthiness and color.

IN essence it is the story of a hard-working, struggling Polish family, their love and their dreams for their youngest son, Johnny. Most of it was told to me by Johnny, himself, and part by his life-long friend, Henry Brown, who grew up just around the corner from where the Lujack family lives in Connellsville, Pennsylvania, population 17,000.

Let's begin with meeting Lujack in the lobby of a Chicago hotel one day last Summer. He and Brown were on their way to spend a few weeks in Evanston, Illinois, where Brown now lives. Johnny had come East from Connellsville, where he had spent the early part of the Summer, home with his family, helping his father, John Sr., repaint their house.

It is usually a fairly simple thing, even for an untrained eye, to pick out a football player among a group of average citizens. Their size, the way they walk, something in their manner, makes both pro and college players easy to spot. But you wouldn't pick Lujack as one. You might spot him as an athlete, because of the fine build, broad shoulders, and the athlete's walk, the bouncy step. But he doesn't look like a football player.

Lujack is an unusually handsome young man, a fact which photographs seldom reveal. He has dark, wavy, brown hair, a strong, sensitive face,

light-brown eyes, a mild, friendly smile. He is extremely well-poised, talks easily and intelligently, and has, as his teammates, teachers, and student friends will tell you, a quick sense of humor.

Coach Frank Leahy mentioned Lujack's sense of humor in telling a story about a conversation on the train coming home from the '46 Army game. During the game Arnold Tucker, the Army quarterback, had intercepted three of Lujack's passes. Leahy, remarking about this, said, "Tell me, John, why did you throw so many passes to Tucker?"

"Coach," Lujack grinned, "he was the only man open."

There have been rumors, as there always will be about star performers, that Lujack has a king-sized head, swollen from the ever-increasing fan mail he gets (some 50 letters a day, many from girls) and his loaded scrapbooks. It doesn't seem to be true. There is nothing of the big-time-operator in his manner. The boys who play with him ridicule the idea, all of them pronouncing him a regular guy.

"Johnny," an Irish guard said, "has a lot of confidence, but not a swelled head. We have the same confidence in him. He always knows what he's doing out there."

One of the Notre Dame players did admit he thought Lujack made a bad mistake during the Army game last year, a decision that might well have cost them the ball game. It was Notre Dame's only chance to score, after a long, pounding series of drives down the field.

JERRY COWHIG started the march by picking up six yards on two tries. Then Lujack sneaked around right end for five yards and a first down. Cowhig, Gompers, and Panelli cracked through for another first down on the Notre Dame 34-yard line. Johnny then tossed a beautiful 25-yard pass to Skoglund that put the ball on the Army 41.

Gompers shot through guard for another nine yards. Cowhig took a shovel pass from Lujack and drove down to the 12-yard line. The fans were roaring. On the next play, it was Cowhig again, for another two yards. Then Gompers cracked the Cadets for six more, bringing the ball to Army's four-yard line as the Notre Dame partisans began going crazy.

It was third down coming up. Lujack decided to switch strategy. He called a quarterback sneak. The entire Army line rose up and smothered him cold. Then Johnny called Gompers wide around right end, but big Hank Foldberg chased him out of bounds on the three-yard line, ending Notre Dame's only real chance to score. It was implied at the time, by some sportswriters, that Lujack called that quarterback sneak to grab the glory of scoring. It's true it was not a particularly wise choice, but nobody on the team really felt Johnny was trying to become the afternoon's hero.

"I was sore at the time," the Notre Dame player who criticized him, said. "But it wasn't because I figured Johnny was trying to be a star and win the game by himself. If the play had worked, it would have been swell. I just thought, and still think, it was a bad choice. But the guy was in a spot and it's awfully easy to second-guess. He's a right guy, he plays for the team, and he's got a wonderful record for calling 'em right."

LUJACK, in the tradition of most Notre Dame field generals, is a quarterback who believes in taking chances. He took a big one in the opening period of the Pittsburgh game last year. Some have said it was because Johnny's temper got the better of him, but those in the game said Lujack just decided to pull a surprise.

The way it happened, Johnny was penalized 15 yards for clipping, a judgment he thought was completely unfair. The ball rested on the Notre Dame one-yard line. Lujack dropped back, ostensibly (and reasonably) to kick. Instead, he suddenly threw a long pass. It was completed. Three straight passes later, all thrown by Lujack, Notre Dame went over the Pittsburgh goal-line.

Johnny's brother, Val Lujack, saw that game. He saw six out of the 10 games his kid brother played last year. Val Lujack is a steelworker. In order to earn the extra money to make the trips to see Johnny play, he worked four hours a night overtime, lugging cement sacks.

Seeing Johnny heave those passes means a lot to the three older Lujack brothers—Val, Allie, and Stan. They taught him how to throw his first ones in the stony backyards and vacant lots of Connellsville. They were all fine athletes. Val, 32, the oldest, starred in baseball and basketball at Connellsville High. Stan was a good enough first-baseman to play minor-league ball, and Allie played left end at Georgetown a few years ago. But, in the youngest of the Lujack family, the "kid brother" Johnny, the older boys knew they had something special.

"I got all the breaks," Johnny will tell you. "My brothers brought me along, taught me all they knew, spent hours training me. Any one of them is really better than I am. It's just that by the time I came along, Dad was in a little better way financially. I was able to spend all my time on sports."

Johnny Lujack, like so many of the great athletes of our country, is the son of a working-man. The Lujacks are of Polish descent. John Lujack, Sr., is a quiet, sturdy, well-liked man who has been a boiler-maker on the Pittsburgh-Lake Erie Railroad for 30 years.

WHEN Johnny was born, on January 4, 1925, there were five other children ahead of him, the three brothers and two girls, Vicky and Dolores. The family was not poor, but life was not easy, either. Every dollar meant a good deal. By 1936, chipping in, the Lujacks were able to buy their first automobile. They still have it. Johnny remembers the year they bought the car. He was 11 and his older brothers used to stack the car full of football players on Saturday and ride to nearby towns to play games. Johnny would hide in the trunk so he could watch Val, Allie, and Stan in action.

"They knew when I hid back there," Johnny grinned, "but they pretended they didn't see me, because Mom would bawl them out for taking me so far away from home."

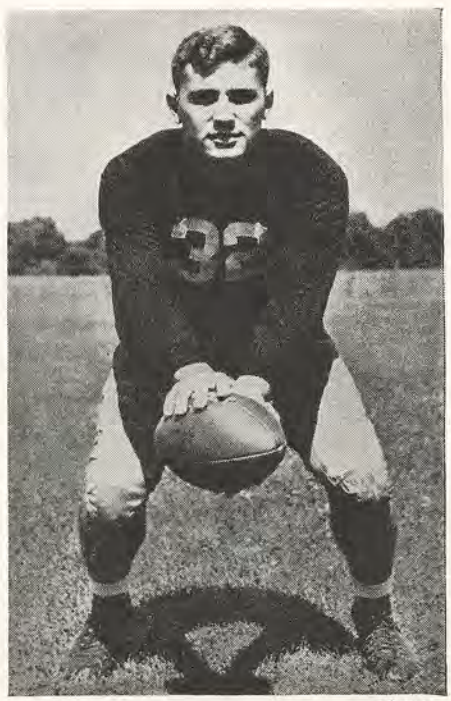
As Johnny grew older, his brother Al, who was the football star of the crowd, began to teach him how to pass, how to let go long ones, how to shoot bullet passes, how to throw on the run. It got so that the combination of the pint-sized Johnny throwing, and Al receiving, could make any touch-football game a shoo-in for the Lujacks.

Brown remembered a game in which Johnny threw his brother a pass that Al really had to stretch to nab. Allie came back to the huddle glaring. "What's the matter with you?" he yelled. "You're getting careless."

Johnny looked hurt. Brown edged up to Al and told him to take it easy on the kid.

"I can't," Al said. "I have to talk to him that way. It will make him a better passer."

The work the older brothers put in on the kid paid off. Long before the youngest Lujack went to Notre Dame he was touted around Connellsville as the greatest athlete the town had ever turned out. It began when he was 13, playing for Cameron Junior High School. He weighed only 120 pounds but he kicked, passed, and ran circles around kids 20 and 30 pounds heavier. In his spare time he



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His capable, sure hands make Johnny Lujack a natural for running the T.

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practiced the high jump in a pit his brothers helped him dig in the yard.

At Connellsville High, in 1939, he began a three-year career that made him the most talked-about kid in town. His fame began to spread throughout the State. Connellsville used the Pitt single wing, which stresses power plays and cuts down on passing. But when a game was in the fire it was halfback Johnny Lujack's passing arm that pulled it out. In one game, with two minutes to play, he completed six passes in succession, advancing the ball some 90 yards. He ran back two successive punts against Mt. Pleasant High one afternoon, each jaunt going 70 yards.

In Connellsville they used to say Johnny Lujack had four coaches—the one on the field and his three large brothers, who roamed the sidelines. In the classroom, Johnny was an honor student for two years. He was elected president of the senior class. He wound up his career for his hometown school as captain, guard, and high-scorer on the basketball team, and played a good enough shortstop in the city league to get that bid from the Pirates we mentioned earlier.

THE year Lujack graduated from Connellsville High, he had offers of scholarships from 13 big-time colleges. The Congressman in his district, without telling Johnny, got him an appointment to the United States Military Academy. The people of Connellsville were happy. He'd be the first from their town to attain that honor, their first West Pointer.

At the graduation exercises, the Congressman rose and made the announcement that John Lujack, Jr., had received an appointment to West Point. When the cheering died down, the 18-year-old kid got to his feet, walked to the center of the platform, and made a simple, honest speech the people of Connellsville will never forget.

Here's what Johnny said: "I'm very thankful for the honor you have bestowed upon me, but my heart is at Notre Dame. I wish to complete my education there and, if I can, play football on that team."

Leahy remembers Johnny Lujack's first appearance on Cartier Field. "It seemed," he said, "as though one kid on the freshman team was making all the tackles." Playing in the backfield on the "milk squad," he made life miserable for the varsity. Leahy, who had seen them all—Carideo, Schwartz, Mullins—knew he had a star. The football world didn't know it until one day early in November, 1943. Until that time, all eyes were spotlighted on Angelo Bertelli, "the Springfield Rifle," the first Notre Dame T-formation quarterback, and one of the school's greatest passers.

After Bertelli had led the Irish to a 33-6 victory against Navy, in late October of '43, he hung up his football shoes and went into the Marines. The opinion among sportswriters was that his "kid understudy," Johnny Lujack, was a good football player, but that he could never fill Bertelli's shoes. In the dressing room after the Navy game, a veteran writer asked Bertelli what he thought Notre Dame's chances would be after he left.

"Johnny will take over," Bertelli smiled. "And don't worry—Johnny's all right."

Lujack really did fill Bertelli's shoes, not figuratively, but literally. He was still growing, and the day before his debut against Army he complained to the trainer that his shoes were too small. The trainer opened Bertelli's locker, handed Johnny his predecessor's shoes, and said, "Try these on for size." Johnny put them on, trotted around the locker room in them, and said they felt fine. "Keep 'em," the trainer said, tersely.

THERE is a good deal of drama in an 18-year-old boy taking over a powerful team against its traditional rival. It was heightened by the fact that here was a youngster who had only been introduced to the T for one year, and was going to run that complicated system against one of the most rugged teams Army had ever produced. And yet the Notre Dame players didn't have the slightest worry about Lujack. They knew him from Cartier Field.

The day after the Army game, Johnny Lujack's name was spread out all over the sports pages of the nation. The kid from Connellsville had carried the game in the palm of his hand for almost 60 full minutes. He led an inspired Notre Dame team to a 26-0 win, handled the ball with the coolness of a pro, made split-second decisions that hadn't missed, completed eight of 15 passes, two for TD's. It was in this game that Army learned about Lujack's ability to size up a defense. They also learned about his tackling.

In the last half, Glenn Davis, Army speed merchant, intercepted one of Lujack's passes. He started downfield with two blockers ahead of him. Lujack knocked all three of them down to prevent a score. That day his defensive play alone would have been enough to elevate Lujack to the ranks of great football stars.

One of the things that makes Lujack a great player is that he adheres religiously to the Leahy theory that unless a player improves with every game, he might as well turn in his uniform. To help Lujack's game, Leahy had Sid Luckman coach him all during Spring practice this year. Luckman and Lujack are close friends. It's possible that Johnny may be the one who steps into the Bears' quarterback position when Sid leaves. Draft rights to Lujack are held by the Bears in the National League and the Chicago Rockets in the AAC.

"You never stop learning when you're quarterbacking the T," Johnny said. "It's tough to carry out the fakes. I'm always tempted to watch the man who is carrying the ball, see who tackles him, find out what happened. But if a T-quarterback doesn't carry out his fakes, the deceptive quality of the play is often ruined."

At home, Johnny's mother still worries about his getting hurt. The first year he went to Notre Dame, during his second scrimmage at Cartier Field, he got four of his front teeth knocked out tackling halfback Bill Earley, now one of his backfield coaches. Johnny had a fine bridge made, and kept the mishap a secret from his parents all during the war.

The first game his parents saw him play for Notre Dame was the 1943 Michigan game. In the third quarter Johnny was making a hand-off to the Notre Dame fullback. The player temporarily lost his balance and banged his shoulder against Lujack's jaw as he went around him. As soon as the play ended, Johnny dropped down on one knee and called time. The Notre Dame trainer, Scrap Iron Young, rushed out to him.

"What's the matter, Johnny?" he asked, anxiously. "You hurt?"

"Naw," Johnny mumbled. "My bridge just got knocked out. Tell the guys to crowd around me. My folks are up there in the stands and I don't want them to see me putting it back in. They don't know about me losing my teeth."

Once a law student, Lujack will be graduated from Notre Dame this year with a Political Science major. He is one of the best contract-bridge players in the school, a game he learned to play as an Ensign in the Navy. He served 11 months on a sub chaser in the Atlantic, and played service ball at Fort Pierce. Three of his teammates on the Connellsville High team were killed in the war, as was one of his closest friends, Bud Henry.

Bud went to the University of West Virginia, where he was an outstanding athlete. Last Summer Johnny met his father on the main street of Connellsville. Lujack didn't know what to say. He remembered how Bud's father had often listened to their boyhood conversations, heard them talking about their dreams of some day becoming college football stars, big-time baseball players. Lujack said he will always remember what Bud Henry's father said to him just before he walked on down the street.

"Johnny," he said, "it's too bad that old Bud can't be here to enjoy your success."

Lujack considers that the most unselfish comment he ever heard.

THIS year's Notre Dame team, Johnny believes, should be the best on which he has ever played. He thinks that among the standout players will be Pep Panelli, the fullback, Jim Martin, end, and Bill Fischer, guard. He has high praise for three youngsters who have several more years to play at Notre Dame, halfback Ernie Zalejski, end Leon Hart, and a smart fireball of a ball-carrier named Terry Brennan.

To Leahy, Johnny Lujack gives the lion's share of the credit for the great playing years he has had at Notre Dame. He doesn't think anyone in the country, including himself, loves football as much as Leahy, or knows as much about it. Very often, when the going is rough, Leahy will call Lujack aside and ask him if he thinks he's driving the team too hard.

"Well, coach," Johnny said once, "the boys are certainly squawking."

"If they don't squawk," Leahy smiled, "they aren't working hard enough."

But the thing that has sold Lujack on Frank Leahy is his genuine concern for the welfare of the men who play for him, not only on the football field, but in all phases of their college careers and future lives. During the daily meetings from 12:30 to 1 P.M., Leahy often asks one of the

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The Rev. John J. Cavanaugh, president of Notre Dame, likes winners.

boys to stand up and give an informal talk to the squad, a speech on something other than sports.

"In later life," Leahy tells them, "you lads are going to be called upon to speak in public. If you learn how to talk here, it will be of great help to you after you leave Notre Dame."

FRANK LEAHY, of course, is a central figure in any story of Notre Dame football.

"We can have any kind of a team our players want to have. If they decide to rest on their laurels, we can lose four games. But if we work hard and give a little blood, we ought to do all right."

When he said that to me, Frank Leahy was making probably the most optimistic statement he has ever made since becoming a football coach.

Just over his desk, in a small office in the athletic building, was a large photograph of the late Knute Rockne. On Rockne's face was the wide, floppy, friendly grin so characteristic of him. It is Leahy's favorite portrait of the man who taught him most of the fine points of football, the beloved figure under whom Leahy played at Notre Dame.

If you could pick one man to typify Notre Dame football, it would probably be most sensible and honest to choose Frank Leahy. In a sense, he is more representative of the average Notre Dame man than the revered Rockne. For Rockne created the glory and tradition of Notre Dame football. Leahy, like so many other great stars after Rockne, had to live up to the standards, the ideals and the playing savvy and spirit that the Rock established. He has not only had to live up to them as a player, but carry on the Rockne tradition as a coach.

If anything, what Rockne did was easier. He was the Master. He made Notre Dame football. All Leahy has had to do is walk in the gigantic footsteps of what was, undoubtedly, the greatest coaching genius of our time. If he has not done it, he has come closer to it than anyone else.

It is unavoidable to compare the two men. Physically, there is no resemblance at all. Knute Rockne at Leahy's age was a squat barrel of a man, bald-headed, round faced, with a flattened nose and small, twinkling eyes. Not one of God's most beautiful creatures, a plain-spoken man, as stubborn as the hard Norwegian soil from which he came, he was at times as good-humored as a Spring wind.

LEAHY, at 39, is a large, handsome man, well-groomed, as poised and scholarly as Rockne was earthy and simple. He has intelligent, deep-set blue eyes, a strong jaw, a smile that is friendly and completely charming, but does not twist and flop around the way the Rock's did. His voice is soft, well-modulated. His command of language is studied and impressive.

The first impression of Frank Leahy —one that many reporters have—is that nobody could be so charming and gentlemanly without putting on an act. He is, actually, a very sincere man in everything he says and does. His sociability off the playing field is honest. He likes people and wants them to like him. But on a football field his personality changes. He becomes grim, driving, serious, and sarcastic.

Any boy contemplating a football career at Notre Dame should be warned for every minute of glory he may enjoy, he will pay for it with hours of sweat, grind, and tears. Every player will tell you that the most rugged bodily punishment they take is not during the games on Saturday afternoon, but in the practice sessions on Cartier Field.

"What's the toughest line you ever faced?" I asked a large Notre Dame tackle.

"The second-string line in practice," he answered, without hesitation.

From a perch in a tower just off the practice field, Leahy watches the players below him with hawklike eyes. It's impossible to loaf. Leahy can spot the slightest flaw in a play, and his voice booms out over a loudspeaker, sharp and cutting. "Did everyone see how that boy made that tackle? I don't want anyone to ever make a tackle like that again!" Or, as a back stumbles going through the line, "Well, well, what did you trip over—a chalk-line?"

As the last minutes of the two hours of pounding scrimmage approach, as the legs get heavy and the bodies ache, it is doubtful whether Leahy would win a popularity poll taken among his players. He does not tolerate swearing or dirty play, and he shows not the slightest favoritism toward any of his men. He almost always addresses his players as "Gentlemen"—but no gentleman ever worked as hard as a Notre Dame football player does under Leahy.

The way a GI still remembers his serial number, Notre Dame players probably never will forget Leahy's favorite expression during practice. "Nothing," he reiterates, "is as important as that good, solid thump, thump, thump." And he wants to hear that sound when a tackle is made or a man throws a block.

The language he uses is often amusing to the players. It's a form of the King's English that would be acceptable to even the most pedantic professor. "Gentlemen," he will say, "we will attempt to obliterate our deficiencies." In a pre-game pep talk, when he wants his men to soften up a rugged, unruly opponent, he will remark, quietly, "You will find an enemy there. Please give him a little treatment."

Coaches have left Notre Dame because they couldn't stand the unceasing drive that Leahy demands of them. He expects more of them than he does of his players, often keeping them up until the early hours of the morning, going over plays, talking about opponents, devising methods to improve the team offensively and defensively. Nothing is as important to him as football, Notre Dame football.

DURING the football season, the last light extinguished on the Notre Dame campus is the one in Frank Leahy's office. Twice during his career at the school, he has worked himself into complete physical and mental exhaustion. Many nights he doesn't even go to his home in Michigan City, 15 miles away. He curls up on a couch in his office, or walks wearily to the firehouse on the campus, where he stretches out on a cot to snatch a few hours of sleep before morning.

So far, under Leahy, Notre Dame teams have spent very satisfying Saturday afternoons. Losing football games has become almost a novelty for the South Bend school. Leahy's own record of victories can't be matched by any man now coaching. His complete six-year record, including two years at Boston College where he won 20 out of 22 games, shows 52 wins, only five losses, and four ties.

Even more than a win, Leahy enjoys watching a perfectly executed play. His love for football goes so deep he can even appreciate it when a rival team pulls off a beautifully worked out play. He hates to lose, but if he has to drop one, he likes to feel the loss was justified.

In 1943, Notre Dame tangled with the Navy's Great Lakes outfit, one of the best squads playing service football. It was the last game of the season. Notre Dame had gone undefeated. The game was rugged, dazzling, with both teams playing all-out to win. In the fourth quarter, with only 35 seconds to play, Notre Dame led by one point. Then Steve Lach of Great Lakes pulled a quick fake, dropped back, and tossed a beautiful pass to Paul Anderson, who went over to win the game for Navy, 19-14.

The Notre Dame squad huddled dejectedly in the dressing room. The play had spoiled what would have been another undefeated season for Notre Dame and Leahy. The coach came into the room and looked around. Then he said, "You can feel proud of the way you played. You happened to be beaten by one of the most splendidly executed plays I've ever seen. I have no criticism to make of you for this game."

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Notre Dame men often visit the Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes on campus. Players go to mass before games.

It has often been said that Leahy's respect for opponents sometimes reaches the ridiculous. He has a reputation for being the most pessimistic coach in the country. Father Cavanaugh, head of the school, has an amusing story he tells about Leahy's cautious comments and dire warnings.

At the close of a successful season, with a powerful team returning in the Fall, Father Cavanaugh visited Leahy's office. He entered the room, closed the doors, and with his characteristic sense of humor, made sure all the windows were locked.

"Now, Frank," he said, "nobody can possibly hear us. Tell me, what are our chances for next year?"

"Well, Father," Leahy said, "they are all going to be tough. We can lose any of them. But I will say this: I believe we'll beat Pittsburgh and Illinois."

Father Cavanaugh couldn't, in spite of prodding, get Leahy to admit the possibility of any more than these two victories. When the season opened, the Pittsburgh team held a tough opponent scoreless in the first half. That night Leahy telephoned the priest and said, "Father, do you remember what I said about my believing we will beat Pittsburgh?" The priest said he did. "Well, Father," Leahy said gloomily, "you hadn't better count on that."

The final score was Notre Dame 41, Pittsburgh 0.

Actually, Leahy is not a pessimist. It is impossible for a perfectionist, such as he is, to be a down-in-the-mouther. What he really is, by his own admission, is a worrier. It is not what his own team will do that worries Leahy, it is what the other team might do—the unexpected breaks that can happen on any football field.

Leahy's pre-game fears were undoubtedly inherited from years of association with Knute Rockne. It was not a Rockne policy to be gleefully optimistic before any game.

The pessimistic attitude was probably just one of Rock's many tricks. If so, it is one that Leahy has borrowed, used effectively, and will go on using. A Leahy-coached team never goes into any game brimming with over-confidence. If they were playing his home-town high school in Winner, South Dakota, Leahy would probably warn his men to expect trouble.

TODAY, walking the campus at Notre Dame, you still feel Rockne. There has been a memorial built to him, a thing of steel and stone, but that is not what has kept him so alive in the hearts of those at Notre Dame. The stories about him are legion, and the men who played for him still carry and pass on the inspiration he gave them. But that is not entirely it either. The thing that keeps Rockne so beloved by youngsters coming up, by those who never even knew him, is their knowledge of his love for the school, for Notre Dame. They know how much it meant to him, and that's what gets them.

The closeness of Leahy and Rockne has not been exaggerated. In many ways, they had much in common. Both came from poor families. Rockne had to work four years in a post-office in Chicago to earn enough to attend Notre Dame. Leahy arrived at the school under much the same conditions. He had to work his way through college.

The son of a homesteader who had moved his large family westward to Winner, South Dakota, young Leahy grew up on the barren plains of a then half-settled state. At the age of six, he rode a hayrake in the field around Winner for a dollar a day. He hauled freight by wagon, clerked in stores, rode herd, sweated in the fields as a day laborer.

Leahy did not arrive at Notre Dame with any great build-up, although he had won three letters at Winner High in football, basketball, and baseball. When the family moved to Omaha, he played for Central High of that city, being switched from halfback to tackle. He was good, a strong man in the line, but not sensational.

Like most Catholic kids, young Leahy knew all about Notre Dame and Rockne. By 1926 the Rockne legend was well-established. It had been growing through the years, since 1913 when a small, unknown school, scheduled as a breather for Army, had swamped the West Pointers, 35-13. That was the year a couple of brash youngsters, Knute Rockne and Gus Dorais, unleashed a "perfected" forward pass that kept the heads of the Cadets up in the air all afternoon and cut the ground from under them.

THAT Army-Notre Dame game might have gone down in the sport history books as a fluke. But Rockne wouldn't let it. By the time Leahy reached Notre Dame, it had the best-known football team of any school in the country. Leahy arrived on the South Bend campus one year after hearing Rockne speak at a dinner to which he had been invited by Earl Walsh, an ex-Notre Dame player, and his coach at Winner High.

Leahy came to Notre Dame at a time when making the team was as tough as it is today. He made it because he was a plugger, working harder physically than he had ever worked in his life. In 1928 Rockne put him into three games as a center. In '29, the coach shifted him to tackle, where Leahy played a fine, solid game, earning a first-string slot on a team that became national champions. He once even fooled Rockne into allowing him to play with a dislocated elbow, showing the then bed-ridden coach his good arm instead of the bad one.

Injuries dogged Leahy all through his playing career. But it was an injury, a cracked-up knee in the pre-season training of 1930, that gave him the greatest break in his life. Rockne allowed him to help with the line coaching, and showed him the fine points of training ends and backfield men. In that one year, Leahy picked up information that few players at Notre Dame have ever been able to garner. At the close of the season, Rockne went to the Mayo Clinic for

treatment of a leg ailment that had nearly cost him his life. He asked Leahy to go along with him.

"You might as well get that knee operated on," he said. "And, besides, I'll need company."

What Rockne meant by company was someone with whom to talk football. All through the long afternoons, while Leahy awaited his operation, he listened to Rockne, in the bed beside him, talk about the game he knew so well. Leahy asked innumerable questions. Rockne asked Leahy almost as many, and gave freely of the information he had gathered in his years at Notre Dame.

When Fritz Crisler, then head coach at Minnesota, dropped in to see him, Rockne introduced Crisler to Leahy. As Crisler was leaving, Rockne said to him, "Fritz, that boy lying there on the bed is going to make a great coach some day."

While Leahy was still hobbling around the Notre Dame campus on a cane, on March 31, 1931, the plane in which Knute Rockne was riding crashed into a pasture in Kansas. And 10 years later, the last boy he ever coached, the kid who had lain in the bed next to him at the Mayo Clinic, became the head coach of the Notre Dame football team.

For Leahy, the lowest periods of his life were the months following Rockne's death, and the first few weeks of his second season as head coach and athletic director of Notre Dame. After his brilliant beginning in 1941, in which the team went undefeated, they began the 1942 season with a tie and loss. It was a sad beginning for what is now the famed Notre Dame T-formation.

THE story of the T at Notre Dame really began at a football game in 1941 between the Chicago Bears and the All-Stars. From the stands in Soldier Feld, Leahy watched the magic hands of quarterback Sid Luckman explode plays which even Leahy himself could not follow. The College All-Stars, among the greatest in the country, dived for handfuls of nothing. In the final 12 minutes of play, Luckman and Company ran up three TD's in breath-taking style.

"What did you think of the T-formation the Bears were using?" Leahy asked Father John Cavanaugh, then vice-president of the school, as they rode back toward Notre Dame.

"It looked mighty good to me," Father Cavanaugh said.

"I'm convinced we should use it at Notre Dame, Father," Leahy said. "With your permission and that of Father O'Donnell, I'd like to put it into effect next year."

Leahy obtained the permission and set out to learn the mystery of the T. All through the pro football season, he haunted Wrigley Field, watching the dazzling performances of the Bears and the razzle-dazzle of Luckman. But the T is complicated. There are too many facets to it to learn much about it from a stadium seat.

In February of '42, three men gathered in Room 455 of the Commodore Hotel in New York. They pushed all the furniture back against the wall and dismissed the bellboy, who thought they were either stewed or screwy. They were neither. One of them was Frank Leahy, who doesn't drink. The second was one of his assistant coaches, Joe McArdle. The third man in the room, holding a football lightly in his hands, was Sid Luckman. Leahy stood a little to one side as McArdle straddled the ball Luckman had tossed to him. He passed it to Sid and the lessons began.

For almost five hours, Luckman whirled through the various pivots that make up the T, the mousetrap, the crossover, the reverse, the counter-pivot, the forward pass. And as he went through the motions he explained, or answered the innumerable questions in Leahy's mind. The lessons didn't end in the hotel room. Leahy rented an empty office on Sixth Avenue, and Luckman went through more drills. It was the beginning of a deep friendship that still exists between the two men.

"Sid was wonderful to me," Leahy said. "He's one of the finest and most intelligent men I've ever known. He was the first to instruct me in the fundamentals of the T, and I don't see how anyone could have done a better job."

From Luckman, the Notre Dame coach journeyed West again to see George Halas, owner-coach of the Bears. Halas gave him more instructions on the basic principles of the T and sent him on to the Bear line coach, the former Notre Dame star, Hunk Anderson. In a Detroit hotel room, Anderson and Leahy spent days on the T in relation to line play. Leahy's last jaunt, just before Spring drills in 1942, took him to Maryland, where he indulged in hour after hour of skull sessions with the thin, graying master of the T, Clark Shaughnessy.

"I'm deeply indebted to all these men," Leahy will tell you emphatically. "They gave me all the time and advice, I asked. Their help was invaluable."

WHEN Leahy announced that the T was to be used at Notre Dame, it was met with the same reception as an announcement that the Blarney Stone would be removed from Ireland. The tried-and-true Notre Dame shift was as respected and loved as the man who perfected it, Knute Rockne. Leahy knew he was going out on the well-known limb. He expected to be accused of being a fool, an ingrate, an upstart, gambling on an untried system that could lead only to disaster. He was accused of even more than that.

The only answer Leahy gave at the time was to work himself into a physical wreck to get the T down as pat as possible before the opening game. His coaching staff gathered at 5:15 every morning to study diagrams and movies. The quarterbacks, Bertelli and his young understudy, Johnny Lujack, spent long hours in Leahy's office poring over chalkmarks on a blackboard. Leahy worked 14 hours, then 18 hours a day. His health began to fail. He got severe pains in the back of his head and neck. He was suffering from spinal arthritis caused, more than anything else, by tension and overwork.

Notre Dame opened against Wisconsin and Leahy's critics gathered to watch the fiasco. Four of the first-string men suffered injuries just before the game. Bertelli took the wrong train in the Chicago Union Station and arrived a scant few minutes before the kick-off, completely unnerved.

The game was not quite a fiasco. It ended in a 7-7 tie, but Notre Dame was such a superior team to Wisconsin that it should have swamped the Badgers by at least three touchdowns. The T is a formation which requires split-second ball handling, speed, and confidence which the green, over-anxious kids completely lacked. They fumbled and stumbled and failed to get under way. The following week, against a stronger Georgia Tech team, they were belted down, 13-6. The harassers of Leahy and his T-formation had a field day. A loud cry went up for a return to the Notre Dame shift.

LEAHY never saw the first successful results of the year he had spent trying to master the T-formation. He was ordered to the hospital by the heads of the school, backed up by his wife, Floss, and his first lieutenant, Ed McKeever. On a bed in the Mayo Clinic, not far from where he had once shared a room with Rockne, he heard a radio announcer describe the clicking of the T as the Fighting Irish ran down Stanford, 27-0. Leahy began to get well in a hurry. Two victories later, after Notre Dame blanked the Iowa Seahawks 28-0, and licked a strong Illinois, 21-14, Leahy was back.

Navy went down 9-0; the Army got whipped 13-0. Leahy's T was accepted by even the most die-hard followers of the Rockne system.

The players at Notre Dame, like their coach, would now rather play without cleats than give up the T. Leahy maintains that any system is good as long as you have material, but nothing is quite as effective as the T on offensive play. It gives you more use of the linemen as blockers, and it makes the center 100 percent effective in providing interference for backs. It is deceptive, devilishly able to fake an opposing line out of position.

Leahy is looking for trouble this year from Southern California, Iowa, Army, and Navy, in just about that order. He thinks the Army line will be almost as rugged as the one last year. He is not too happy about what a young cadet named Bobby Stuart may do in the way of running through the Notre Dame line. "He is supposed to be as good as Blanchard or Glenn Davis," Leahy said. "The lads will have to be on their toes to stop him."

The lads, as Leahy always calls them, look fit—ready to tear up a lot of sod. Being around them daily, listening to them talk about their team, the men they live with, and their school, it is difficult not to fall prey to their spirit, send up a cheer for old Notre Dame, and want them to win with the same fervor as a starry-eyed freshman or a sentimental alumnus.

The boys who play football at South Bend are an unusual aggregation of young men. They believe, almost to a

man, that nothing is as wonderful as playing football for Notre Dame. Most of them have been believing that for a long time, for many years before they enrolled at the school. It is not so much the rah-rah attitude which you find at some schools, as it is a mission and an honor, as though winning a game were something of a crusade.

ANY grade-school kid knows the inducements that many big colleges offer to get promising material. Notre Dame does not have to compete in this market. Its recruiting is done gratis, not only by alumni, but by parish priests in small towns and big cities, by loyal followers everywhere, through the simple medium of impressing upon youngsters, particularly those of the Catholic faith, that few things in life are more glorious than playing for Notre Dame.

In talking to the players, the answers you get as to why they came to Notre Dame are strikingly similar. Benny Sheridan, one of the great stars of a few years back, now a salesman in South Bend for a large radio concern, said, "Ninety percent of all the players want to come to Notre Dame for the same reasons I did. My mother and father wanted me to go to the school. The priest in my home town, Havana, Illinois, talked to me a great deal about it, even taking me to see Notre Dame games. From the time I first began to lug a football, I wanted to come to the school."

George Strohmeyer's father was a close friend of Moon Mullins, a great backfield star during Leahy's playing days. When Mullins coached Strohmeyer at Iowa Pre-Flight during the war, he also propagandized for Notre Dame. Pep Panelli came to Notre Dame in spite of the fact that the headmaster of his prep school in Connecticut urged him to go to Yale, and the mayor suggested Cornell.

"Too many other people, closer to me, wanted me to go to Notre Dame," Pep said. "Nothing the headmaster or the mayor said could make me change my mind about playing for a school I had loved since I was a kid."

A good deal of bitter criticism was tossed at the school and George Connor when that All-American tackle, after two years of brilliant play at Holy Cross, suddenly appeared on the Notre Dame roster. It looked like a pressure job, but it wasn't. Connor, influenced greatly by his uncle, enrolled at Holy Cross.

During the war Connor was assigned to Notre Dame as a V-7, earning his Navy commission on the South Bend campus. He became so engrossed in the activities of the school, so taken with that intangible quality that is called Notre Dame spirit, that he decided, entirely on his own, to switch to Notre Dame after the war. He knew it would arouse a protest from followers of Holy Cross, but after talking it over with his family, he decided to make the difficult choice.

Almost all of the present Notre Dame players are veterans. Vetville, a collection of pre-fabricated houses just across from the campus, houses 117 families. Returning vets have swollen the enrollment at Notre Dame to some 4,600. Students from all the 48 states now swarm the crowded campus, gather at the Huddle for malteds, work out in the Rockne Memorial Field House, or play softball at night on Badgin Bog between the dorms, moving over the green field that once felt the feet of George Gipp, Red Miller, Elmer Layden, Johnny Niemiec, and other Notre Dame immortals. Sorin Hall, the oldest building on the campus, the dorm that sheltered so many great players of the past, is still very much in use today, housing young men who a few short years ago were flying B-29's, slogging through Italy, or hunching in foxholes in the Pacific.

BOB LIVINGSTONE, a tall, handsome kid who spent three years in the infantry in the ETO, said he noticed a difference in the players when they returned from the war. They all felt an even closer tie to each other, and they were more mature.

From Livingstone himself, the Notre Dame coaches are expecting some great ball-carrying this year. A whirlwind his first year, the three years of pounding his legs took in the infantry slowed him down during the '46 season. It has taken a whole year to get them back into shape, but in practice sessions they finally loosened up and he's beginning to run with the same speed, the same break-away dash that once gave so much trouble to opposing tacklers.

Probably every football team has a character, an unorthodox personality. At Notre Dame it's a barrel-chested, out-spoken, cocky but likable Texan named George Strohmeyer. Before any football game, Strohmeyer bounces around assuring everyone within hearing distance that Notre Dame is certain to win by at least five or six touchdowns.

On the way to the Illinois game last year, Strohmeyer was sharing a seat in the Pullman with Father John H. Murphy, Vice-President of the University. Just in back of them sat Leahy, worrying, as usual, about the outcome of the game. At one point, he leaned over, tapped Strohmeyer on the shoulder and began warning him about the trouble he should expect from Buddy Young.

"Don't worry about him, coach," the big center boomed. "We'll stop him cold. Why that guy only gets into his pants one leg at a time like all the rest of us."

Father Murphy and the other players burst into laughter as Leahy threw up his hands in despair. But Strohmeyer gets away with his slap-happy boasting because he has always backed up what he says he will do on a football field. In the Army game the huge, beefy center squashed play after play, dumping the thundering Blanchard especially hard. Hurt in the final quarter of the game, Strohmeyer refused to quit, staying in the line, cracking down the Army plungers. On the offensive, Strohmeyer pulls out of the line like a fire-truck and is a top-notch leader of interference.

At Iowa Pre-Flight George started as a fullback, put up a kick when the coach wanted to switch him to center. The Navy mentor listened to Strohmeyer's beef, then said, "Okay, you can stay at fullback and play thirty minutes of the game. If you'll try center, I'll let you play sixty."

"Coach," Strohmeyer said. "You just got yourself a center."

At the end of the season, he was nominated as All Service center and he has played that position ever since.

One of the things the other Notre Dame players like about Strohmeyer is his all-out love of competition and his plain, unadulterated guts. Coach Bill Earley tells about a practice session in which he observed Strohmeyer coming across the field headed for the locker room. Because George is always out there plugging, Earley strolled over to see what was the matter. Strohmeyer took his hand away from his face, at the coach's request.

"Be right back," he mumbled. "Just a little bloody nose."

A piece of bone stuck out through the skin on the bridge of Strohmeyer's nose. Of course, it was broken.

FROM a dramatic standpoint, nothing touched the story I picked up about the half-pint halfback, Coy McGee.

Coy is a soft-spoken, quiet boy who looks as though he might be a sophomore in high school. Hailing from Longview, Texas, McGee spent the war years in the Air Force, and came to Notre Dame in 1945. He came for two reasons—to go to Notre Dame's famed aeronautical school, and to play football.

"It's a funny thing," he said. "I didn't even know Notre Dame was a Catholic school until two weeks before I enrolled. It wouldn't have made any difference, but some of the fellows sure got a kick out of it when I told it to them. One thing I did know. I knew they had one of the best aeronautical engineering schools in the country."

McGee worked hard on the playing field, but his first year at Notre Dame, the best he could do was make the B squad. Coach Hughie Devore, who had taken over while Leahy was in the Navy, took McGee to the Iowa game. He was injured after a short spell on the field. In the Northwestern tiff, so many of the Notre Dame boys were hurt that the fourth string McGee was sent into the game again. He carried seven times, averaging six and a half yards every time he lugged the ball.

But in '46, when Leahy came back, McGee was still plugging along on the B squad, being considered too small for duty among the first-stringers. Along came the Army game, and McGee wasn't even taken on the trip. It was a big disappointment to swallow, but when the guys came back from the Army battle, Coy was still in uniform, going through the ordeal of every practice.

Then, one day late in the season, Leahy was treated to the sight of a small, wriggling, hunk of football flesh squirming and dodging its way through the entire first team. The tiny player went 70 yards for a touchdown. All that afternoon Coy McGee ran back punts against the first team, sliding out of the hands of the sharp, tough Notre Dame first-stringers. His performance on Cartier Field that afternoon opened Leahy's eyes, but wide.

THE Tulane game was coming up, and McGee wanted to make that trip to New Orleans. The coach of the Tulane team, Henry Frnka, had been the head coach at Tulsa University, where he had sympathetically

but firmly told an 18-year-old youngster named Coy McGee that he was too small for the team. Leahy took McGee to New Orleans and turned him loose in the pastures guarded by Frnka's big line. The coach who had told McGee he was too small watched the 20-year-old kid, same height, same weight, romp through his team for a touchdown.

The story doesn't end there. A week later, in the second period of the last game of the season, Coy McGee trotted onto the field again. The score was tied, 0-0. The ball went to McGee on a shovel pass and the tiny speedster took off like a rocket. The downfield blocking was good and Coy raced 49 yards before stumbling trying to avoid one of his own men on the 17-yard line.

The Irish fumbled on the next play. Southern Cal recovered. The Trojans quick-kicked 82 yards, the ball rolling over the Notre Dame goal line for a touchback. It was Notre Dame's first down on their own 20-yard line. One play netted three yards. Then the players began to chatter in the huddle.

"Let's give it to McGee again."

"This time we won't get in his way."

"Yeah, let's shake Coy loose. Same play—shovel pass to the right."

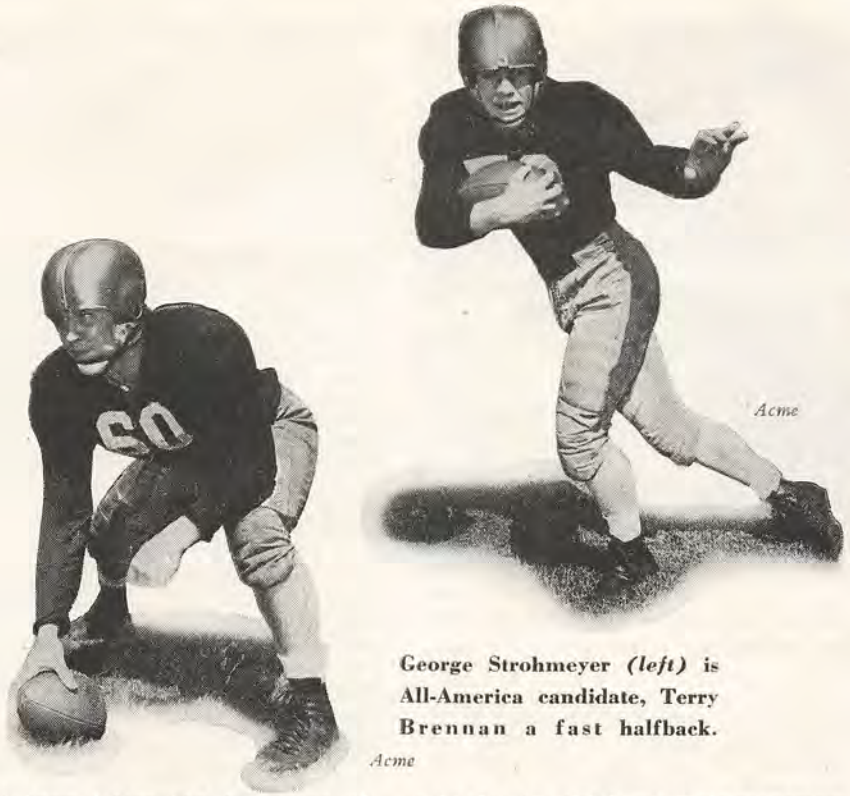
Southern Cal saw the play coming. As McGee trotted in motion to his right, the Trojan secondary began to point at him. A tackle moved out of the line, the halfback shifted over. But the way McGee ran that afternoon, nothing could have stopped him. He went 77 yards for a touchdown and it paved the way for Notre Dame's 26-6 victory. That afternoon the tiny halfback gained 146 yards in only six carries.

COY is a Baptist but that hasn't made the slightest difference to the Catholic boys on the team. He goes to a Baptist church every Sunday in South Bend, but lately has also taken to attending early mass with some of the Catholic players. Almost every Notre Dame football squad, since the earliest days, has had several players on the team not of the Catholic faith.

What few people know is that some of Notre Dame's greatest stars have been Protestant and Jewish boys. Rockne, himself, as many do know, did not become a Catholic until 1925, after he had been connected with the school as a player and coach for over 13 years. It didn't matter to Rockne what a boy's religion was. If he liked to play football, and he believed Notre Dame was the best school in the country, that was all Rockne asked.

One of the greatest games Notre Dame ever played, the game that has been called one of the most thrilling football contests in the history of the sport, was won on a pass from a Protestant boy, Bill Shakespeare, to a lanky end of Jewish faith, Wayne Milner. That was the classic Notre Dame-Ohio State game of 1935, won by the Irish in the last minute of play, 18-13.

There are few colleges in the country whose teams have come from behind so many times to win ball games as Notre Dame's. They have always been one of the great last-ditch football teams. Notre Dame alumni are still talking about the 1926 Southern Cal game. The Irish led all the way until the Trojans scored in the last five minutes to go on top, 12-7. That would have taken the heart out of most ball clubs, but Notre Dame's great southpaw passer, Art Parisien, tossed two long ones into the hands of Johnny Niemiec, who galloped over with the second one to win the game, 13-12.



Acme

George Strohmeyer *(left)* is All-America candidate, Terry Brennan a fast halfback.

This year, at South Bend, Notre Dame will play what may be its last game against the Army. It will end—at least for a while—a series that for color, thrills, and great football, will probably never be equalled. The termination of the annual meeting of these two traditional rivals has caused bitterness, sadness, and no small amount of speculation.

A joint statement was issued by Father Cavanaugh and Major General Maxwell D. Taylor, which said: "It was the conviction of the authorities of both schools that the game had grown to such proportions that it had come to be played under conditions escaping the control of the two colleges, some of which were not conducive to wholesome intercollegiate sport."

This pedantic statement only hints at the real reasons for the calling off of the series. Gambling has been given as one reason, but it is only one. It was estimated that over $5,000,000 was bet on the 1946 game. Ticket speculation is another. Last year, 50-yard line seats at the Yankee Stadium were going for as high as $400, inducing many of the youngsters of both schools to give up their seats.

The ticket problem became a colossal migraine to the authorities of both schools. Notre Dame alone returned over $400,000 from loyal followers of the Irish who could not be supplied with ducats, causing tremendous hard feeling. Alumni of both schools who didn't get their money up in time to get their promised seats were heart-broken and bitter. Fans traveled many thousands of miles only to be turned away at the gate.

Scandal dogged the game. Seats in the press sections were said to have been given to high-ranking Army officers and their wives. The seats given to Notre Dame students were in such a bad position, low on the playing field, that they had difficulty seeing the game. Scalping reached an all-time high, and ushers were reported to have sneaked in some 5,000 fans at five bucks a head.

SOME wise sportswriters give still another reason. They say Army wanted to call the series off because Notre Dame is entirely too strong for them, and they are weary of taking it on the chin. The record shows the Cadets have been doing just that. In 33 games since 1913, the Irish have won 22, and lost only seven to the Army. Four games have been tied. After their 1931 victory, Army didn't win a game from the rugged Blue and Gold teams until 1944.

So the Army series has been called off, perhaps never to be resumed again and critics of Notre Dame say the Irish are playing themselves out of suitable opponents.

Last year, as happens almost every year, cries went up about "de-emphasizing" the schools which consistently have winning football teams. In a biting speech, delivered January 13, 1946, at a Notre Dame football banquet, Father Cavanaugh, president of the school, said, in part: "Reform will never be brought about by innuendo and insinuation, nor by the constant juxtaposition of the two words 'win-

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Coaches John Druze and Bill Earley kid Bob Livingstone as he sizes up a putt.

ning' and 'de-emphasis,' as if winning had to be de-emphasized rather than dishonesty and real abuses that are supposed to exist in some quarters connected with football.

"We at Notre Dame make no apologies about wanting winners," he went on. "We shall always want Notre Dame men to play to win, so long as there is a Notre Dame. But with even more emphasis, we want Notre Dame to win cleanly and according to the rules, and because Notre Dame men are reared on this campus in this spirit and because they exemplify this spirit all over the world, they are the envy of the nation."

YOU never hear even the noisiest, most cynical critics of college football aiming salvos of indignation at Notre Dame. You'll hear plenty this Fall about the staggering sums of spending money slipped to this grid hero or that grid hero, but you won't hear it about Notre Dame. Johnny Lujack, the kingpin of the Fighting Irish, has no classy Cadillac convertible, no lavish apartment off the campus, no open expense account at a swank hotel, no bundle of cash in his hip pocket. This is not to say all Notre Dame football players must either have private means or sell magazines to put themselves through college. Athletic scholarships are available, of course, but in this day and age of blatant semi-professionalism in college football, that's unassailable purity.

A priest in a small town in the South once asked a visiting Notre Dame football player how many members of the squad were actually candidates for degrees. He was surprised to hear that all of them are. And they are. Not only that, but although 70 is a passing mark at Notre Dame, in order to participate in athletics a player must have a 77 average. There is no hedging on the point. It would be embarrassing to mention their names, but several of the men on the present squad were attending Summer school this year to boost their average in order to be able to play. One of them had to boost it less than one point. He had a 76.6 average but it wasn't enough.

Most of the players on the '47 team are working for degrees in the tough colleges of Science, Engineering, Law, and Commerce. Only seven percent of the players on the football squad are taking the Physical Education course, probably the easiest.

There are many things about Notre Dame that are certain to surprise anyone who visits the school for the first time. You might not like the discipline. It's strict, probably exceeded only by that of West Point and Annapolis. No favoritism is shown, as football stars who have been dropped from the school know. But making up for the many rules, and the rigid discipline, there exists at Notre Dame something most Americans prize highly. That is a genuine, realistic democracy. It is the most striking thing any investigator discovers about the school.

IT begins with finding out about the treatment of the non-Catholic boys who attend the school. About ten percent of Notre Dame's students always have been young men of Protestant, Jewish, or no particular faith at all. Their beliefs are respected. The present faculty consists of 74 priests, four teaching brothers and 301 laymen, including many Protestants and Jews.

Most of the students at Notre Dame live on the campus, with the exception of those who are married. It is considered bad taste to discuss the financial background or the family standing of any student. When a boy enters Notre Dame he is told he is beginning a new life. It doesn't make any difference whether his father is a millionaire or a truck driver. All this may be difficult to believe, but to one who has seen this democracy-in-action, it is a memorable thing.

What surprises you is that few of the players know anything about the family or financial background of even such well-known stars as Connor, Lujack, Panelli, or Strohmeyer. They didn't know, nor were they interested in knowing.

At Notre Dame the students eat, sleep, study, play, and pray together. The traditional ritual of praying before every game always has been observed and always will be. The prayer is simple. They pray, as any player will tell you, to win for Notre Dame, or to lose like good sports. They add a prayer that no player on either team will be hurt.

Unlike most schools, any boy can go out for any sport at Notre Dame and stay out as long as he likes. Nobody is cut off the football squad, no matter how inept a player he is. They aren't always given the best of equipment by custodian John McAllister, but they get complete uniforms and allowed to participate fully. The practice sessions at Notre Dame are, as has been mentioned, so rugged that the frail or inexperienced players soon weed themselves out of competition.

Scholars, teachers, and scientists at Notre Dame have been struggling for years to offset the general impression that Notre Dame is built around a football field. The tremendous engineering and scientific and cultural things that have been accomplished at Notre Dame have been overshadowed by the exploits of the fleet-footed, hard-charging youngsters who have made Notre Dame the top football team of the country.

FEW of the wild-eyed, cheering fans who root for or against Notre Dame on the gridiron know anything at all about the hard work, sacrifice and energy that has gone into building the school. If they visit the campus today they look for the familiar faces of football stars, see a beautiful 1,700-acre campus studded with buildings, trees, lawns, athletic fields. There are 45 buildings now standing at Notre Dame. There is the famed Grotto, replica of Our Lady of Lourdes, there are 13 residence halls, two lakes, an 18-hole golf course.

It is a beautiful campus. It did not begin as one. It began as a ten-acre wooded tract of land with nothing standing on it but a rough log chapel. The University of Notre Dame was started on a total capital of $400 by six brothers of the Congregation of Holy Cross, led by a courageous priest named Father Sorin.

The tireless workers in laboratories, for which Notre Dame is noted among scientists, have kept up an unceasing fight against disease, worked miracles in metallurgy, and electronics, have toiled in the stubborn struggle of man against nature. The first wireless message transmitted successfully in this country was sent by Dr. Jerome Greene of the Notre Dame faculty from the campus in May, 1899. Father Julius A. Nieuwland, CSC, one of Notre Dame's most brilliant scientists, is credited with having discovered synthetic rubber in 1920, after years of research. Pioneer aeronautical experiments were conducted by Dr. Albert Zahm, former Notre Dame professor. You can go on and on, ad infinitum.

One of the things all Notre Dame players have been taught, ever since Rockne, is that football at its best is a fleeting, transitory thing in a man's life—as any glory always is. The reputation and fame of Notre Dame football has not been kept such a bright and living thing by any one man—not even Knute Rockne, or the Gipper, or the Four Horsemen, or any of the Irish stars of the past or present. It has been kept alive by the performances of its teams from year to year, by kids who come up out of railroad towns, from cities and farms, with a dream of playing for Notre Dame.

Nine games from now, one of these kids who came up from nowhere, Johnny Lujack, will join the ranks of the passing great who have played for Notre Dame. It will be a pretty good heritage to have. It will link him with men who have, with skill and courage, written some of the most inspiring passages in American sport history.

It also ties him to the future, to the kids who will play for his school in the years to come, to some now unknown youngster to whom the names of Lujack, Connor, Fischer and Strohmeyer weave a special kind of magic, because they play for Notre Dame.

Questions and Answers

This Question-and-Answer Department is a regular feature in SPORT. Because we have space to answer only a few of the many questions you send us, we try to choose those of greatest interest to our readers. We can answer questions only in this column, and cannot enter into correspondence. So please don't send stamps.

JOLTIN' JOE DIMAGGIO

Q—How many home runs did Joe DiMaggio hit in his best year for home runs? What year was this? What was his best batting average? What year was this?

Merchantville, N. J.
PAUL TRUSCOTT

A—Joe DiMaggio, New York Yankees' center-fielder, hit 46 home runs to lead the American League in that department in 1937. Prior to the 1947 season, Joe's best batting average was the .381 mark he compiled in 1939. That also was a league-leading figure, as was Joe's .352 the following year.

* * *

WASHINGTON PENNANTS

Q—Just how long have the Washington Senators been playing big-league baseball, and how many pennants have they won in that time?

Washington, D. C.
WALTER KENDALL

A—The Washington Senators are charter members of the American League, which was organized in 1901. The Senators won the league championship in 1924 and 1925, under Manager Bucky Harris, and in 1933 under Manager Joe Cronin. The Senators won the World Series only once, beating the New York Giants in 1924.

* * *

MODERN .400 HITTERS

Q—What baseball players have batted over .400, with what teams, and in what years?

Mulberry, Fla. JOHN MORRISON

A—Counting only Twentieth Century players, the feat was performed by: Napoleon Lajoie, Philadelphia Athletics, with .405 in 1901; Ty Cobb of Detroit, with .420 in 1911, .410 in 1912, and .401 in 1922; Joe Jackson of Cleveland, .408 in 1911; Rogers Hornsby, St. Louis Cardinals, with .401 in 1922, .424 in 1924, and .403 in 1925; George Sisler, St. Louis Browns, with .407 in 1920 and .420 in 1922; Harry Heilmann of the Detroit Tigers, .403 in 1923; Bill Terry of the New York Giants, .401 in 1930; and Ted Williams of the Boston Red Sox, .406 in 1941.

* * *

SERIES GRAND SLAMS

Q—How many grand-slam homers have been hit in World Series history?

Lamar, Colorado
BOB MCMILLIN

A—Not many. Home runs with the bases loaded were hit only twice in all the World Series through 1946. Elmer Smith did it for the Cleveland Indians against the Brooklyn Dodgers in 1920, and Tony Lazzeri did it for the New York Yankees against the New York Giants in 1936.

* * *

LOUIS VS. BAERS

Q—Who fought Joe Louis more often—Max Baer or Buddy Baer?

Toronto, Ontario
MIKE BERNYCK

A—Louis knocked out Max Baer in four rounds on September 24, 1935, in New York City. That was his only bout with Max. He scored a technical knockout over Buddy Baer in seven rounds on May 23, 1941, and kayoed Buddy in one round on January 9, 1942. Which makes Joe champion of Max once, and champion of Buddy twice.

* * *

JOOST AND GREENBERG

Q—What was Eddie Joost's batting average the year Cincinnati won the pennant? Did Hank Greenberg ever play in the International League, and if so, for whom?

Rochester, N. Y.
HARRY S. GODDARD

A—The Cincinnati Reds have won the National League pennant twice in recent years, in 1939 and 1940, both times under Manager Bill McKechnie. In 1939 infielder Joost played in 42 games and had a batting average of .252. In 1940 he played in 88 games and his average dropped to .216. Hank Greenberg never played in the International League. His minor-league experience was confined to Hartford of the Eastern League, Raleigh of the Piedmont League, Evansville of the Three-Eye League, and Beaumont of the Texas League.

* * *

WILLARD VS. FIRPO

Q—Did Jess Willard and Luis Angel Firpo oppose each other. If they ever did, what was the outcome?

New Orleans, La.
GERALD GOETZ

A—Willard fought Luis Firpo at Jersey City, N. J., on July 12, 1923. The Wild Bull of the Pampas (Firpo) kayoed Willard in eight rounds. Two months later, on September 14, Firpo was kayoed in two by Jack Dempsey in one of the most sensational heavyweight championship bouts on record.

* * *

BILLY CONN'S DEFEATS

Q—How many fights, other than the two Louis fights, has Billy Conn lost, and who beat him?

Johnson City, Tenn.
EDDIE HANDY

A—In 1935 Conn lost bouts to Dick Woodwer, Ralph Gizzy (2), and Teddy Movan (2). In 1936 he lost none at all. In 1937, on the rise, he dropped a 10-rounder to Young Corbett and a 12-rounder to Solly Krieger. In 1938 he lost a 12-rounder to Teddy Yarosz. Pittsburgh Billy was undefeated in 1939 and 1940. Since then he has been licked only by Louis.

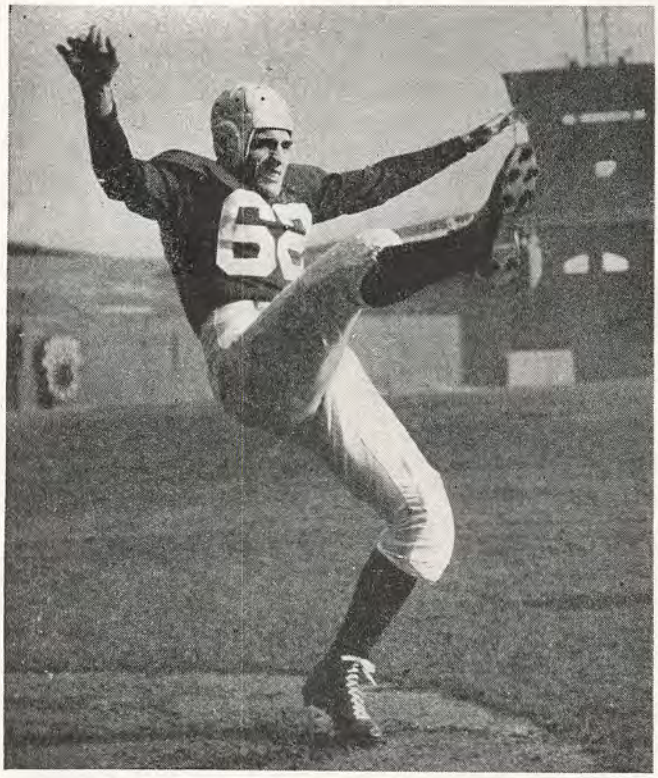
* * *

EDUCATED TOE

Q—I've heard a great deal about the field goal-kicking prowess of Harvard's immortal Charlie Brickley. Can you tell me Brickley's best score in field goals for a single season?

Los Angeles, Calif.
JAMES EMERSON

A—Brickley holds the collegiate record for the most field goals kicked in a single season. He booted 12 for Harvard in 1912. He didn't miss that by much the year before when he kicked 11 three-pointers. Brickley's greatest single performance, however, was in 1913 when he kicked five field goals against Yale to defeat the Bulldogs, 15-5.



Up for a shot at the pro game this year is Georgia's Charlie Trippi, now of the Chi Cards.

Y. A. Tittle is making Louisiana State rooters smile. He sparks the Tigers' T-formation assault.

Sleepers of the

All the talented football players in the country don't play for the big colleges.

IT'S my business to give the football fans of the country all the information they want about the big shots of the game—but it's my hobby to keep a sharp eye out for any signs of talent among the lesser fry.

You'd be surprised how hard it is to convince some people that a halfback from a tiny teachers' college in Montana may be as clever with a football as that gaudily publicized halfback who plays for Army, Navy, or UCLA.

For instance, the other morning when I walked in to work, I noticed a lot of people in the lobby of our building at Radio City. Some of them were waiting in line for tickets to broadcasts—probably hoping they'd win a free refrigerator factory or a six-month lease on the Paramount studios—and some were being towed around by one of those cute girl-guides.

One man who was standing in the ticket line broke away and buttonholed me. "Hey," he demanded, "aren't you Harry Wismer?"

Modestly, I admitted I was.

My new friend beamed. Gripping my arm, he let me have it with both barrels. "You oughta say something on your program about Harry Gilmer. I'm from Birmingham myself, and I've seen him play a dozen times, I guess, and I want to tell you he's the best doggone passer this country has seen since Sammy Baugh left Texas Christian for the pros."

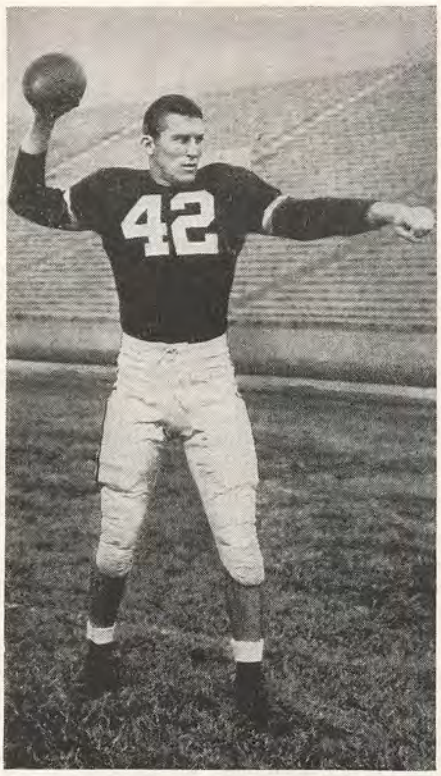
It took me a good five minutes to break away from that guy, but I finally made it to the safety of the elevator. All the way up to the office, I thought about this football-hero business.

Every year the newspapers, newsreels, and magazines of the country make the faces of half a dozen or more college football stars more familiar to the average American than the features of the President. It is not my intention to complain that this is an evil state of affairs. After all, some of our Presidents haven't been much to look at, either.

But I do think it's time somebody did something for the flock of high-class college gridders who miss out on all this pleasant publicity just because they have the misfortune to attend an institution far removed from the normal beats of the nation's reporters and photographers.

A quarterback is not necessarily the best in America just because he happens to play for the biggest university in the land. Nor is the guy who runs the T-formation for Skywrite Tech necessarily less talented than Johnny Lujack. The publicity setup just makes it seem that way.

The U. of Washington's offense is built around a big fullback, Arnie Weinmeister. He's rugged.



Despite the Lujack reputation, some pros say Ray Evans of Kansas is tops among quarterbacks.

Rice's Owls are favored to cop the Southwest Conference title. Speedy Huey Keeney is one reason why.

All Photos by Acme

Gridiron

By Harry Wismer

Smart publicity men make you think they do, but it isn't so. Ask the pro scouts!

As a matter of fact, you don't have to look any further than the roster of the average big-league pro football team to discover how many superb gridiron performers go through their college stints in complete obscurity, only to pop up in honor positions on the draft lists of the professionals.

There's another point worth considering, too. Sometimes the finest football players on big-time teams are hidden by the shadow of a widely publicized ball-carrier who happens to have caught the fancy of the Fourth Estate. For example, when Tommy Harmon was tearing up the turf at Michigan, a lot of hard-boiled football men would tell you at the drop of a shoulder-pad they'd a lot rather have Forrest Evashevski, the powerhouse blocking back of the Wolverines, on their clubs.

And so it goes. College football is played under a constant glare of publicity. There's no way of telling what quirk of Fate will make you one of the chosen ones, or what freak accident will bar you forever from the circle of the famous.

In this article I hope to put the finger, but not the whammy, on some of the boys in both college and professional football who have all the talent they can use, but still remain in the ranks of the relatively unknown. Of course, I don't really mean "unknown." But unknown as compared to the Lujacks, the Laynes, the Gilmers, the Luckmans, the Waterfields, and the Dobbses.

The chances are good he won't make any of the gilt-edged All-America teams, but the country isn't likely to have many backs this Fall superior to Ray Evans of Kansas. Pro scouts have been keeping tabs on him for a couple of years, and they aren't noted for wasting their time looking at lemons. Evans can do just about everything you'd want a back to do. He can't help it if he doesn't play for Notre Dame.

Arnie Weinmeister, a square-built fullback, holds the key to the hopes of the University of Washington for a successful season. Weinmeister is an excellent football player whose name appeared in few headlines last term because a fullback named Blanchard, who played for a team at West Point, N. Y., had an in with most of the top writers. Another good fullback who's been in the same boat is Dick Hoerner of Iowa. Still another is John (Pep) Panelli of Notre Dame. Maybe this year, with Blanchard a practicing second lieutenant in the Army, these boys will come into their own. But whether or not they get the publicity, they've got the stuff.

Speaking of (⟶ TO PAGE 103)

SPORT'S SCHEDULE

COLLEGE FOOTBALL

Team listed first is the home team. Numbers in parentheses are scores of 1946 games.

Friday, October 3

EAST

Georgetown vs. Fordham (8-7). Villanova vs. Miami (Fla.) (21-26), at Philadelphia.

SOUTH

Chattanooga vs. Tennessee Tech (37-6). Maryland vs. Delaware.

MIDWEST

Detroit vs. Wayne (31-0). St. Louis vs. Marquette (0-26).

SOUTHWEST

New Mexico A&M vs. New Mexico (Silver City) State (37-0).

FAR WEST

Colorado State vs. Montana State (7-45). San Jose State vs. Hardin-Simmons (7-34).

Saturday, October 4

EAST

Army vs. Colorado. Harvard vs. Boston U. Holy Cross vs. Temple (12-7). Kings Point Merchant Marine vs. Colgate (7-47). Lehigh vs. Case. Navy vs. Columbia (14-23). New York University vs. Brooklyn College (19-8). Pennsylvania vs. Lafayette (66-0). Penn State vs. Bucknell (48-6). Pittsburgh vs. Notre Dame (0-33). Princeton vs. Brown (33-12). Rutgers vs. Western Reserve. Syracuse vs. Dartmouth (14-20). West Virginia vs. Washington & Lee (6-0). Yale vs. Cornell (6-6).

SOUTH

Auburn vs. Louisiana Tech. Clemson vs. Wake Forest (7-19). Georgia vs. Louisiana State U. Mississippi vs. South Carolina, at Memphis, Tenn. North Carolina State vs. Davidson (25-0), at Charlotte, N. C. Rollins vs. Richmond. Tennessee vs. Duke (12-7). Tulane vs. Georgia Tech (7-35). Vanderbilt vs. Alabama (7-12). VMI vs. George Washington. Virginia Tech (VPI) vs. Virginia (21-21), at Roanoke, Va. William & Mary vs. Citadel (51-12).

MIDWEST

Indiana vs. Wisconsin. Iowa vs. Illinois (0-7). Kansas vs. Iowa State (24-8). Kansas State vs. New Mexico (7-14). Michigan vs. Stanford. Michigan State vs. Mississippi State (0-6). Nebraska vs. Minnesota (6-33). Northwestern vs. UCLA. Purdue vs. Ohio State (14-14). Tulsa vs. Drake (48-13). Wichita vs. Bradley. Xavier vs. Kentucky (0-70).

SOUTHWEST

Arizona vs. Montana. Arizona (Tempe) State vs. Abilene Christian. Arkansas vs. Texas Christian (34-14). Southern Methodist vs. Missouri (17-0). Texas vs. North Carolina. Oklahoma vs. Texas A&M (10-7). Texas Mines vs. Arizona (Flagstaff) State. Texas Tech vs. West Texas State (26-14).

FAR WEST

California vs. St. Mary's (Calif.) (20-13). Colorado A&M vs. Utah State. Colorado College vs. Colorado Western State. Colorado Mines vs. Adams (Colo.) State. Denver vs. Oklahoma A&M (7-40). Fresno State vs. Santa Clara (20-7). Idaho vs. Washington State (0-32). Oregon vs. Nevada. Southern California vs. Rice. Utah vs. New Jersey (Trenton) State. Washington vs. Oregon State (12-21). Wyoming vs. Brigham Young (3-6).

Sunday, October 5

San Francisco vs. Duquesne.

Friday, October 10

EAST

Boston College vs. Kansas State. Georgetown vs. St. Louis (13-7).

SOUTH

Maryland vs. Richmond (7-37). Miami (Florida) vs. Texas Christian (20-12).

SOUTHWEST

New Mexico vs. New Mexico A&M (7-6).

Saturday, October 11

EAST

Army vs. Illinois at Yankee Stadium, New York. Boston U. vs. New York U. Brown vs. Rhode Island State (29-0). Bucknell vs. Delaware (14-27). Colgate vs. Cornell (9-13). Columbia vs. Yale (28-20). Dartmouth vs. Pennsylvania (6-39). Drexel Tech vs. Lehigh. Fordham vs. Penn State (0-68). Holy Cross vs. Villanova (13-14). Lafayette vs. Gettysburg (14-27). Navy vs. Duke (6-21), at Baltimore, Md. Rutgers vs. Princeton (7-14). St. Bonaventure vs. Kings Point (26-0). Syracuse vs. Temple (28-7). West Virginia vs. Waynesburg (42-0).

SOUTH

Alabama vs. Duquesne. Auburn vs. Florida (47-12). Citadel vs. Newberry (28-7). Davidson vs. Wofford (54-0), at Charlotte, N. C. Georgia Tech vs. VMI (32-6). Kentucky vs. Georgia (13-28). Louisiana State vs. Texas A&M (33-9). North Carolina vs. Wake Forest (26-14). North Carolina State vs. Clemson (14-7). South Carolina vs. Furman (14-7). Tennessee vs. Chattanooga (47-7). Vanderbilt vs. Mississippi (7-0). Virginia vs. Harvard. Washington & Lee vs. George Washington. William & Mary vs. Virginia Tech (49-0) at Richmond, Va.

MIDWEST

Colorado vs. Missouri (0-21). Iowa vs. Indiana (13-0). Iowa State vs. Nebraska (0-33). Kansas vs. South Dakota State. Marquette vs. Detroit (21-20). Michigan vs. Pittsburgh. Minnesota vs. Northwestern (7-14). Ohio State vs. Southern California (21-0).

Oklahoma A&M vs. Southern Methodist (6-15). Purdue vs. Notre Dame (6-49). Wichita vs. Drake (12-6). Wisconsin vs. California (28-7).

SOUTHWEST

Arizona (Flagstaff) State vs. Colorado Western State (19-6). Baylor vs. Arkansas (0-13). Hardin-Simmons vs. Arizona (19-8). Rice vs. Tulane (25-6). Texas vs. Oklahoma (20-13), at Dallas, Texas. Texas Tech vs. Tulsa (6-21). West Texas State vs. Texas Mines (20-26).

FAR WEST

Colorado College vs. Oklahoma City. Denver vs. Colorado A&M (33-0). Montana State vs. Hawaii, at Billings, Mont. Nevada vs. Portland. Oregon State vs. Idaho (34-0). Pepperdine vs. Arizona (Tempe) State (12-13). San Francisco vs. Mississippi State (20-48). Stanford vs. Santa Clara (33-26). UCLA vs. Oregon (14-0). Utah vs. Brigham Young (35-6). Utah State vs. Montana (27-7). Washington vs. St. Mary's (Calif.) (20-24). Washington State vs. Michigan State (20-26). Wyoming vs. Colorado Mines (7-7).

Friday, October 17

EAST

Boston College vs. Louisiana State. Temple vs. Muhlenberg.

SOUTH

Centenary vs. Chattanooga. Furman vs. Citadel (14-0). Miami (Florida) vs. Rollins.

MIDWEST

St. Louis vs. Drake (27-6).

FAR WEST

New Mexico vs. Texas (Sul Ross) State (26-25).

Saturday, October 18

EAST

Army vs. Virginia Tech. Boston U. vs. Purdue. Cornell vs. Navy. Dartmouth vs. Brown (13-20). George Washington vs. Wake Forest. Gettysburg vs. Lehigh (19-14). Harvard vs. Holy Cross (13-6). Kings Point vs. Adelphi. Lafayette vs. Bucknell (0-29). New York U. vs. West Virginia. Pennsylvania vs. Columbia (41-6). Penn State vs. Syracuse (9-0). Princeton vs. Colgate. Rutgers vs. Fordham.

SOUTH

Alabama vs. Tennessee (0-12). Duke vs. Maryland. Georgia Tech vs. Auburn (27-6). Hampden-Sydney vs. Davidson (0-40). Mississippi State vs. Duquesne. North Carolina State vs. Florida (37-6). Richmond vs. VMI (7-7). Tulane vs. Mississippi. Vanderbilt vs. Kentucky (7-10). Virginia vs. Washington & Lee. William & Mary vs. North Carolina (7-21).

MIDWEST

Colorado vs. Brigham Young (7-10).

OF SPORTS - Oct. '47

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Illinois vs. Minnesota. Indiana vs. Pittsburgh (20-6). Marquette vs. San Francisco. Michigan State vs. Iowa State. Missouri vs. Kansas State (26-0). Northwestern vs. Michigan (14-14). Notre Dame vs. Nebraska. Ohio State vs. Iowa. Oklahoma vs. Kansas (13-16). Oklahoma A&M vs. Georgia (13-33). Tulsa vs. Georgetown. Wichita vs. Abilene Christian.

SOUTHWEST

Arizona (Tempe) State vs. Arizona (Flagstaff) State (13-13). Arkansas vs. Texas (0-20), at Little Rock, Ark. Hardin-Simmons vs. New Mexico (49-0). Southern Methodist vs. Rice (7-21). Texas Christian vs. Texas A&M (0-14). Texas Mines vs. Arizona (13-27). Texas Tech vs. Baylor (13-6). West Texas State vs. Hardin College.

FAR WEST

California vs. Washington State (47-14). Colorado College vs. Colorado A&M (25-12). Colorado Mines vs. Colorado State (0-21). Colorado Western State vs. Idaho State (6-6). Montana vs. Montana State (20-7), at Butte, Mont.

Oregon vs. Washington (0-16), at Portland, Ore. College of the Pacific vs. Santa Clara. Southern California vs. Oregon State (0-6) Stanford vs. UCLA (6-26). Utah vs. Denver (14-20). Wyoming vs. Utah State (7-21).

Sunday, October 19

St. Mary's vs. Nevada (13-12). Villanova vs. Detroit, at Philadelphia, Pa.

Thursday, October 23

South Carolina vs. Clemson (26-14).

Friday, October 24

EAST

Boston College vs. Villanova (14-12). Georgetown vs. New York U. (19-12).

SOUTH

Chattanooga vs. Dayton. Miami (Florida) vs. George Washington.

MIDWEST

Detroit vs. Duquesne. Drake vs. Oklahoma A&M (7-59).

SOUTHWEST

New Mexico A&M vs. West Texas State (14-21).

FAR WEST

Loyola (California) vs. St. Mary's (California).

Saturday, October 25

EAST

Boston U. vs. William & Mary. Bucknell vs. Temple (6-27). Colgate vs. Brown (20-14). Columbia vs. Army (14-48). Harvard vs. Dartmouth (21-7). Kings Point vs. Fordham (7-6). Pennsylvania vs. Navy (32-19). Penn State vs. West Virginia. Pittsburgh vs. Ohio State (13-20). Princeton vs. Cornell (7-14). Rutgers vs. Lehigh (55-6). Syracuse vs. Holy Cross (21-12). Washington & Jefferson vs. Lafayette (6-7). Yale vs. Springfield.

SOUTH

Florida vs. North Carolina (19-40). Georgia vs. Alabama (14-0). Georgia Tech vs. Citadel. Louisiana State vs. Vanderbilt (14-0). Mississippi vs. Arkansas (9-7), at Memphis, Tenn. Mississippi State vs. Hardin-Simmons. Richmond vs. Hampden-Sydney (33-6). Tennessee vs. Tennessee Tech. Tulane vs. Auburn (32-0). VMI vs. Virginia (8-19). Wake Forest vs. Duke (0-13). Washington & Lee vs. Davidson (25-6). Wofford vs. Furman (0-31).

MIDWEST

Iowa State vs. Missouri (13-33). Kansas State vs. Nebraska (0-31). Michigan vs. Minnesota (21-0). Michigan State vs. Kentucky (14-39). Northwestern vs. Indiana (6-7). Notre Dame vs. Iowa (41-6). Purdue vs. Illinois (7-43). Wisconsin vs. Marquette (34-0).

SOUTHWEST

Arizona vs. New Mexico (13-13). Oklahoma vs. Texas Christian (14-12). Texas vs. Rice (13-18). Texas A&M vs. Baylor (17-0). Wichita vs. Arizona (Flagstaff) State.

FAR WEST

Brigham Young vs. Utah State. California vs. Southern California (0-14). Colorado A&M vs. Colorado (0-18). Colorado College vs. Colorado Mines. Colorado Western State vs. Colorado State (6-12). Denver vs. Texas Tech (6-21). Montana State vs. Idaho State. Nevada vs. Tulsa.

Oregon State vs. Portland (35-0). Oregon vs. San Francisco. UCLA vs. Southern Methodist. Washington vs. Stanford (21-15). Washington State vs. Montana. Wyoming vs. Utah (7-27).

Sunday, October 26

St. Bonaventure vs. St. Louis.

Friday, October 31

Miami (Florida) vs. South Carolina.

PRO FOOTBALL

All-America Football Conference

OCTOBER 3, Brooklyn Dodgers at Chicago Rockets(*). 5, Buffalo Bills at Los Angeles Dons; New York Yankees at Cleveland Browns; San Francisco 49ers at Baltimore Colts.

12, Baltimore at Buffalo; Brooklyn at New York; Chicago at San Francisco; Los Angeles at Cleveland. 17, Buffalo at Brooklyn(*). 19, Chicago at Cleveland; Los Angeles at Baltimore.

24, New York at Chicago(*). 26, Baltimore at Los Angeles; Brooklyn at Buffalo; Cleveland at San Francisco. 31, Chicago at Brooklyn(*).

(*)Denotes Friday Night Game.

National Football League

OCTOBER 5, New York Giants at Philadelphia Eagles; Pittsburgh Steelers at Washington Redskins; Detroit Lions at Boston Yanks; Chicago Bears at Chicago Cardinals; Los Angeles Rams vs. Green Bay Packers, at Milwaukee, Wis.

12, New York at Washington; Pittsburgh at Boston; Philadelphia at Chicago Bears; Chicago Cards at Green Bay; Los Angeles at Detroit.

19, Boston at New York; Philadelphia at Pittsburgh; Washington vs. Green Bay, at Milwaukee, Wis.; Detroit at Chicago Bears; Chicago Cardinals at Los Angeles.

26, Pittsburgh at New York; Chicago Bears at Washington; Boston at Chicago Cardinals; Los Angeles at Philadelphia; Detroit at Green Bay.

HORSE RACING

Meetings underway as of October 1, at following: Wheeling Downs, Wheeling, W. Va.; Garden State Park, Camden, N. J.; Narragansett, Pawtucket, R. I.; Hawthorne, Stickney, Ill.; Playfair, Spokane, Wash.; Pacific Turf Club, Albany, Calif.; Beulah Park, Columbus, O.; Belmont, Elmont, L. I.

OCTOBER 1, Opening at Laurel, Md. Closing at Fairmount Park, Collinsville, Ill. 4, Closing at Narragansett. 6, Openings at Rockingham Park, Salem, N. H., and Pascoag, R. I. 11, Closings at Garden State Park, Hawthorne, and Belmont.

13, Opening at Sportsman's Park, Cicero, Ill., and United Hunts at Belmont; Closing at Playfair. 14, Closing of United Hunts at Belmont. 15, Opening at Jamaica, L. I. 18, Closing at Wheeling Downs, and Beulah Park.

28, Opening at Bay Meadows, San Mateo, Calif.; Closing at Jamaica. 29, Opening at Empire City, at Jamaica. 30, Opening at Pimlico, Md.

ICE HOCKEY

National Hockey League

OCTOBER 15 Chicago Black Hawks at Detroit Red Wings. 16, New York Rangers at Montreal Canadiens. 18, Chicago at Montreal; Detroit at Toronto Maple Leafs. 19, Toronto at Detroit; New York at Boston Bruins.

22, Montreal at Boston; New York at Toronto. 25, Boston at Montreal; Chicago at Toronto. 26, Montreal at Detroit; Chicago at Boston. 29, Montreal at Toronto; Boston at New York; Detroit at Chicago.

American Hockey League

OCTOBER 14, Buffalo Bisons at Cleveland Barons; Pittsburgh Hornets at St. Louis Flyers; (⟶ TO PAGE 88)

My Hunch About Durocher

(⟶ FROM PAGE 13) quite a big man, indispensable to baseball.

When Durocher hurled a wet towel into the face of Umpire Tom Dunn, Frick let Leo off with a fine of a measly $50. Dunn had been insulted by Leo before a packed Sunday house. The umpire had been hurt so badly he took to his bed in a New York hotel, and, according to an associate who should know, considered resigning from the National League staff.

YET Durocher was allowed to escape with a ridiculous fine. Leo's fights with the umpires, his wrangles with opposition players, were supposed to add to the color, the drama of competition.

Suppose Durocher is not retained by the Dodgers. Where will he go? Perhaps Col. MacPhail will find some spot for Leo in his big Yankee organization. It may be that Leo would prove a successful executive.

The Yankees, of course, already have a manager for 1948. His name is Stanley (Bucky) Harris.

Just as Burt Shotton did not want the Brooklyn job, so did Harris refuse the Yankee post.

In Shotton's case, in the background there was the refusal of Joe McCarthy to leave his Amherst, N. Y., farm, to take the Brooklyn post. Harris was first choice for the Yankees.

Now that Bucky has tasted the sweets of success, he likes it. He'll be back at the helm in 1948, in 1949, in 1950. MacPhail likes him.

Durocher's status in Brooklyn is complicated by a lot of things other than Shotton's success with decent, quiet, and yet box-office methods.

After Leo had got into that jam with Judge Dockweiler, the Catholic Youth Organization of Brooklyn announced that it had resigned from the Ebbets Field Knot Hole Gang, and other juvenile promotion activities of the Brooklyn club.

The CYO said that it believed a major-league manager should be a model for the growing American boy.

The CYO is in direct affiliation with the Catholic church. That announcement came as a shock to everybody connected with the Brooklyn club, especially stockholders John L. Smith, Walter O'Malley, Jim Mulvey and Mrs. Mulvey.

Smith, O'Malley, and the Mulveys own 25 per cent blocks of the Brooklyn stock, while Rickey owns the other quarter-share.

The CYO attitude must be regarded as a vital factor in the Durocher situation.

Has Leo Durocher no fine qualities? Has he no redeeming virtues? Certainly, he has plenty.

He can be the most charming man in any social gathering. He is crazy about children. He can be generous to a fault, the soul of courtesy, the essence of wit.

As a supporter of Law and Order, I have to speak for the continuance of Shotton as pilot of the Dodgers. But as a reporter of baseball doings, I am inclined toward Durocher.

Baseball writers are strong for those who give them things to write about. With all his finesse, with all his superlatives in leadership, Joe McCarthy, in his long tenure as manager of the Yankees, winner of pennants and world titles in profusion, could not achieve the press which Leo won with only his 1941 pennant.

Durocher is the arch-producer of what Brooklyn calls the rhubarb. This means anything from an amiable argument over a strike to a small riot. The rhubarbs won Durocher a few lines and a lot of headlines. McCarthy received no fines, and few headlines.

Durocher is liked by the players. They say he will fight for them, and they maintain he is the one truly inspirational leader the majors have produced since John J. McGraw.

As a baseball writer, I have found Durocher helpful, cooperative, and communicative. What a pity he did not know enough to act sensibly.

I will say this for Leo in conclusion. If he does come back as manager of the Dodgers, he will be a different Durocher. Of course he still won't be too chastened, or too quiet. But Brooklyn doesn't like them chastened or quiet.

I DARE say that the signing of Durocher as the 1948 manager of the Dodgers would be the signal for dancing in the streets of Brooklyn. Announcement of his having been barred by Chandler resulted in the Commissioner being hanged in effigy in every Brooklyn barroom from Coney Island to Greenpoint.

In Brooklyn, baseball is not merely a game. It is a religion. And most of the fans at Ebbets Field are cultists.

They believe the Brooklyn situation demands a raucous, ranting, raving, ever-scrapping pilot, and they hold that Leo Durocher is the only man who fills every clause of the specifications.

It is no easily settled matter which confronts Branch Rickey. But I believe that when he comes to making the decision, he will stick with his pal Burt Shotton.

It is conceivable that when the time for settling this problem comes, Rickey will be swayed by others in the financial picture in Flatbush. But if Branch puts up a fight for justice, and Shotton is not induced to announce his "resignation" because "I never wanted the job," baseball will be the healthier for it.

I say this with no animus toward Durocher, whose qualities of leadership I admire—up to the point where they leave baseball behind, and pander to the mob. And to ego.

— ■ —

Here Comes... LEFTY!

BY HARRY F. MACE

Beginning with this issue, SPORT will bring you each month the latest adventure in the life of the most sports-minded kid in America. Created by the famous cartoonist Harry Mace, the little southpaw is always getting into amusing jams. For the first in the Lefty series, turn to page 91.

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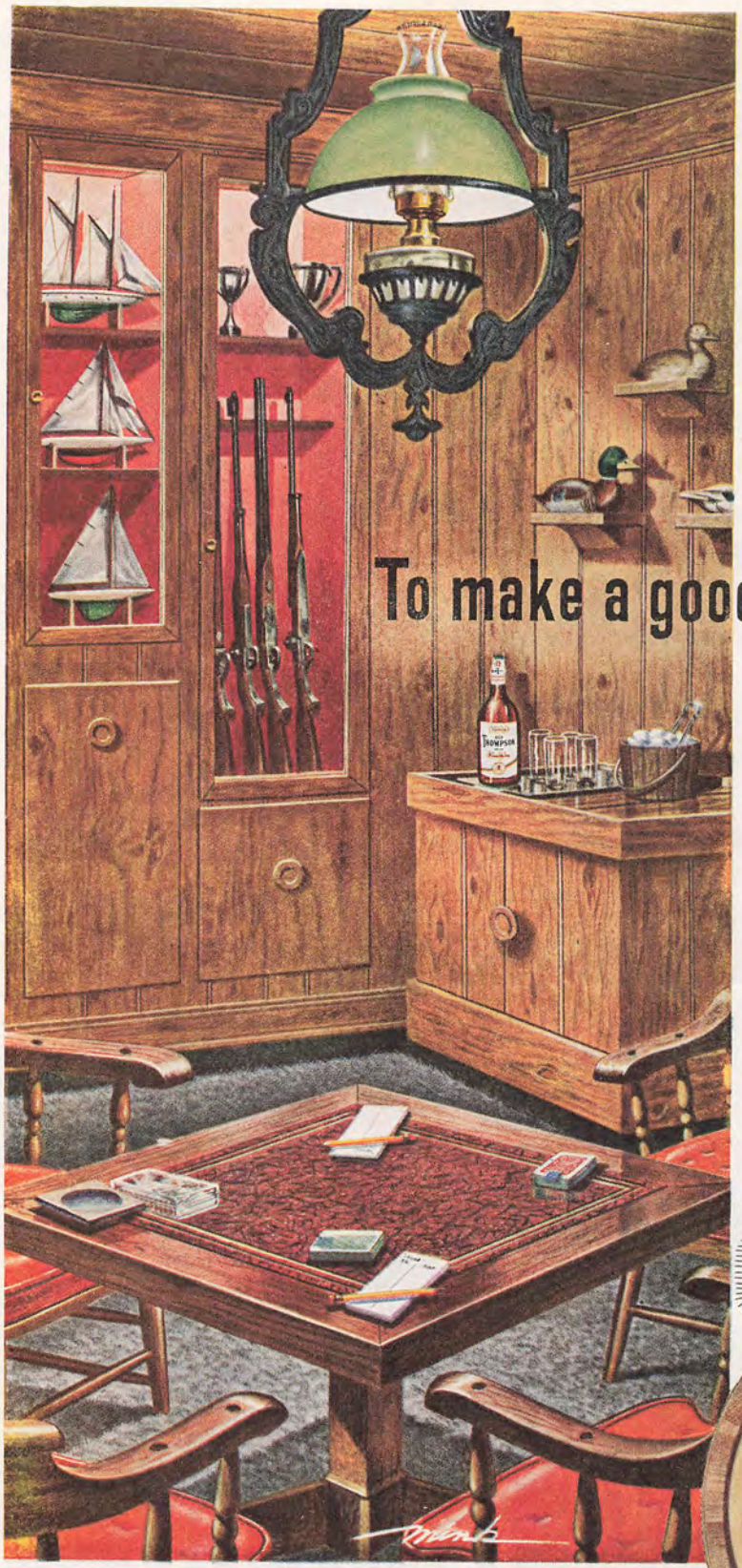


If it's your turn to say
"Come over and play"
It's wise to get set in advance

When you fix up the table
Be sure that you're able
To find "Thompson" with merely a glance.

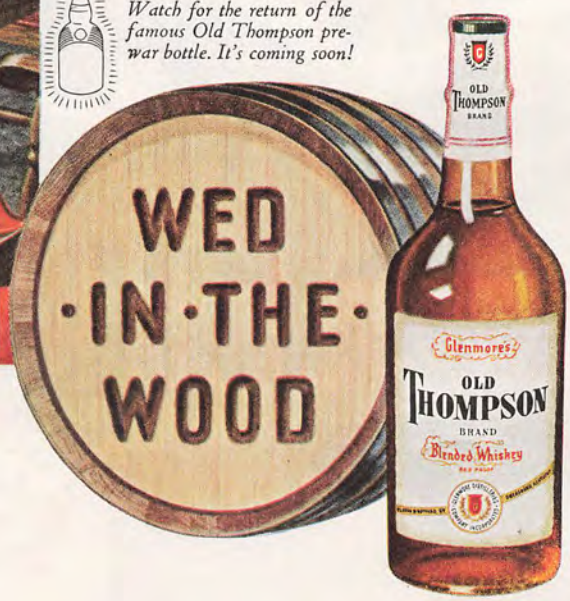
Allan Clark

To make a good evening even better

With friends coming in, get out Old Thompson. It's a better blend because it's WED·IN·THE·WOOD. In this old-time method, aged Glenmore whiskies are blended with the choicest grain neutral spirits *but instead of being bottled immediately, "Thompson" is put back into barrels to assure perfect blending.* This "marrying" in the barrel takes longer and costs more but it gives added smoothness and flavor.

Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof. The Straight Whiskies in this product are five years or more old. 32½% Straight Whiskies — 67½% Grain Neutral Spirits.

Watch for the return of the famous Old Thompson pre-war bottle. It's coming soon!



OLD THOMPSON
BRAND

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World Series Thrills

(⟶ FROM PAGE 17) were hooked up with Jake Stahl's Red Sox.

There was a rush of action all the way through, including a 6-6 eleven-inning tie in the second game. At the end of the seventh game, the two teams were still in a dead heat, with the eighth game still to come. In this deciding contest, Mathewson was called on to face Joe Wood.

As far as Matty was concerned, this eighth game turned out to be one of the tragedies of his long career. Big Six was pitching brilliantly that afternoon. I thought he had the final game packed away when Larry Doyle, around the fifth inning, lashed out what looked to be a sure home run with two Giants on. The ball started for the right-field fence with Harry Hooper, a great outfielder, in hot pursuit. The ball was crossing the fence when Hooper jumped high in the air, crashed into the fence, and in some manner made his catch beyond the limits of the playing field.

No Series has ever known a greater single play. The Hooper miracle cost the Giants three runs but this was soon forgotten as Mathewson came into the last of the tenth with his team leading 2-1.

The first blow fell when Fred Snodgrass dropped a fly ball that came directly to him. A catch here would have beaten the Red Sox. But an even harder jolt came later on. With two out, Tris Speaker was at bat. Matty had two strikes on the dangerous Speaker when the Giant pitcher suddenly switched his pace and lobbed one up. Caught off balance, Speaker hit a high foul which soared up just a few feet to the right of first base.

In some way, Fred Merkle lost the ball completely. He never saw it. Chief Meyers, a fine catcher but none too fast, made a desperate dive for the ball, which should have been an easy out for Merkle, but missed it. A moment later, Speaker hit safely, another hit followed, and the Red Sox were the champions.

I DON'T believe any other World Series ever revealed as rough a break in one inning as Matty got in that fatal tenth where the first three men up should have been retired on simple plays before the winning runs came over to put Boston in front, 3-2.

This Mathewson defeat was more of a heart-breaker than a thriller pure and simple. The most thrilling Series of the long list didn't come until 1934, when Frank Frisch's Cardinals, known as The Gashouse Gang, met fiery Mickey Cochrane's Tigers at Detroit.

Here was a wild seven-game scramble that had everything, including hard football-blocking and a near-riot on the field and off. It was a rough and rowdy Series, dominated largely by the two Deans, "Me and Paul"—Ole Diz and his kid brother.

Before this Series started, Ole Diz told me he had asked Frank Frisch to let him pitch the entire Series.

"You can't win any four in a row," I said. "I know I cain't," Diz said, "but I can win four out of five. That's enough."

The climax of the final game came when Ducky Medwick slid into third base. Ducky, tagged roughly, kicked at the Tiger third baseman. The big Tiger crowd, enraged and embittered by the beating Ole Diz was handing the home town, started a shower of tomatoes, potatoes, carrots and eggs.

The uproar got so far out of hand Commissioner Kenesaw M. Landis decided that the only chance of finishing the last game was to remove the scrappy, hustling Medwick from the scene.

Dizzy, striking out Hank Greenberg three or four times, didn't care. He finally won, 11 to 0. "Me and Paul," had won four games.

Yes, all things considered, I would say this Cardinal-Tiger battle of 1934 was the top in continued thrills. But if you care to pick a single inning in the throb-making class, I'll take the last frame of the Cardinal-Red Sox Series last year.

THE two teams were snarled up in a tie at three games each. With the Cardinals leading 3 to 1 in the eighth, the Red Sox tied it up at 3 and 3. I've never seen greater tension than the Cardinal crowd showed in the eighth inning, as Harry the Cat Brecheen faced his third victory.

Country Slaughter singled off Bob Klinger. Then Del Rice and Whitey Kurowski were promptly blotted out. At this point, Harry Walker belted a hit to left-center. Slaughter was away under full steam. He rounded second and came on to third. But in place of holding up, he headed on for home.

No Red Sox player expected this move. Pesky held the ball for half a second and then threw to the plate. But Slaughter was at top speed now. He slid home safely for the winning run where sharper fielding would have cut him down. This dash by Slaughter kept the Cardinal record intact—that of never having lost a seven-game Series. It was also the first Red Sox defeat in any World Series.

If you'd care to hear about the most exciting single game in the way of emotional appeal, I can take you to the 1924 Series between the Giants and the Senators. Here was Walter Johnson's first crack at the Autumn classic after waiting for 17 years. Old Barney's famous right arm still carried speed, but not the speed of other years.

He had been beaten twice by the Giants when the sixth game ended. This seemed to indicate that the Big Train would have no further chance. But in the seventh game, the Senators finally tied the score down the stretch. Once again the blazing arm of Johnson was called into action.

I HAVE never seen nor heard a greater fan tribute than roared from that crowd as Johnson walked into the box. For four innings, he rolled the Giants back, striking out hostile hitters at every crucial spot as it occurred.

At the end of each relief inning, the vocal tribute continued with no let-up. The Big Train was rolling again at mile-a-minute speed. Finally, in the last of the 12th, the Senators scored the winning run to take the game, 4-3.

The hero who had waited 17 years had his reward. The ovation he received at the finish is something that no one who was there is likely ever to forget.

What about the greatest *individual* thrills in any Series since 1905?

Well, here is how we rank them, first and second:

No. 1—In 1926, the Cardinals and Yankees were knotted up at 3 games to 3. Grover Cleveland Alexander, one of the greatest of all the greats, had beaten the Yankees in the second game of the Series. He had also beaten them on October 9th to tie up the pageant.

Old Pete as he was called, a veteran since 1911, was not averse to life's pleasure. After twice beating the great Yankees, with Babe Ruth and Gehrig, Alex felt he was entitled to a celebration on that night of October 9th.

In the seventh game, out in front, Jess Haines began to skid. He was leading, 3-2 with the bases full and the ever dangerous Tony Lazzeri at bat. So, celebration or not, Old Pete Alexander was called upon again. He came across the field with his cap cocked rakishly over one eye. He was

THIS MONTH'S COVER

Baseball's big show, the World Series, plus King Football's annual revival, makes October a double-barreled sports month. So, on our cover, football—typified by Harry Gilmer of Alabama—comes bustin' through a roto page dominated by baseball and featuring other Summer sports. Take your eyes off Gilmer and you may find golfer Dick Metz, tennis star Wayne Sabin, swimmer Ann Curtis, and even a gal named Jinx Falkenburg.—THE EDITORS

obviously in no shape to play ball.

And here were the bases full with a clutch hitter at bat—the deadly Tony Lazzeri. So all that Alexander did was to strike out Lazzeri and stop the Yankees colder than the bottom of an iceberg, from that point on to the finish. This was without a question my all-time Thrill Number One.

No. 2—The famous World Series of 1932. Through this Series, Babe Ruth had worked up a personal feud with the Cubs and all the Cub fans. Babe was bitter about a World Series split denied Mark Koenig, a former Yankee, who had finished with the Cubs.

Facing Charlie Root, the Cub pitcher, Ruth was greeted with the Call of the Wild from Chicago's packed stands. The Cub bench was on him. The Babe was on both the crowd and the Cubs.

There was strike one, then strike two. The hostile roar grew louder. At this point the Babe stepped to the plate and pointed to the center-field fence. It was one simple gesture, but it made baseball history. A second later, Root's pitch left the Babe's big bat and started on its way.

THIS hit was almost a line drive, but it carried the center-field barrier. The jeers of the crowd suddenly became a storm of cheers.

"Suppose you had struck out," I asked Babe that night.

"I never thought of that," he said. "But I'd have been a bum."

It is a simple matter to overlook some of the thrills that have taken place through a stretch of 42 years. Among great plays, and great game-winning plays, a few incidents stand out. Episodes like the double bombardment by Ruth and Gehrig against the Cardinals years ago when both hammered home runs in profusion over the right-field wall.

And there was the amazing batting and base-running performance of Pepper Martin, starring for the Cardinals against the Athletics in the great Series of 1931 when the valiant Pepper not only got 12 hits but stole everything from Philadelphia except the Liberty Bell.

Now a new World Series is at hand: the Series of 1947. Like its predecessors, it is certain to contribute its part of baseball history, and to leave stirring memories that won't soon be forgotten. For in a World Series, every play can be important. Every play can be the one that wins or loses the vital game.

And so, looking back to memories of our very first Series, with Matty pitching three shutouts in 1905, down through all the crowded, flying years that have since passed, we still look for our all-time biggest thrills to the 1947 Series as it's being played this October. Because, when all is said and done, nothing can beat the excitement of a World Series that's taking place in the present, while you sit and watch its drama unfold.

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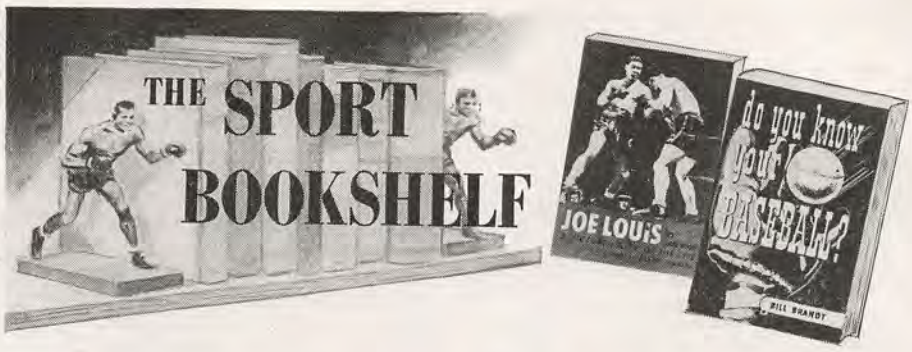

Here are reviews of the latest in sport books for your library

DO YOU KNOW YOUR BASEBALL? By Bill Brandt. A. S. Barnes and Company, New York. ($1.75.)

In this book, the well-known conductor of the "Inside Of Sports" program, as heard on the Mutual radio network, and the author of SPORT Magazine's "Once In A Lifetime" series, uses the device of asking 50 questions about baseball. The answer to each question provides a fascinating baseball featurette.

You've got to be a dyed-in-the-wool baseball fan to go for this technique, but if you fit into that classification there isn't much doubt about your enjoying the book. Brandt is keenly aware of the baseball bug's undying affection for statistics, box-scores, and other tidbits of information—and he does his best to satisfy that craving.

For example, the first question in the book is: "Who is the only man ever to pitch seven Opening-Day shutouts in the major leagues?" The answer to that one, of course, is Walter Johnson, the recently departed hero of the old Washington Senators. Brandt not only talks briefly about Johnson's feats in Opening Day games, but even reproduces inning-by-inning box scores of the seven games in question.

The book is loaded with other such memorable baseball incidents and baseball people. Here you'll find, in all their glory, ballplayers like Babe Herman, Herb Pennock, George Stallings, Fred Merkle, Babe Ruth, Connie Mack, Home Run Baker, Casey Stengel, Mel Ott, Bill Terry, Johnny Vander Meer, Carl Hubbell, Lefty Grove, Joe DiMaggio, and others far too numerous to mention.

•

JOE LOUIS. A PICTURE STORY OF HIS LIFE. By Neil Scott. Greenberg: Publisher, New York. (Paper cover $1.00, cloth cover $2.00.)

Lavishly illustrated, this is an interesting account of the life and times of the greatest figure boxing has known since the retirement of Jack Dempsey. Primarily a picture story, the book has a considerable amount of text comment, and adequate captions with each picture.

So many wonderful, exciting photographs have been snapped of the heavyweight champion in action that this seems like a logical way to present his story. The pictures not only do a wonderful job of conveying the pulverizing power of Louis as a fighting machine, but they speak eloquently of the simplicity and honesty of the man himself.

Scott, a member of Joe's race, is careful not to hero-worship the champion. He states the facts, and gives credit where credit is due to those of Joe's opponents who put up excellent fights. He tries to give a clear picture of Louis' likes and dislikes, his foibles and weaknesses as well as his strong points.

•

BASEBALL. By Robert Smith. Simon and Schuster, New York. ($3.50.)

Here, in 362 pages, Robert Smith sets out to paint a broad word-portrait of baseball, starting with its earliest days and carrying it right through the attempt by Robert Murphy to organize the American Baseball Guild.

This is no hasty effort. Smith is a skillful writer who apparently has a deep love for his subject and a considerable background of knowledge about it.

Although countless baseball immortals wander in and out of these pages, the author has not set out to write a book about the stars of the game. Instead, he has written about the game itself, figuring that the game itself is more important than its individual players. But don't get the idea there's anything stuffy about Smith's book. Its pages teem with baseball excitement, and the writing is the kind that keeps you interested.

No juvenile book, this is a volume on the national pastime that every adult follower of the game will find a place for in his sports library.

•

THE RIFLE IN AMERICA. By Philip B. Sharpe. Funk and Wagnalls Company, New York. ($15.00.)

The new 1947 edition of "The Rifle In America" is not the kind of a book you pick out to give casually to a relative or friend who happens to be a sports fan. This more than 900-page volume is a comprehensive treatise on the rifle and its ammunition, its use, and its care.

As you can tell from the price, it's a book you would give only to a serious rifle enthusiast. But if there's a man or woman like that in your family, or among your friends, it would be hard to find a gift that would be more appreciated. This weighty volume contains everything there is to be said about rifles and rifle-shooting.

Once in a Lifetime

(→ FROM PAGE 43) That deceitful curve didn't fool Henrich alone. It also fooled catcher Mickey Owen.

The cheers died in one awful gasp as Owen chased the ball, rolling just out of his reach toward the Dodger dugout.

Henrich was just at the point of throwing his bat away in disgust when the shouts of the Yankees suddenly alerted him to the situation. Tommy tore for first base like a comet. Before Owen could come up with the ball, he was safe on the bag.

And there in the shadows, Fate was snickering. A ball game had been finished, won, by all that's just. But from a Brooklyn standpoint, there was no justice this day.

Still, the game wasn't lost yet. The Yanks merely had a man on first with two out.

But that one slip was all the Yanks needed. Just give them a foot in the door and they'd tear it from its hinges.

Joe DiMaggio stepped up and—Bing! There was an ominous ring to the blow as the ball flew like a shot into left field for a single.

Next came Charley Keller. Bam! "There she goes!"

The fans held their breath as the ball headed for the right-field wall. Ow! It just missed being a homer by inches. It hit the screening on top of the wall and bounced back for a two-bagger. But both Henrich and DiMaggio had been streaking around the bases and were safely over the plate with two Yankee tallies. Now the score was Yanks 5, Dodgers 4. And although the sun was still shining brightly up there in the sky, no one in Brooklyn could see it.

CASEY, apparently shaken, walked Dickey. He steadied and got two strikes on Joe Gordon. Then he grooved one. Gordon smashed it into left for a double, and Keller and Dickey raced home.

That made it Yanks 7, Dodgers 4 and that was that.

The Dodgers were pushovers for Yankee Fireman Murphy in the last of the ninth. The top of the batting order—Pee Wee Reese, Dixie Walker, and Pete Reiser—couldn't get the ball out of the infield.

Now, instead of a Series deadlocked at 2-2, it was the Yankees, three games to one. The Dodgers were dead pigeons, ready to be plucked on the morrow when the Yanks would wrap up the Series.

Yes, the Dodgers were killed by a curve—a beautiful curve—that not only fooled a great batter, but fooled a great catcher as well. It looped around the heart cords of every Brooklyn fan, and the memory of it still tugs painfully. It will live through baseball history as one of the freakiest breaks that ever happened. But in Brooklyn they'll tell you it shouldn't have happened—ever—not even Once in a Lifetime.

— ■ —

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Baseball's Comeback King

(⟶ FROM PAGE 49) because few players leave their game in the locker-room. She's the wall against which he wails after bad days, the sounding board for his gripes and fits of ill-temper. Mrs. McQuinn is all the more remarkable because when she married George, baseball to her was a strange, foreign game she knew nothing about.

Mrs. McQuinn was born in the North of Ireland. She went to Canada with her family when she was 12 years old. The first time she was a spectator at a game in which George played, it rained. A tarpaulin was placed over the infield before the game. When the game began and the canvas was removed, she was perplexed. She asked George to explain why he had to play on the muddy field when it would have been so much nicer to play on the clean canvas.

LAST December, after George had received word of his release from the Athletics, he said to his wife: "Eighteen years in baseball is a long time, but I guess I'd better start looking around for some business in town. I'm washed up in baseball. It looks like nobody wants me."

"How do you know, George, if you don't inquire?" Mrs. McQuinn answered. When McQuinn said he'd wait a few weeks before looking around, the missus argued:

"Why wait at all? There's no time like the present. Why throw up your hands and say it's over and done with before you've even tried?"

McQuinn's first application for a job was made to the Tigers, who obviously were in need of a first-baseman, with Hank Greenberg traded to Pittsburgh. George called Steve O'Neill at his Cleveland home, but Steve couldn't commit himself without first asking General Manager Billy Evans.

Evans had been appointed to succeed George Trautman, but hadn't taken over his duties at Detroit yet.

That same afternoon, McQuinn phoned Bucky Harris.

"This is George McQuinn," he said without preamble. "If you want to win the pennant, give me a chance to play first base for the Yankees."

"Are you free to sign?" Harris asked.

"Mr. Mack's given me my release," George answered. "I'm a free agent."

"How much would you want?"

"A Yankee salary," McQuinn answered, simply.

"You can have the chance and the salary," Bucky said. "I'll talk to Mr. MacPhail today and call you back tomorrow."

When Harris conveyed MacPhail's okay to McQuinn the following day, Bucky also agreed with McQuinn it would be wiser if the veteran left-hander started training in St. Petersburg, Florida, and passed up the Yankees' lengthy Spring tour.

By the time the Yankees returned to the mainland, Harris' team seemed set, with Henrich at first base and Berra in right field. Nick Etten, the first-base incumbent who had been taken South on a dollar-a-year look-see contract, was definitely out.

McQuinn, meanwhile, began to wonder if he'd been right in accepting the Yankee job without waiting to find out what Evans might have offered. Harris had told him he would be retained at least as a substitute first-baseman, but George wanted to play regularly.

The chance came when Keller pulled a back muscle early in April. Tommy Henrich moved temporarily to left field, and George started at first base against the Cardinals. That was the beginning of his sensational comeback.

ORIGINALLY Harris planned to use McQuinn only against right-handed pitchers, and in the first game of doubleheaders. The rest of the time McQuinn figured to rest. However, when George was able to display better than a .500 batting average against left-handed pitching, and no inclination to spend any time at all on the bench, Harris discarded his blueprints.

By mid-season, George had played in all but four games. These he missed because of a slight charley-horse acquired on a muddy field at Detroit when men of sounder body and fewer years were in mortal danger of snapping an ankle. Not once during this long stretch, which saw the Yankees move from sixth place to a commanding position in front of their opposition, did George's bat fall below .300.

With two 11-game hitting streaks, his average ranged between a high of .390 to .328, the figure he took into the All-Star game as the most consistent hitting and fielding first-baseman in the league. Dependable to an extreme when other Yankees were swinging straw bats against strong enemy pitching, McQuinn had hit safely in 55 of his team's 77 games, including the four in which he did not play.

One of his slight slumps came during the second Western trip, on which the Yankees consumed the major portion of Detroit's early league lead. McQuinn had gone 0-for-11 over a three-game period. A Sunday doubleheader was the next order of business. It appeared as though George's expected fadeout was being readied in the oven that was Sportsman's Park.

Early that morning, however, George got a phone call from his wife, who was visiting with her family in Toronto. She listened quietly to his woeful complaint about his falling average, before pep-talking him out of his dark mood. That afternoon McQuinn collected a pair of safe blows in each game of the twin-bill.

McQuinn's debut in organized baseball took place a few weeks before he joined the Yankee chain. Gene Martin, manager of New Haven, gave George a short trial, and announced to the press that McQuinn was 18 years old. George volunteered the information that actually he was 19. Martin promptly turned on him and advised, "It's a good idea to keep your mouth shut. I said you were 18."

Martin's admonition apparently made a lasting impression. Some years later, when he played at Scranton, McQuinn's name constantly was announced over the loudspeaker as Mike McQuinn. At Newark, an error in his listing on the roster led to his being known as Jack McQuinn. To this day players who performed with him at both those way stations call him by those mistaken names, and George answers readily.

A more colorful, quick-tempered, garrulous type of player—and the leagues are full of many who couldn't carry George's glove—wouldn't sit still a moment if he were addressed improperly.

GEORGE, though, is one of the most peaceful men in the game. He has never displayed temper on the field, never been thrown out of a game by the umpires. His idea of a pleasant existence during the season is to collect a couple of hits and then smoke an after-dinner cigar in the hotel lobby, quietly observing the stream of humanity passing before him. You'd never take him for a ballplayer.

At 10 o'clock, his cigar smoked to the last half-inch, George buys a morning paper and heads for his room. He needs at least eight to 10 hours of sleep to keep his aching legs moving the next day, and he's an early riser.

Despite the fact that much of the time he spent with Newark was a period of frustration for him, McQuinn at least has the satisfaction of knowing that he played there with one of the greatest minor-league teams ever assembled, alongside men like Joe Gordon, Charlie Keller, Spud Chandler, Atley Donald, and Marius Russo.

His years with the Browns, of course, didn't exactly relieve George of that burdening sense of frustration. He belonged with the Yankees, and he knew it. The knowledge gnawed at him, but it didn't keep him from playing ball with all he had. His first two years with St. Louis, 1938 and 1939, he compiled averages of .324 and .316, respectively.

Later, in 1944, when the Browns were in their first World Series, and the pressure was really on, George proved what a great competitor he is by banging the ball at a .483 clip. He played a wonderful Series, winning one game for the Brownies with a lusty home run. His seven hits in the six games against the Cardinals also included two doubles. He batted in five runs.

George's state of mind wasn't improved by that deal which sent him to the Athletics in October, 1945. It was a player-swap, McQuinn for Dick Seibert. But Seibert decided he didn't

want to play ball any more, took up radio broadcasting instead, and left the St. Louis club holding a large brown paper bag. The Browns, naturally, wanted the deal called off. But it was too late.

He broke no batting records as an Athletic. So Connie Mack, knowing he had young Ferris Fain coming up from San Francisco, let George go.

But Mal Stevens, formerly the Yanks' trainer, didn't worry about George's age or the alleged waning of his physical powers when Bucky Harris asked him to examine the veteran after McQuinn asked for a Yankee uniform last Spring. Stevens told the Yankee officials that McQuinn could last out the season at first base.

Harris must have been glad to hear that, but still he didn't do anything about it right away. He took the New Yorkers' "A" squad to Puerto Rico for Spring training, and left McQuinn in St. Petersburg, with the "B" team. George took his time getting into condition, and did such a thorough job of it that he made Manager Harris' eyes pop out when he first squeezed into the lineup in Grapefruit League exhibition games.

Again Harris wanted to know if Stevens thought George could play all year. Stevens, aware of McQuinn's ability to relax and his attention to training, did. The lanky Scot has, of course, made Doc Stevens look good.

McQUINN is a quiet hand around the dugout, not much at making a big fuss about anything. He's a serious, amiable workman, popular with his teammates who recognize a big-leaguer when they see one. To the New York front office he is a flawless jewel. With the outfield beset by a chain of injuries, affecting Keller, Henrich, and DiMaggio at various times, the Yanks never were able to give McQuinn the rest they hoped to give him. But long-legged George went right along, proving that he was no one-hoss shay when he shook the dust of Philadelphia from his feet.

During the off-season, McQuinn is a homebody. He prides himself on his motion-picture film library, which features his hunting and fishing experiences, plus a week-to-week history of his six-year-old daughter, Victoria. The McQuinns began to make movies of her from the time she was two weeks old. Recently, expecting a second child, George bought a new camera for his next feature production.

George should fall right in line with the recent trend in psychological movies. Somewhere in it there should be a dream sequence—one in which a pleasant, brown-haired, soft-spoken Scotsman, with just the slightest trace of a Virginia accent, awakens to discover that he's not really dreaming at all. He runs his fingers over the letters "YANKEES," across his shirt front and he finds they're real.

They're not only real, but they fit a fellow named McQuinn real well.

— ■ —

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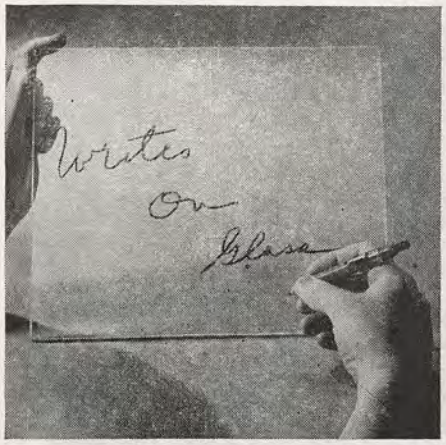
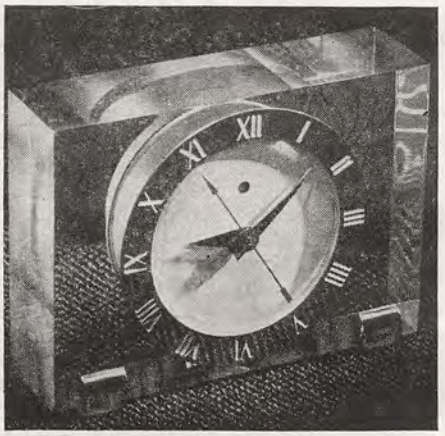


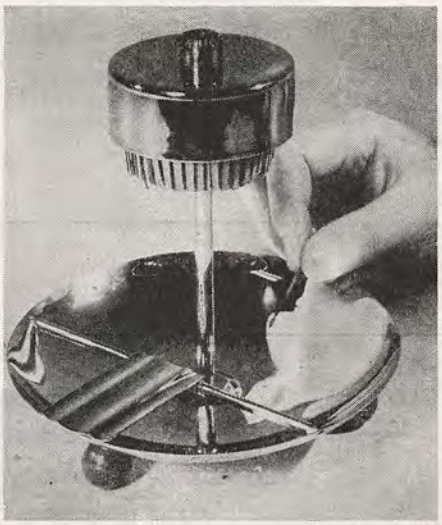
Acme

This pencil writes on glass, rubber, tin, porcelain, etc. Plastic point won't scratch surface you're marking. Listo Pencils, Alameda, Calif., sell this for 25c. Extra leads (in 7 colors) 6 for 15c.

The "Promenader" braided dog-leash and handle, of Celanese plastic, has brake-button and re-winder. Can withstand a pull of 250 pounds. By Inventors Products Corp., Chicago. About $5.



Encased in crystal-clear, shatter-proof Plexiglas, Telechron's new clock is a gleaming bedside-table or office-desk timepiece. Body is acrylic plastic. Costs about $25 at most department stores.

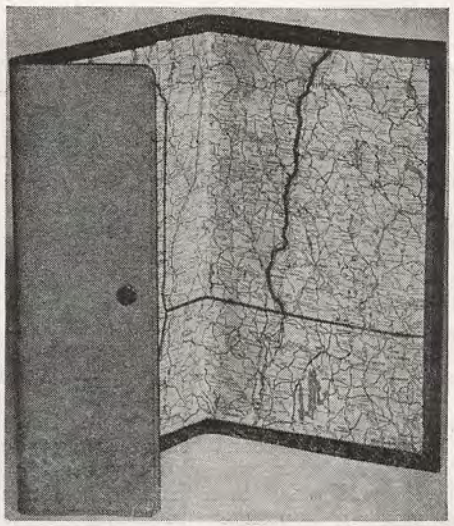


Acme

Reach up and pull a lighted match from this "Pullmatch" stand and holder. It's 6¾" high. Comes with 1750 lights. $5. Made by Kilgore Mfg. Co., Westerville, Ohio. Extra match rolls, two for 25c.

Acme

In washable rayon, this sports shirt, a two-tone job by Artvogue of Santa Rosa, California, costs $5. Front is checked, rest of garment plain. Twin breast pockets. Tan, blue, green, black and maroon.



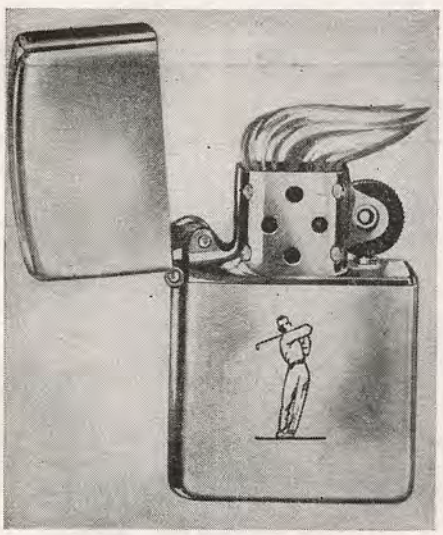
Handy for the motorist is this pigskin map-case. It holds map securely, and is made to fit into car's glove compartment. There's an extra pocket for extra maps. Abercrombie & Fitch, New York, $7.50.

SHOPS

To show you the latest in gadgets and accessories, SPORT runs this monthly shopping guide as a regular feature. No paid advertising is accepted. Here you'll find up-to-date stuff plus hints on approximate prices, and where the articles may be found

The Armchair Football Scoreboard isn't a toy. It's a method of marking plays as a grid game progresses. By mail from F. D. Powers Co., First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Springfield, Ill. $2.79 postpaid.

In a pigskin case, lined in suede and with zipper closure, comes this complete La Cross "Legacy" nail-grooming set, with a protector for each implement. $31.25, Federal Tax included.



The Zippo windproof sports lighter, with dozen of sports motifs to choose from *(golfer shown)*, costs $3.25. Your initials or signature added, $1 extra. Makes a very smart and practical gift.

Acme

This fold-away tie rack of solid oak with sturdy chrome pins fastens to the back of your door. Holds about 100 ties. Made by M. R. Mfg. Co., of Charlestown, Mass. Complete with screws, for $2.50.

positive heat selector. thermostat controlled
Fast, constant heat. Heats in a minute or less! Maintains pre-selected heat constantly.

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Fits every make and model car—even those with automatic transmission.

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Both models engineered for thorough air circulation. Both have efficient defroster-blower system.

Motorola CAR HEATER

Consult your classified telephone directory for your nearest Motorola dealer.

MOTOROLA, INC. • CHICAGO 51, ILL.

Giant for a Day

(⟶ FROM PAGE 39) a gag. But they didn't tell him because they wanted him to have a thrill he never would know again, as long as he lived.

Early in the afternoon on the day of the game, Frenchy was in the prison team's locker room. The new guy was dressing in a corner of the room.

"Are you Frenchy?" he asked.

"Yes."

The new guy grinned at him.

"Take it easy," he said. "Maybe I'll break my leg in the first inning."

He sat down and began to lace his shoes. Frenchy didn't know what to say. The new guy looked up and grinned again.

"But don't count on it," he said.

The manager came in.

"Come here a minute," he said to Frenchy. "You can dress after."

Frenchy followed him into the yard.

"How do you feel?" the manager asked.

"Lousy," Frenchy said. "How would you feel?"

They walked on slowly in silence for a moment.

"The Giants ought to be coming over from the Warden's house any minute," the manager said. "They had lunch over there."

Frenchy saw them before he did. Bill Terry walking with the Warden. Travis Jackson just behind him. A couple of players he didn't recognize. Then little Hughie Critz.

He thought of the times he had waited outside the Polo Grounds after a game to see the players come out.

"There they are!" he said. "That's Terry with the Warden!"

THE Giants went into the small building set aside as a dressing room for the visiting teams.

"Come on," the manager said.

Frenchy seized his arm.

"Where?" he asked. "Where are we going?"

"In there," the manager said. "There's a couple of guys in there want to see you."

As they entered, the Warden saw them. He was standing with Terry.

"Come here, Frenchy," the Warden said. And, to Terry:

"Here he is, Bill."

That was the gag. The Warden, liking Frenchy and knowing that he always had wanted to play with the Giants, had arranged with Terry that, for one day at least, he would. The new guy out of the reception cells was part of the gag. He never had played in the Southern League or any other league, for that matter. He was a burglar from Brooklyn who just happened to look like a ballplayer.

Now Terry was introducing Frenchy to the rest of the Giants.

"This is George Davis. . . . This is Gus Mancuso. . . . Joe Moore. . . . Lefty O'Doul. . . ."

Dazed, Frenchy moved from one to the other, shaking their hands, mumbling his response to their greetings. Willie Schafer, the trainer, handed him a Giants' traveling uniform.

"You can dress here," Willie said, pointing to a bench in front of one of the lockers.

"I'll get your glove and shoes," the prison-team manager said.

The Giants began to dress. Frenchy, his fingers fumbling with the buttons, got out of his prison clothes and slowly drew on the Giant uniform. Gray, with the words "New York" across the chest. Black cap with monogramed "NY." Black stockings, with thin orange stripes.

The manager came back with the glove and shoes.

"Here," he said. "I'll see you out on the field."

Frenchy hoped the Giants wouldn't see how his hands trembled. He was glad nobody spoke to him. His mouth was dry and he gulped; he knew he couldn't have answered. Now he had his shoes on, and he stood up and buckled his belt. He put on his cap. There was a mirror on the wall across from his locker, and he looked in the mirror. He could see Ott's profile and, beyond it, the reflection of his own strained face. The face and the black cap above it and the words "New York" on the shirt front. For a split second he almost became hysterical, not knowing whether to laugh or cry. He bent over and picked up his glove from the bench. Then Terry said:

"All right. Let's go."

ALMOST the entire prison population was jammed in the small grandstand and the narrow bleachers stretching down the first- and third-base lines. At the sight of the Giants coming on the field, the prisoners cheered and craned their necks. Then they picked Frenchy out, walking with Blondy Ryan, and they howled at him and, grinning, he waved back to them. The nervousness that had gripped him in the dressing room had left him, now that he was on the field. He began to throw a ball back and forth with Ryan. He took his swing in batting practice. When the game started, Jackson was at third base for the Giants, so that the prisoners might see him. But, after three innings, he left the game and Frenchy went to third base. In his first time at bat, he doubled, driving in two runs. From the right-field bleachers, a prisoner yelled:

"Hey! Don't be helping them guys too much! You'll be here after they're gone!"

The game was over all too quickly for Frenchy. Leaving the field with the Giants, he went to the dressing room. He took off his uniform and placed it on the bench in front of the locker and took his shower and came back and put on his gray prison suit. Terry was getting into his clothes when Frenchy walked over to him.

"Thanks, Mr. Terry," Frenchy said. "I . . . I don't know what else to say . . . I . . ."

"You don't have to say anything, Frenchy," Terry said. "It was nice having you on the team."

Frenchy nodded. His throat was tight. He looked about him at Ott . . . at Ryan . . . at Moore . . . at O'Doul.

"Good-by," he said. "Good-by and . . ."

"Good-by, kid," one of them said. "Good luck."

He picked up the Giant uniform and handed it to Willie Schafer. He walked toward the door. It was check-up time in the prison and a keeper waited at the door to take him to his cell.

The players looked after him.

"The poor little bastard," O'Doul said.

— ■ —

"I got half a mind to strike this bum out."

Kleberg of King Ranch

(⟶ FROM PAGE 41) characterized by a big hump where the neck joins the body. The combination produced satisfactory cattle, but after the first cross the hybrids deteriorated progressively as unfavorable recessive characteristics appeared.

It was, Kleberg later said, modestly, "necessary to undertake the production of a new breed." He took the most superior cross-bred bull the ranch afforded, an individual named Monkey. He combed the million acres of King Ranch for the 50 best cross-bred cows and mated them to him. All but the most satisfactory calves from this mating were tossed out. Monkey was re-mated to the best of his daughters, and his best son was mated with the best of his remaining daughters.

Not to draw this out too long, the breeding program was carried out by using on the male side only Monkey, and sons and grandsons of Monkey, which meant that presently all of the heifers, as well as the bulls, were direct descendants of Monkey. This type of intensification is called line-breeding.

THE new breed, named Santa Gertrudis for the Spanish land grant to which King Ranch originally traced, has long overflowed the ranch boundaries. Santa Gertrudis bulls have spread through the Southwest, improving range cattle as they go.

With this out of the way, Kleberg could concentrate on quarter-horses, as used for working cattle. This time the line-breeding was based again on an outstanding individual, a horse named Old Sorrel. The method had to be adjusted a little, because temperament is important in a range horse, whereas it may be largely skipped in cattle. In the range horse, the concentration had to be lessened —that is, breeding Old Sorrel to his daughters produced unsatisfactory stock, where he got acceptable horses from his granddaughters. Now, after a period of 25 years, King Ranch has the best range horses in the cattle country.

So this was where Kleberg sat down at the piano and where we in Kentucky laughed. He was going to apply this same theory, again with necessary adjustments, to producing race horses.

Now you cannot take a race horse to your liking and build around him as Kleberg had done with Monkey and Old Sorrel. The Thoroughbred generation is too long. From the time a given mating is planned until the result of it has been tested on the race track and then returned to the stud and brought into production, there is at least five years and, more frequently, seven or eight.

So if a man is to see the result of his work in his lifetime, he must base his line on some earlier horse. The first step here was to cast back over the great horses of a half-century, and to select a base. Kleberg came up with one of the fastest, gamest, and most honest horses of the American turf—Domino.

His struggles with Henry of Navarre and Clifford thrilled the racegoers of two generations ago. Although Domino died young, in 1897, no American horseman has ever forgotten the race of Domino. Chiefly through his son Commando have come a shining succession of great horses—Equipoise, Colin, Sarazen, Blue Larkspur, Mata Hari, Black Helen, and—in more recent years—Bimelech, Elpis, Bolingbroke, Shut Out, Market Wise, and others.

DOMINO'S grave in Kentucky is marked with a stone tablet inscribed, "Here lies the fleetest runner the American Turf has ever known, and one of the gamest and most generous of horses."

With this in mind, and a Domino-line stallion named Equestrian on hand, Kleberg started breeding race horses in South Texas. Later he added Bold Venture, whose dam was a descendant of Domino. Meanwhile he accumulated mares from the same line. Last Fall he told the Thoroughbred Club:

"We . . . are hopeful that by using the blood of Domino, principally through his son Commando, we may be able to strengthen and perpetuate the Commando line, which we believe to be one of the greatest bloodlines in the world.

"We had this in mind when we bred Stymie and again in the case of Assault . . ."

Of course, Kleberg can't take credit for charting the great career Stymie has enjoyed. King Ranch put the horse in a $1,500 claiming race on June 2, 1943, and he was claimed for that low figure by Mrs. Ethel Jacobs, who races horses trained by her husband, Hirsch. Stymie proved to be a reasonably fair investment for the Jacobses, who have won far more than half a million dollars with him.

But Kleberg did hang on to Assault, and even if he no longer owns Stymie, he must get a big thrill out of watching these two products of his ranch and his theories battle it out for the all-time money-winning championship of the American turf.

Assault shouldered his way between horses under a crushing 135 pounds to win the Butler Handicap this year, and set a new world record for money-winning. A week later, Stymie broke it with a whistling charge in the International Gold Cup. When the cheering had died and the horses were put away, Bob Kleberg could still hear, from away back in the 'nineties, the insistent drumming of racing feet. The hooves of Domino are never stilled, and the theory that Kleberg brought from Texas to Kentucky has become part of racing history.

— ■ —

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CONNOISSEUR $15, NINETY-FIVER $20, CENTENNIAL $25.

Keep Your Eye on the Cat

(⟶ FROM PAGE 33) Cards had to decide whether to keep him or return him to Columbus, where another major-league club could pick him up as a $7500 bargain.

Each year Brecheen would go to Spring training with the Cardinals, while hope made his pulse beat faster. But every year, before the May 15 deadline, the date a big-league roster must be trimmed to its statutory limits, Harry would be on a train bound for Columbus.

UNTIL '42, when the Redbirds won their first pennant in eight years, there were no title flags floating atop St Louis' Sportsman's Park as proof positive that the Cardinals were winning games often enough not to need a little help from a little lefthander. And that Spring, Rickey's last at St. Louis, the Redbirds might have lost Brecheen if the pitcher had showed a certain letter to white-haired Commissioner K. M. Landis.

Baseball law guarantees an optioned player recalled by the assignor club a fair 30-day trial. But according to Brecheen, Rickey's letter advising him to report for training included an interesting sentence. Harry was urged to work hard to get into condition, but was informed he was not being counted upon in the Cardinal pitching plans.

It seems more than possible, if the Cat had let the cat out of the bag, that Judge Landis hardly would have considered pre-judgment a fair trial. Brecheen might have found himself a free agent, at liberty to sell his services to the highest bidder.

Anyway, by 1943, the year the Cardinals had to retain or dispose of the Cat, their pitching staff was a bit depleted because of the war. Yet even though his first starting assignment in the National League was a 1-to-0 heartbreaker lost to Brooklyn's Freddy Fitzsimmons on Memorial Day, Brecheen found himself largely a relief pitcher in Manager Billy Southworth's plans.

A left ankle broken in childhood, and a spinal malformation, kept the Cat 4-F and out of the service. Even so it wasn't until mid-season in 1944, when the draft made additional inroads in the ranks of Southworth's starters, that Brecheen began to open instead of close contests.

The rest of that year the Cat purred. After he beat the hometown rival Browns, 6-1, at the turning point of a streetcar World Series, Brecheen felt he was entitled to a larger pay increase. He didn't sign until early April. But he regretted that holdout.

"I made a mistake because I began pitching before I was ready," he says.

He soon paid the piper, for he developed a swelling and soreness in the left elbow that bothered him during most of 1945 and didn't respond fully to treatment until early last season. The big hitters were back last year and Brecheen, with a wartime reputation, was wondering whether he would have to go back to the bullpen as a clean-up pitcher.

The day Brecheen arrived at the St. Petersburg training camp, Dyer, sipping a can of orange juice while seated on a trunk in his clubhouse office, shook hands warmly. "Take your time getting ready, Cat," he said, "but I'm figuring to use you in relief in the opening series with Pittsburgh, if I have to. Then I'll start you in the road opener at Chicago."

A smiling, brown-haired, blue-eyed Brecheen did relieve in the first game of the season against the Pirates, and he did open against the Cubs, pitching a 2-0 shutout. But from the first few weeks of the season until he walked up the left-field line into the spotlight to save the seventh game of the World Series, the Cat scarcely saw the bullpen again.

"I've come to the conclusion," Dyer once told the press, "that Brecheen can't be at his best without sufficient rest. He can't start, then relieve and start again, and have the same razor-edge effectiveness. He's just not strong enough."

BUT by the time the tying runs looked the Cardinals in the face in the eighth inning of the last game of the Series, Dyer and Brecheen already had come to an understanding. Before the game the manager asked the pitcher who had held the Red Sox to one run in two games:

"How do you feel, Cat?"

"Okay, Skip."

"Do you think you could pitch an inning or two today if I had to use you?"

Brecheen nodded.

"Fine," Dyer replied. "Go down and start warming up in the seventh."

You know the rest. The familiar hunched figure with the number 31 on the back of his white uniform strode down to the left-field bullpen in the seventh, and warmed up slowly to thundering applause. Then in the eighth, when his roommate and best friend Dickson faltered, the Cat stalked in and retired three batters while allowing no more than the tying run to score. In the ninth, of course, after Enos Slaughter's dramatic dash had put the Cardinals ahead again, 4-3, Brecheen, the guy they said was too small, pitched out of a game-ending jam.

Want to know the secrets of the Cat's success?

"It's because he knows what he's doing out there on the mound, is a great competitor, and has a heart as big as his body," says Manager Dyer.

"It's because when he's pitching, he's the kind of a guy who wouldn't even give his grandma a good ball to hit," says Terry Moore, veteran captain of the Cardinals.

There are other reasons, too. Brecheen, whose intent way of leaning forward to catch battery signs gives him the appearance of one of his own bird-dogs pointing a covey, is probably the best fielding pitcher in the business.

THAT ability is no accident, either. He continually works around first base and other infield positions so that he looks nearly as many grounders in the eye as Marty Marion.

At the plate, too, the Cat is a determined customer. His grip—he chokes a bat so high he has almost as much of the wood below his hands as above—is as comical as his vigorous preparatory swing and the hard body-wrenching whirl and frequent fall he takes when he misses. But the opposition finds nothing humorous about the timely hits like those that enabled Brecheen to win two 1-0 games last season from Chicago, and to single home a big run in the World Series.

Then there's another thing—the study he makes of the games he doesn't pitch. Bent forward and squatting on the dugout steps watching every move, as usual, the Cat came to a decision this Spring after seeing Fritz Ostermueller, 40-year-old Pittsburgh left-hander, hold the Cardinals to three hits.

"If that old so-and-so can do so much with a slider, so can I," Brecheen said softly.

Two nights later, after a talk with Ostermueller and no more experimentation than a few tries in his 15-minute pre-game warmup, he beat Chicago with—that's right—a slider.

But for the best summary of Harry the Cat Brecheen, you've got to listen to that Philadelphia gambler.

"He's never lost a game he had to win."

— ■ —

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Bob Broeg, a tall, rangy young man who rejoined the sports staff of the St. Louis* Post-Dispatch *as soon as the Marines decided the war was sufficiently over, also is co-author with Bob Burrill of the sport book "Don't Bring That Up!"—a collection of sports boners.*

NOVEMBER SPORT—A WINNER!

With football hot; baseball brewing for '48; boxing, basketball, bowling, and hockey getting set, November looks like a big SPORT month.

Consider the Army vs. Notre Dame finale at South Bend. All over the U. S., fans are asking *why* it's winding up. In November SPORT, read expert Stanley Woodward's behind-the-scenes answer.

In baseball, no shrewder mind exists than that of Branch Rickey, the man who lost his first big-league job because he wouldn't catch a ball game on Sunday. So our November SPORT SPECIAL is a profile of Brooklyn's Baseball Brain.

And here's a smash feature: SPORT Magazine-within-a-magazine as of 1922. Here in text and pictures you'll meet Ruth, Dempsey, Hornsby, Sisler, Kipke, Helen Wills, Hagen, Jones, Sarazen, and a host of other all-time greats. All in November SPORT, at your nearest newsstand October 24. Don't miss it!

My Life With the Babe

(⟶ FROM PAGE 53) who was a cabinet-maker. She likes to tell about pounding nails when a little girl.

People are always asking me how Babe trains for her tough tournament schedule. First of all, she likes plenty of sleep. She advises her golfing pals that there is no substitute for rest before a match. She maintains a balanced diet with an emphasis on vegetables, but doesn't deny herself anything. She usually gains a few pounds between tournaments, but normally is around 140 pounds.

She's never without her exercise. I have never seen a person so active.

I HAVE to admit that she never stops amazing me. I really haven't an answer when our friends ask us: "What *can't* Babe do?" Probably the only answer is that Babe can do anything she makes up her mind to do.

She engages in bowling only on a social basis, but she once mastered this game to the extent of a 180 average in a traveling league in Los Angeles. Golf is her game now—and more golf. After winning the women's National crown, which was her principal aim, she set her sights on the British women's championship.

We talked it over and decided that if the meet was to be held in 1947 she would be a contestant. I made up my mind that her game must be at its peak. So I insisted she enter all Winter and Spring tournaments, which brought out the amazing record of 18 straight victories.

Babe won four straight meets in Florida last Winter. One evening she called me long distance.

"I'm coming home," she said.

I said, "No, you're not. You have won four straight, so keep playing while you are winning. Remember the British is coming up, and I want you to be at the top of your game."

So she continued and before sailing for Gullane, Scotland, she had added 16 trophies to her large collection. When business prevented my accompanying her, she hesitated and was on the verge of cancelling the trip. I said No again, and went ahead making arrangements for her transportation.

We were both keenly disappointed because I was unable to make the trip. We had planned to do many things together in Europe. We intended to play the famous golf courses. We wanted to visit her father and mother's home in Norway, and get in some general sightseeing.

MY disappointment was soothed by her becoming the first American ever to win this title. Upon getting the good news I placed my fifth trans-Atlantic telephone call in two weeks to Gullane.

"Bring that cup home, honey," I fairly shouted. She said, "All right," and then wanted to know how the roses were doing.

When I told her it had been raw and cold in Denver, she said, "Well, I hope you had sense enough to cover the flowers." I make the confession for the first time here that I had forgotten we even had the seeds in the ground! The roses bloomed, anyway.

I counted the days until I could meet her in New York. When the Elizabeth dropped anchor, I was there to hear the sweetest whistle in my life.

"Here I am—up here, honey!" she yelled, and let me tell you I hurried aboard to get my hands on her—and that cup. She came home to a royal welcome through the heart of Denver—the largest civic demonstration the city ever staged.

After the fireworks had died down, I asked: "What now, honey?"

She answered: "Let's stay home—no more tournaments for a while."

But right away Babe was up to her neck in a new deal. In mid-August, she turned pro, and signed to make a flock of golf shorts for some $300,000. After that she planned to leave home again on a long exhibition tour.

So that is the story of my wife, Babe—10 years of love, companionship, true understanding, and happiness. What the future holds for Babe, only time will tell. I doubt if she ever retires. With the energy she has today, I must predict that, like Old Man River, she'll just go rollin' along.

— ■ —

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Sport's Schedule of Sport, Oct. '47

(→ FROM PAGE 73) Hershey Bears at Springfield Indians; Philadelphia Rockets at Washington Lions. 15, Cleveland at Buffalo; Philadelphia at Hershey. Springfield at Pittsburgh; New Haven Eagles at Providence Reds. 28, Providence at St. Louis; New Haven at Washington.

29, Indianapolis Caps at Buffalo; Washington at Hershey; Pittsburgh at Philadelphia; Cleveland at Springfield. 30, Providence at Indianapolis.

SPORTS ON YOUR RADIO

American Broadcasting Company

Champion Roll Call, with Harry Wismer (a program of latest news and gossip) 9:55-10:00 p.m. (EST) every Friday.

Joe Hasel Presents (Sports Interviews) 11:15-11:30 p.m. (EST) Monday-Friday.

Sports Roundup, with Harry Wismer, 6:30-6:45 p.m. (EST) every Saturday.

ABC's nation-wide football coverage takes place every Saturday afternoon during October, with Sports Director Harry Wismer handling one of the top games. ABC also continues its coverage of boxing main events from Madison Square Garden each Friday night at 10 p.m. (EST) under sponsorship of Gillette.

Columbia Broadcasting System

Sports with Red Barber, 6:30-6:45 p.m. (EST), Monday-Friday.

CBS Saturday Sports Review, a program leading off with either a personal interview or on-the-scene report from the day's No. 1 sports event. Also general round-up of top sports results, broadcast from various parts of the U. S. Produced by CBS Sports Department, 6:30-6:45 p.m. (EST) every Saturday.

With Red Barber calling the play-by-play action, CBS continues its extensive Saturday college football coverage starting with the Georgia-North Carolina game at Chapel Hill, on September 27.

Mutual Broadcasting System

Inside of Sports with Bill Brandt, 7:45-8 p.m. (EST), Monday-Friday.

Sports Parade with Stoney McLinn and guests, 5:15-5:45 p.m. (EST), Saturday.

Fishing and Hunting Club of the Air with Jim Hurley and others, 10-10:30 p.m. (EST) every Monday.

Mutual will have exclusive broadcast rights to the World Series under Gillette's sponsorship.

National Broadcasting Company

Sports Newsreel, with Bill Stern, 10:30-10:45 p.m. (EST), every Friday.

Spotlight on Sports, with Clem McCarthy 6:40-6:45 p.m. (EST) Monday-Friday.

Bill Stern will be at NBC microphone each Saturday during the football season, to broadcast on-the-spot coverage of top games.

TELEVISION

For local sports telecasts tune in: New York: WNBT WCBS-TV, WABD; Baltimore: WBAL; Washington: WNBW; Buffalo: WBEN-TV; Detroit: WWJ-TV; St. Louis: KSD-TV; Los Angeles: KTLA-TV, KFI-TV. See daily newspapers for program listings.

Riggs? I'll Murder Him, Says Kramer!

(→ FROM PAGE 18) six years ago, and a lot of things have changed. I don't think Bobby is any better than he was in '41. I know I'm a lot better, at least 25 per cent or more. And I wasn't more than a point or two below Bobby's class when he was licking me."

BEFORE he entered the Coast Guard, Kramer did right well for himself in 1942. He knew he was building for a singles future, and he won all the important tourneys in his home state. Parker was one of his straight-set victims. Then a lot of things happened to scramble Kramer's career.

First of all he came down with appendicitis in July, and he couldn't go East. Soon afterward he signed up with the Coast Guard. On leave in '43, he lost to the late Joe Hunt in the Nationals. The following year he was shipped to the Pacific, but two weeks before he departed, he trimmed Parker in the Southern California final. Just for emphasis, shortly after he returned in December of '45 he again whipped Parker in his first major tourney—the Southern California.

By that time, Kramer definitely had arrived. Blisters on his good right hand momentarily held him in check, particularly at Wimbledon last year, but beginning with the Forest Hills national singles, he has amassed a record that might even muzzle Riggs.

Kramer is too much of a sportsman to put the blast on Riggs. In his own words: "Let Bobby do the talking. I don't want to pop off, and I can't pop off as an amateur. Just don't forget what I said about defensive players, even good ones."

Riggs' unabashed statement that he can beat Kramer anywhere at anytime elicits loud guffaws from the first-ten circle in the amateur realm.

"On grass, wood or cement, Kramer would win," says Ted Schroeder, who knows Kramer's game better than any man in the world. Now the second-ranking star of the country, Schroeder concedes Riggs an edge on clay. "But Jack can point for one match, and he'd beat Riggs the first time they met. He has superior aggressiveness, and the skill to back it up. This one should be a classic spectacle of attack vs. defense."

Gardnar Mulloy bowed to Riggs 17 times in their amateur days, and beat him ten times in exhibitions. He's also whipped Kramer on occasion. One of the keenest students of tennis in the land, Mulloy brands Bobby's orations as so much Swiss cheese.

"Riggs is just yapping to build up his own gate," said the Florida veteran. "But he can't back up his words. I'll bet on Kramer in their first match, or any series in which Kramer has time to prepare himself."

And now a word from Parker, former U. S. amateur emperor who's been around quite a spell.

"Kramer will beat Riggs the first three times. Jack can point for a match, and his attack will pulverize Riggs' baseline game. Riggs is just popping off to hear himself talk."

"Riggs is far too positive," added Billy Talbert, another amateur ace. "He's not that good."

An added starter in the Riggs-Kramer controversy was Alice Marble, probably the standout feminine star of all time, notwithstanding Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen and Mrs. Helen Wills Moody Roark.

"Kramer, on his game, should win," said Alice.

Quite a compliment from one of the pros.

Those who have watched Kramer's amazing development in the past year will tell you, "Riggs ain't seen nuthin' yet." Today, Kramer hasn't a real weakness, and he is still improving. Some experts think Kramer eventually will be rated on a par with, or above, Bill Tilden, Ellsworth Vines, and Don Budge. That's biting off a large hunk of tennis meat, and most assuredly it's a pinnacle Riggs can never reach.

BROMWICH, Australia's ambidextrous Davis Cup star, flatly declares Kramer is the best tennis player he's ever opposed. Bromwich had the unfortunate experience of trying to overthrow Kramer with baseline tactics. His best shots were rammed down his throat.

Riggs can expect the same medicine in increased doses.

"But don't forget," reminded Kramer, "all this talk is hypothetical. I'm an amateur. As a pro, Bobby can say anything he likes and get away with it. All I can do is think. I still say a sound attack can beat any defensive game going, pro or amateur. Even Riggs may become convinced of that some day."

— ■ —

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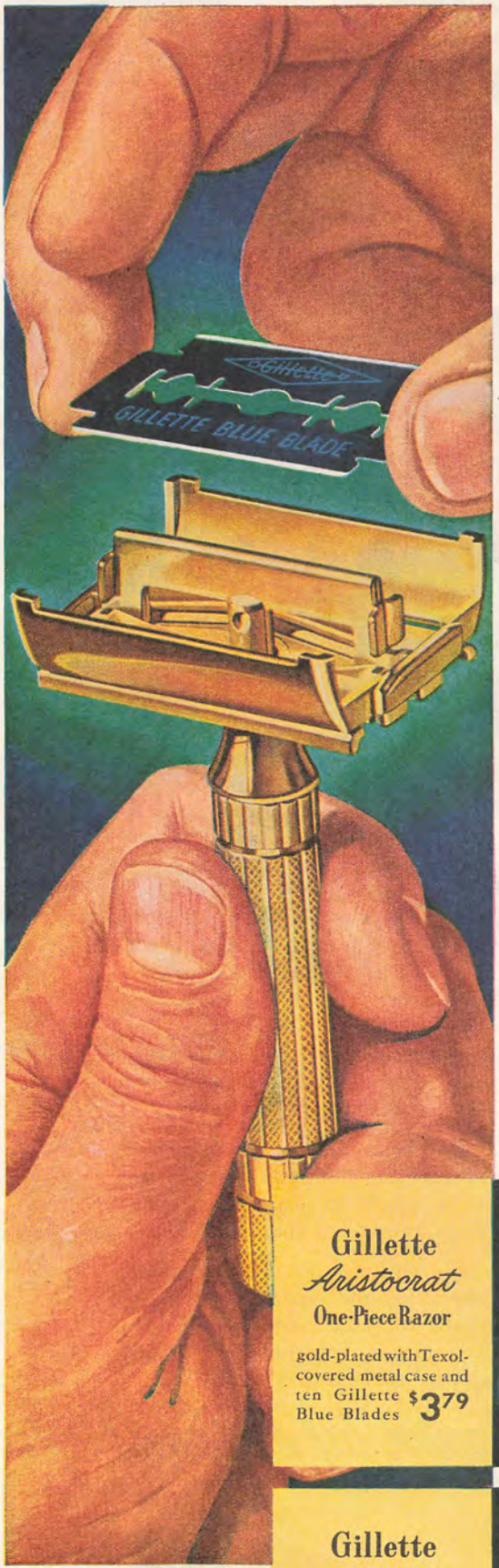

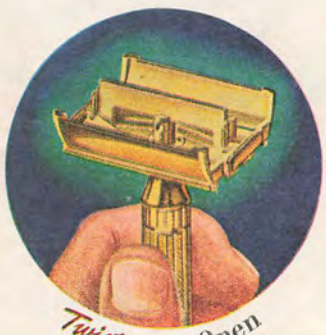

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THAT the first broadcast of a football game took place at Texas A & M in 1920. The information was transmitted by dots and dashes. . . The first huddle was used by Georgia in an 1896 game with Auburn . . . Columbia made the first field goal try (a miss) in 1872. . . .

That the world's biggest referee is now handling bouts in New York City. He is Abe Simon, the six-foot-seven 260-pounder who fought Joe Louis twice and was knocked out both times by the Dark Destroyer. . . . When Lew Worsham, the new Open Golf Champ, teed off at the beginning of this year's Open at St. Louis, Missouri, there were only five people following his threesome, but before the tournament was over, there were 5,000 people watching every move he made.

That Moose Swaney, who used to pitch in the International League, is now 60 years old and is still throwing them for the House of David team. . . . Lou Gehrig batted under .300 only twice as a regular on the Yanks. His first full season he hit .295 and his last full season he batted the same.

That at Salinas, California, recently there was a double knockout in a boxing bout between featherweights Wally Gonzales and Bobby Bower. Each let go with rights in the first round of a scheduled four-rounder. Both rights landed and both fighters hit the canvas. The referee, Frank Bramhall, counted them both out. . . . In the 1929 World Series between the Chicago Cubs and the Philadelphia Athletics, the Cubs used eight pinch-hitters and not one of them came through with a hit, which is a record for the Series.

That only one regular on John McGraw's 1922 champions batted under .300 for that season. He was Heinie Groh, who hit for .265. The team average was .305. . . . Jim Ferrier, the new Professional Golf Champ, won 10 Australian Open Golf Championships in 1937 while he was still an amateur.

That Larry (Yogi) Berra, catcher for the New York Yankees, recently made an unassisted double play against the St. Louis Browns in the ninth inning. This was the 14th unassisted double play by a catcher in modern baseball. . . . Ted Lyons, who come straight from Baylor University to the Chicago White Sox and never played with any other major-league club, played under eight managers, William Gleason, Johnny Evers, Eddie Collins, Ray Schalk, Russell (Lena) Blackburne, Owen (Donie) Bush, Lew Fonseca, and Jimmy Dykes, before he was named for that spot.

—B. K.

Justice Triumphs

(⟶ FROM PAGE 23) the word that Charlie and his lady were now North Carolina students. When the average boy goes to college, the news is worth little more than a stick in the "Personals" column of his home-town newspaper. But when Charlie entered Carolina, the story made Page One all over the South.

It has been reported that Charlie's income at Carolina is slightly under that of a top player in the National League or the All-America Conference. He has a car and plenty of spending money, all because some Carolina alumni think he's worth it to alma mater.

While in service Charlie had married pretty brunette Sarah Alice Hunter, of Asheville, on November 23, 1943. They were high-school sweethearts. Charlie carried Sarah's books home from school in those days and he still does, for Sarah's a co-ed at the university.

THE Justices live in the Village Apartments in Chapel Hill. Their apartment is a cozy, furnished place. Sarah cooks some of their meals on week-ends, but mostly they eat at the Carolina Inn cafeteria and other spots. Going to classes interferes with domestic activities and Sarah doesn't have time to cook three meals a day. Charlie is out on the football field until dusk every day six months out of the nine they live in Chapel Hill.

They are a typical GI couple, and their friends are mostly Charlie's teammates and their wives. They go bowling or play bridge at night—if Charlie isn't too tired.

Visitors to the Justice apartment feel right at home. Sarah talks about the scarcity of houses, the price of groceries, and the baby the couple next door are expecting soon. Charlie tells you how good Georgia Tech and Tennessee are this Fall, and what End Joe Romano, the clown of the Carolina team, said when he bumped that Virginia halfback last year as Charlie zoomed by for a touchdown. Things like that. They are home folks, natural, pleasant, likable.

Sarah loves football. She sat in Kenan Stadium the afternoon of November 23, 1946, and celebrated her third wedding anniversary by watching the whole Duke Foundation fall upon her husband. But when they removed the rubble from her darling he was still in one piece, able to ride piggy-back on his fellow teammates as they walked off the field with a 22-7 victory.

"Charlie gets nervous before a game," says Sarah. "I guess that's only natural. He wants to win so badly. Naturally, he makes me nervous, too, and I get right shaky before the kickoff. Then I'm all right—unless Charlie drops the ball!"

After the 1947 Sugar Bowl game in New Orleans, the Justices came back to the Roosevelt hotel after the gala football party and dance at the St. Charles down the street. Charlie's arms were laden with presents and souvenirs, but he was a thoroughly tired and beaten-down young man. The next morning, chipper again, he was off to play golf and go fishing in the Gulf.

Last Fall the Carolina coaches knew Justice was a good tailback, just what they needed to set the spark to their big, fast team. He wasn't expected to be a 60-minute player, but good for "spot" service as a break-away runner. Sportswriters were a bit leary of his highly-ballyhooed reputation, afraid he might be a loud bust. Some sailor at Bainbridge had given Charlie the nickname of "Choo-Choo." The name stuck.

JUSTICE had been terrific at Bainbridge during the 1944 season, picking up 14 touchdowns for 84 points in 10 games. He carried the ball only 48 times, averaging a touchdown every fourth time, picking up 529 yards. It took the quartet of Otto Graham, Charlie Trippi, Bill Dudley and Len Eshmont to keep him off the All-Service team.

It was surprising Charlie didn't turn up at the Naval Academy the next Fall, because in those days Navy was recruiting stars to oppose the great Doc Blanchard-Glenn Davis machine Army had assembled at West Point. But somehow he didn't become a Midshipman, stayed in the Navy as a gob, and shipped out for the Pacific.

In North Carolina's opening game against Virginia Tech, Justice had two kicks blocked. But he faked a kick and ran 68 yards for a touchdown. He could run, sure, but what else? The critics were still skeptical.

In the big Orange Bowl at Miami the following week, Floridians rubbed their eyes as Justice roared 65 yards for a TD on the third play of the game. He also kicked and passed well. He was coming along. The next week he ran back two kicks for 70 and 90 yards against Florida, and averaged 40 yards punting.

Justice hit his peak in the Tennessee game. The slender figure in blue, his white helmet shining in the bright November sun, took the ball from center, cut off tackle, eluded the smashing end, and headed for the left sidelines. Forty thousand people in big Shields-Watkins stadium in Knoxville leaped to their feet. This was what they had been waiting for—to see the famous Choo-Choo run.

Justice, the big white "22" on his back zigging and zagging, stayed close to the sidelines. Then he sighted a pack of Carolina blockers at mid-field and headed that way, dodging and weaving, cutting and sliding. He picked up his interference, but soon left it behind as the Carolina men mowed down the big orange-shirted Vols of General Bob Neyland. He

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BY HARRY F. MACE

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was on his own now and he kept going, stopping and starting, giving some the hip, outrunning others. Dick Jordan, the Tennessee end, missed Justice twice on the play, and the other ten Vols all had the Tar Heel ace trapped for sure at least once—only to miss him.

Charlie sped 74 yards in one of the finest runs ever seen in that stadium—or any stadium. The partisan crowd stood and cheered him loudly. And, brother, when they do that in Knoxville, Tenn-*o*-see, for a player on a rival team, you know he's done something special!

SOON it began to dawn that here was no flash in the pan, but a tough, brilliant football player. Against rugged Wake Forest, the only team to beat Tennessee in 1946, he got off punts for 65 and 58 yards, galloped 62 yards, and caught a pass for a touchdown. The Tar Heels closed out their season against Virginia, with a Sugar Bowl bid to New Orleans hinging on the outcome. Justice hit the rails that day for touchdown treks of 18, 45, and 56 yards, despite a leg injury. His last two touchdowns were made in the space of 35 seconds. He was truly the most sensational first-year running back ever to gallop in Dixie. Every time he got his hands on the ball he was a threat to go all the way.

In the Sugar Bowl game on New Year's Day, he was pitted against Charlie Trippi, Georgia's great All-American, in a duel of Good-Time Charlies.

Justice stopped Trippi once with a jarring, teeth-rattling tackle after Trippi had cracked through the line and was apparently gone. Then Justice hauled back a punt 48 yards and was past everybody except Trippi, who hemmed him in on the sidelines. Justice, unable to cut that extra step to the left on the slick, soggy turf, was caught. The Trippi-Justice duel ended just about square, with each boy turning in a tremendous job.

THE exploits of the boyish-faced Justice on the gridiron are public knowledge. On the campus he is a less imposing figure, slender, T-shirted, certainly not what a football hero should look like. In fact, he more nearly resembles a high school sophomore.

Mornings find him in classes, principally in the Commerce Department. Afternoons, when he's not busy with football, he's generally golfing (he's in the 80-90's usually), playing basketball with pick-up teams in the gym, or practicing with the Jayvee baseballers.

There's no mistaking his presence on any sports field. His smooth actions, his shrill chatter, would stand out anywhere. Justice is a holler-guy like Leo Durocher and Pepper Martin, tireless, always spurring his teammates on. At night he's the typical married ex-GI, taking his wife to the village theatre, or dropping over to the Beta Theta Pi fraternity house for a pledge meeting, leaving his handsome boxer dog tied outside.

All his time is not spent in play, however. Charlie burns his share of midnight oil, for, like many other veterans, getting back in the academic swing has not been easy for him. Although still in the general college, having it out with elementary Spanish and the like, he probably will enter the Commerce School, to prepare for a business career after his playing days are done. While he's undecided, he might not be averse to entering the coaching end of the game.

Justice wants to play pro football. In fact, when he first entered UNC, there was talk about an agreement he had purportedly made with the Philadelphia Eagles while in service. No definite pact was ever found, but

Press Association

Charlie's attractive wife, Sarah Alice, is a North Carolina girl, hailing from Asheville. Childhood sweethearts, they were wed in 1943 while he was in Navy. They live in a furnished apartment in Chapel Hill and go to classes together.

there is little doubt that Charlie will be the center of spirited bids from both pro leagues when he decides to play for pay.

Charlie is All-American caliber of the first water this year, and may make the select team as a sophomore now that veterans like Blanchard, Davis, Trippi, and others are gone.

JUSTICE, like any other great athlete, likes to win, and is accustomed to it. When he's taken from the game, he's off the bench after a few plays, helmet in hand, begging the coach to send him back in. He's a competitor out of the top drawer, at his best when the chips are down. Wiry, almost immune to injury, he played several crucial games last year with a pair of injured ankles that would have sidelined a lesser man than the "Choo Choo."

They worship their new hero in Chapel Hill, where the Mayor remarked that "there are in this world several kinds of justice—tardy, poetic, speedy, terrible—and Charlie."

At a recent banquet honoring Carolina athletic director Robert A. Fetzer, toastmaster William D. Carmichael Jr., faked a telephone call from President Robert L. Flowers of Duke University. The subject of the conversation was a little matter of trading the million-dollar Duke chapel of beautiful Gothic stone for a halfback named Justice.

"No, no, Mr. Flowers," opined Mr. Carmichael, "I'm afraid we'd be getting the raw end of the deal!"

Justice is not overly fast. Any second-file sprinter on Carolina's fine track team could outleg him on the cinders. It is his baffling elusiveness, his almost unbelievably fast reactions, which enable him to pick pin-point holes between converging tacklers, his slippery change of pace, that make him great.

Charlie, who doesn't smoke or drink, is modest and unassuming. He hesitates to talk about himself, but will always tell you what a great block the Carolina tackle made on that touchdown play. He also gives due credit to his opponents.

Charlie has four brothers, and all played their football for Rollins College in Florida. Jack starred there at guard, Joe made Little All-America and now coaches at Rollins. Bill played every position on the team, and Neil was a star there last Fall. It's quite an athletic family—five good football players. Papa Parley W. Justice, a veteran railroad man, likes baseball and always discouraged Charlie from playing football. He thought it was too rough.

Few times in his career has Charlie been stopped. The most recent was in the Blue-White game which ended Carolina's Spring practice session in May. Fifteen pounds overweight, he took a beating from the husky opposing wall. His terrific competitive spirit overflowed in that game and on two occasions he squared off with powerful linemen—Tackle Haywood Fowle and End Kenny Powell. Afterwards he apologized, and any rumors that he is disliked by his teammates can be squelched by the mere asking. He just likes to win and when the heat is on and the going tough, he's at his hottest.

CHARLIE has a good sense of humor and a ready wit. Last Winter during the banquet season Charlie happened to ride up in a hotel elevator with Coach Beattie Feathers of North Carolina State College, one of Carolina's main rivals. When they walked out they ran into Coach Snavely.

"Well, Carl," joshed Beattie, "the elevator got stuck down there on the fifth floor and we got all your plays from Justice while we waited." Charlie grinned and replied: "Coach knows better than that, Mr. Feathers, because he knows I don't know the plays."

Actually Charlie is as smart as they come on the football field. He knows every play by heart, can run it with his eyes shut. He can even dream up good ones in a tight spot and never loses his poise or courage. Slowed up or stopped, he keeps whipping, always spurring his mates on. Always a holler guy, he never seems to tire, wants to play every minute, always thinks he can break loose.

As polished a performer as he is, Charlie still has much room for improvement in the kicking and passing phases of the triple-threat repertory. In his first college games he stood too close on quick-kick attempts that didn't come off. As a passer he is only fair, but he did manage to unlimber his arm for a few touchdown tosses last Autumn and undoubtedly has more in stock. As a defensive man he's rated tops among the backs on the squad. And as a safety man, it's Katy-bar-the-door when he grabs that ball.

With so much publicity, Justice was very much "on the spot" when he started his college career. And he stayed on that spot in game after game. Every opposing team had "Stop Justice!" signs posted in its dressing room weeks before the game with Carolina. But he kept delivering. Being "on the spot" doesn't seem to worry him. In fact, he loves it.

Charlie is a boy who delivers when the chips are down. And the worst of it, say opposing teams, is that they have to chase him for three more years!

— ■ —

EDITORS' NOTE: *Wilton Garrison, Sports Editor of the Charlotte (N. C.) Observer, has lugged his briar pipe and battered portable from the Sugar Bowl to Madison Square Garden to Wrigley Field to Hialeah in search of stories. He gets a big kick out of the Golden Gloves tournament, which he promotes for his hometown paper, but finds college football the most exciting of all sports.*

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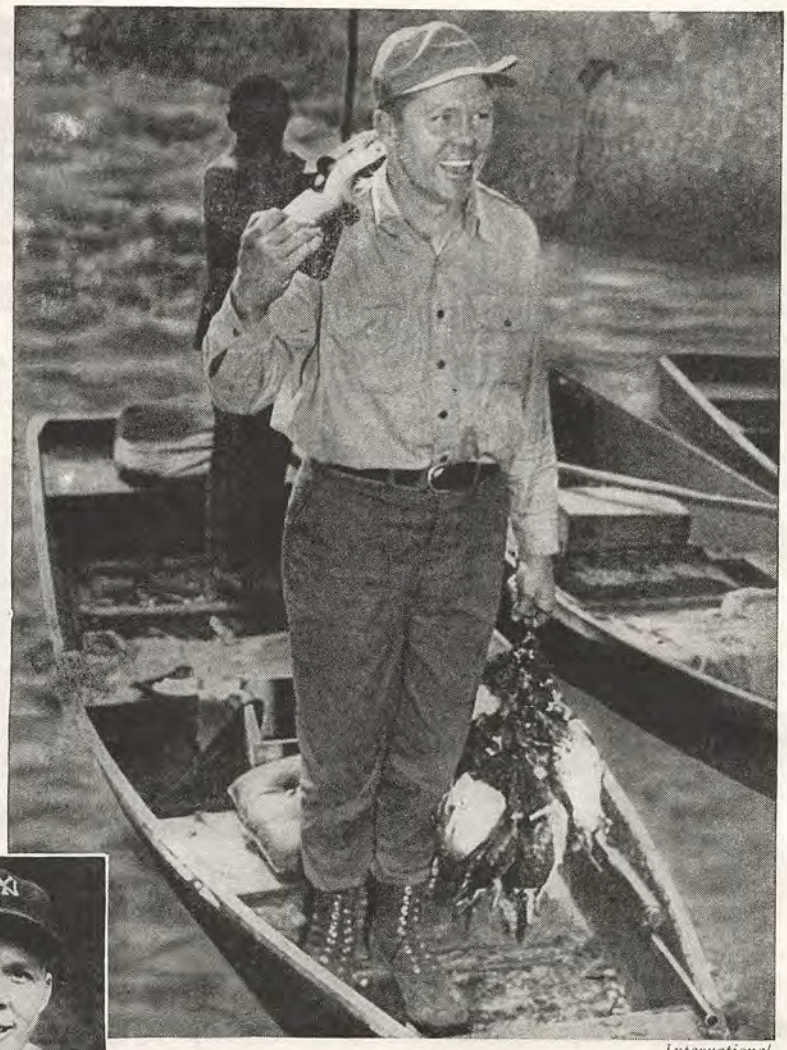
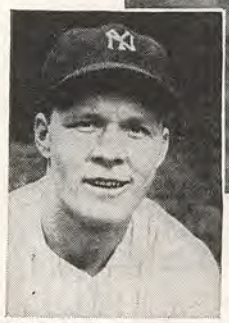


International

Between baseball campaigns, Spud goes duck-hunting.



Wide World

Spud Chandler's all-time hunting thrill

The Yankees' 40-year-old hurler says game-trails keep his legs in shape

By Jim Hurley

Editors' Note: Athletes are outstanding hunters and fishermen. Most of them go in for these pastimes far more than the average nimrod or Waltonian. Consequently many of them have acquired excellent tips on how you can improve your hunting and fishing. If you have a question, or would like a tip from your favorite athlete, ask him through Jim Hurley, in care of SPORT, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

SPUD CHANDLER, a pitching mainstay of the New York Yankees for almost a decade, turned 40 the other day. He's an outstanding physical specimen for his years. If you want to know how he does it, get a gun and a brace of dogs and follow him, 20 or 25 miles a day, four days a week, from late this month until early next March.

Naturally, Spud Chandler's all-

time thrill in outdoor sports came during a session of hunting. No wonder he can put that baseball where he wants it when a batter confronts him! Spurgeon Ferdinand Chandler is considerable of a Dead-Eye-Dick and that's no bull, on the diamond or in the big woods.

Prove it? Sure! It was down in South Georgia in the Fall of 1941. A grand early November day with conditions perfect for quail shooting—three splendid dogs and plenty of indications of bob whites about.

Chandler's pointers were hot that morning. They put up four coveys in short order. Spud got four shots out of each of three coveys and five in a fourth, to bag 16 quail. Sixteen quail out of 17 shots! Sixteen hits at fleeting, darting, speeding targets requiring split-second aiming and firing. That was Spud Chandler's greatest hunting thrill.

That kind of hunting is Spud Chandler's recipe for keeping in the physical condition that has made him the marvel of his team's medico, Dr. Jules Gordon, who ought to be able to tell a prime athlete when he sees one. Dr. Gordon fairly beams when he talks about Chandler.

"Chronologically, of course, he's old," says the Yankee guardian of aches and sprains, "but physically he's one of the youngest and best-conditioned athletes I've ever seen."

When we wandered up to Yankee Stadium to beard the Spud in his den beneath the grandstand before batting practice, he was tossing 'em up to warm-up hitters, being due to take his turn in the box the next day.

Chandler was quite forthright about what hunting has done for him, albeit a little embarrassed at the thought of a "Mr. America" title. "Everybody says that a pitcher isn't any better than his legs," he told us. "I just happen to have a good pair of legs developed when I was a kid—and I've been able to keep them in good shape ever since.

"My Dad was an outstanding hunter down in Georgia. I began hunting quail with him when I was six years old. Quail-hunting is one of those things you don't ever get tired of. I've been doing more, rather than less, (⟶ TO PAGE 104)

Questions Answered by Chandler

(a) Likes wing shooting best—quail, doves, turkey, geese, and ducks, in that order.

(b) Calls turkeys to the blind himself, favoring a mechanical mouth caller of rubber and aluminum as against the proverbial piece of slate and cedar twig.

(c) Prefers No. 4 shot on turkeys and geese; 6's on ducks, 8's on quail, and 9's on doves. Shoots a 16- and 20-gauge shotgun.

(d) Wears down (or nearly down) five dogs most hunting days, and prefers pointers to setters.

(e) Raises and trains his own dogs. Likes to work three at a time; two on coveys, and one for singles, and one of each if working a pair.

(f) Favorite fishing is plug casting for bass.

(g) Leaves the dressing room at 185 pounds in the Fall and reports for Spring training at the same weight.

Spud's big thrill was bagging 16 quail in 17 shots on a '41 trip.

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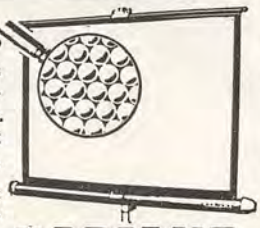

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Boxing's Bad Boy

(⟶ FROM PAGE 36) guarantee.

The afternoon of the death-bringing bout, Ray's lawyers served Atkins with a court summons. Ray, it seemed, wanted a piece of the fee being paid the promoter for the broadcast of the bout. Action on the court bid was postponed and forgotten in the post-fight excitement, but for those in the boxing business, it was a typical Robinson maneuver.

Then came the fight itself. Doyle, who had suffered a brain injury in the same ring 15 months before, should never have been in the fight. Surely he wasn't an outstanding challenger. But the match wasn't of Robinson's making.

Ray boxed a perfect fight. He threw more punches which landed than in any of his previous bouts, 89 as an amateur and 81 as a pro. He just couldn't miss the target. When Doyle went down under Robinson's rapier-like onslaught, a hush settled over the working press. Several writers who had warned against just such a come-uppance sensed the tragedy of the moment.

It is doubted whether Robinson did. He tried to help lift Doyle onto the stretcher which removed the shattered fighter from the ring. When he returned to his dressing room, Robinson seemed quite satisfied with himself. He was asked, "Do you think you're as good a fighter as you were?"

Ray smiled in the wide manner he is capable of, disdainfully accepted the challenge, and replied, "What do you think?"

In the light of Doyle's death, it was a macabre boast.

FOR three hours, while Doyle lay dying under a surgeon's scalpel in Cleveland's Charity Hospital, Robinson didn't even show up to learn of his ring foe's fate.

Then, as dawn crept over the old brownstone hospital, he walked into the dimly lit corridors. He stayed for a time and left. The next day, when Doyle succumbed, Robinson was summoned from a local golf course.

The coroner's inquest cleared Ray of any blame in Doyle's death and, in the grand manner, the welterweight champion volunteered to fight on a benefit card for Doyle's family in Los Angeles. Nobody cheered Ray, for this was only proper.

When it came time to make the match, however, Ray once again put his foot in the bucket. His front man, George Gainford, the fellow who developed him as an amateur but who gets only a trainer's fee now, agreed to a fight with California Jackie Wilson under the promotion of Babe McCoy, Los Angeles operator.

The contract was a verbal one, entered into between George and a McCoy representative. When it came time to sign the contract, however, Robinson just wasn't in the mood to fight on the agreed-upon date and, please, wouldn't the promoter stop bothering him and leave him to his knitting? He was quite busy now.

It was another snafu by Ray, but not the only one committed in that week. Only days before, Robinson actually had signed a contract to fight one Flash Sebastian in Manila. Then, almost over night, he changed his mind. He said he wasn't altogether decided whether he wanted the fight so soon after the Doyle incident.

Barney Pellar, Sebastian's manager and representative of the Manila promoter, had guaranteed Robinson $35,000 for the Philippines bout. He had spent thousands of dollars coming here to sign Robinson. By the time he had completed what he thought was a deal, he was broke. Friends in New York had to lend him money to pay his hotel bills.

Later, Ray changed his mind. He agreed to fight Sebastian on an American Legion show in Madison Square Garden. Pressure by the Boxing Managers' Guild also forced him to accept a Los Angeles date with Wilson. The proceeds of the Coast fight were to go to Doyle's family.

THIS, then, is Robinson up to date. He could be the ring's standout, in and out of action. Instead he's an accused and abused person. He's been misunderstood in many ways, surely, but the facts in his case bespeak a sad story.

In the beginning the Fates were nice to Ray. He had a superb physique and a sense of rhythm not many ringsters possess. He's tall for a 147-pounder—five feet, 11½ inches—but his balance gives him stunning hitting power.

As a youngster on the streets of New York, he earned money for the support of his fatherless family by tap dancing for the pedestrians who tossed pennies his way. Bill Robinson, the great tap dancer, concedes that Ray could have made a career as an entertainer.

Only recently, Sugar Ray sat in at the drums as a sub for Lionel Hampton, the band leader. He was so expert in the percussion department that the restaurant's diners cheered him on.

Robinson's business acumen, which has brought him a 34-family apartment house in Cleveland and a 24-family building in New York, was evidenced at the start of his career.

The very first time George Gainford conceded that Ray had the makings of a fighter, he bought the kid $25 worth of ring equipment. The next day Robinson disappeared, along with the equipment. When Robinson finally returned, he confessed he had sold the equipment to buy food for his family.

George couldn't argue with the kid. He let Ray return to the gym and, in time, entered him in an amateur contest in an up-State town under the name of Ray Robinson. You see, Walker Smith was under age.

Ray won that night. So superb was he in action that a local fight writer walked up to Gainford and said, "That

kid sure is sweet in that ring. Yes, sweet as sugar." From that night on it was Ray (Sugar) Robinson.

THAT was the beginning of a great ring career, the history of a fighter who should have all the public acclaim but instead finds the fans' attitude tempered by his personal antics.

For a time, Robinson's press notices were so bad he had to hire a press agent, Pete Vacarre, a reformed Brooklyn barber, to serve as a good-will ambassador. Pete, they say, has the toughest job in the field of press agentry.

Robinson's affection for himself is all-consuming. He rightfully believes he's the best all-around fighter in the world. When Louis was training for the second fight with Billy Conn, Robinson spent many hours with the heavyweight champion at Pompton Lakes, New Jersey.

The night Louis exposed Conn as a mere shell by kayoing him in the eighth round, Robinson rushed back into Louis' dressing room and shouted:

"See, I told you Joe'd win. He fought just the way I told him to!"

That's Ray Robinson!

— ■ —

College Football Cleanup? Phooey!

(⟶ FROM PAGE 30) while starring for the Illini, and intended to stick it out in college only until the Rose Bowl game was out of the way. The Conference took no action in either case because the policy of Big Nine coaches is to stick together on such matters, indicating they have a cynical attitude toward their "purity code" and expect it to be violated by all signatories to the agreement.

On the Pacific Coast the situation is different. When the Coast Conference cleaned house at the request of the Big Nine, so as to be pure enough to mingle in the Rose Bowl with the Middle Western teams, under the new five-year agreement which went into effect with the Illinois-UCLA game last New Year's Day, it apparently believed the Big Nine teams were holier than its own.

As a result of putting its football house in order, UCLA was trounced, 45-14, in the first Rose Bowl game under the new pact. The humiliating defeat may have set the whole Coast Conference to thinking it had been roped in by a lot of butter-and-egg men from the Middle West who said one thing and did another.

AT any rate, when the Pacific Coast Football Conference met at Sun Valley, Idaho, in June, it slapped a $2,400 fine on the UCLANS, its so-called immaculate representatives in the Rose Bowl. Southern California was taxed $1,750. California got off with a $750 tab. Oregon State committed only $25 worth of infractions.

Every team in the Conference had been caught cheating by Victor O. Schmidt, who is hired by the Conference to run down violations of the purity code. Among the violations Schmidt uncovered were: "Interviewing prospective students by coaches who went to the students' schools to interview them. Initiation of correspondence with prospective students by coaches. Entertainment beyond limitations of these prospective students. Unauthorized practice sessions. Errors in computing grants-in-aid to students." Strangely enough, all the students in whose behalf the "errors" were committed were all prospective athletes.

Bill Keefe of the New Orleans *Times-Picayune,* who defends the frankly commercial policies of the Southeastern Conference against such hypocrisy, commented: "In other words, just a wholesale, cold-blooded, undercover system of cheating, while masking under a cloak of purity."

Keefe relates that, while in Pasadena for the Rose Bowl game, he was visited by an 18-year-old freshman from Southern California who had come all the way from Tennessee to try for an end position with the Trojans. Keefe's curiosity aroused, he asked the lad how he had come to select Southern California instead of a college nearer home.

"They give us a coupe for our exclusive use," Keefe says the freshman told him. "We have a liberal account at a gas station, open accounts at a barber shop, and a one-day-a-week tab at the ——— Hotel. Also liberal spending money."

Nor was Keefe the only Southern sportswriter to score bullseyes on football coaches in other sections of the country who were criticizing policies in the Southeastern Conference. Wes Fesler, Ohio State's football mentor, fired one such shot that came back like a boomerang and floored him for the count.

Wes had been blasting Southern football coaches as sanctimoniously as only a Big Nine coach can when Ed Danforth of the Atlanta *Journal* stopped him dead in his tracks by printing verbatim a letter which he said a Southeastern Conference coach had received from an Ohio State football player.

Here is the classic which should serve as a perpetual exhibit of how much book larnin' tramp athletes pick up between football practice sessions:

"DEAR COACH: To be very truthful with you I am *uncurtain* as to how to begin this letter.

"My name you *probley* see from the heading. I am now a student at Ohio State University. I have change a little *sence* you last contacted me, I have played halfback on the Ohio State team in 1944, *witch* won the national championship *witch* you *probley* remember. And I also played in the East-West game in Calif. in

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1945." The letter went on as follows:

"Well, coach, this is really why I am writing this letter. I am *intersed* in coming to your university, this of course if you are *intersed* in my *comming* down there.

"*Sence* coming out of the Army the cost of living here in Columbus, Ohio, has gone up quite a bit. I think you *now* what I mean.

"I hope you will look into this matter as soon as *possable* and let me *now* if you think we can get together on some kind of an arrangement."

After this letter had appeared in print, the player concerned came to Fesler and admitted authorship. The coach's explanation was that the player didn't think a job obtained for him by the university paid him well enough, and decided to "shop around" and see if he could do better.

"I told him to make up his mind pretty fast about what he was going to do," Fesler said. "But after reading that letter, if it was really faithfully reproduced, I don't see how he can pass university subjects and remain eligible."

Coach Fesler, who had been so critical of Southeastern Conference eligibility rules and scholastic standards for football players, didn't attempt to explain how his letter-writing wizard had managed to pass university subjects and remain eligible at Ohio State up to then.

Everyone in football knows that Minnesota has reserved the Scandinavian rights for its football team this Fall, which means several tons of husky farmboys, of the type Bernie Bierman is used to moulding into a winning team, have been assembled for him. This is done through state aid for boys of ordinary means—who happen to be gifted with football ability. It would take the *Halo*-Fellows-Well-Met of the Big Nine Conference to point out the difference between this type of aid and an athletic scholarship—but if you'll listen, they'll explain everything in a million pious words.

NOTRE DAME, which is getting the chill from the Western Conference although Northwestern has scheduled the Irish this Fall, has a flat policy for its football players. All of them have athletic scholarships. They pay the school $25 a year and they are supposed to earn the rest of their college expenses by performing jobs assigned to them.

And what of the plain-talking, above-board gentlemen from the South who speak so derisively of the "hypocrisy" of college-football operators in other sectors? Are things as they seem in this spade-calling stronghold of cards-above-the-table?

(That barely perceptible noise one hears at this point is not caused by falling dandruff, but by aces dropping out of sleeves 'way down South in the Land of Cotton, where good, fast halfbacks don't play for nothin'.)

If the Southeastern and Southwestern Conferences indulged in no extra-curricular knavery, where football is concerned, their pointing fingers would attract more attention than they do among the gridiron cognoscenti. Those Southern boys adopted a low standard and then proceeded to lower it.

Southern football didn't gain any respect for itself in two fairly recent *causes célèbres* involving Army players. The first case was that of Shorty McWilliams, star halfback who during the war had switched from Mississippi State to West Point when his draft call was about due. With the war over, pressure was brought to bear on Shorty from his old school to return. But when McWilliams tried to resign, the Army wouldn't accept his resignation.

Allyn McKeen, coach at Mississippi State, thereupon tried to paint West Point as the villain in the case by charging publicly that, in order not to weaken its football team, Army was preventing Shorty from returning to his original Alma Mater. This drew an angry retort from Major General Maxwell D. Taylor, commandant at West Point, to the effect that other colleges were trying to bribe West Point football stars to leave the institution. The General's remark couldn't have been any more pointed.

At West Point, there was talk of fifteen $1,000 bills having been passed in the night. A wealthy alumnus of Mississippi State sent his private plane after Shorty when the Army finally let him go, and McWilliams flew back to the Cotton Belt in anything but a rage.

MORE recently Army announced that George (Barney) Poole, one of the star ends of its unbeaten team, had flunked out for deficiency in three academic subjects. The belief at the time was that Barney would join the New York Giants' pro team, of which his brother, Jim, was a member. However, it was soon learned that Barney had joined another brother who was an assistant coach at Mississippi. At West Point, it was stated that Barney had managed to keep up with his studies until after the last football season. Then he just seemed to lose interest.

Mississippi must have had something mighty attractive to offer the Army football hero, because the New York Giants bid as high as $7500.

Another case history throwing light on Southern football is that of Mac Robinson, Clarksville, Tennessee, high school football star, who was found in a daze near the home of his sister, Mrs. Paul Davenport, one night last May, muttering: "Please leave me alone. Please don't let anyone bother me."

Dr. H. T. Griffin, Mac's physician, soon found out what was wrong with him. It seems that, as a result of sales talks from football coaches, the lad had signed up with two colleges—Vanderbilt and Tennessee. His breakdown occurred after a trip to Nashville with Harvey Robinson, assistant football coach at Tennessee. Robinson had taken him to the Ten-

nessee capital in an effort to get Vanderbilt to release him from his obligations to that institution.

Caught between two high-pressure coaches, Mac had the additional misfortune of being bitten by a black widow spider. The combination was too poisonous for the 18-year-old lad's constitution to stand, and he suffered a nervous breakdown. So did the coaches involved when the story broke.

DOC BLANCHARD, last Fall, could have returned to North Carolina where he spent his freshman year, had an alumni offer of $10,000 appealed to him and the Army been willing to part with him.

Georgia is the best-favored college in the South insofar as recruiting football stars is concerned. Not only do its heavily wagering alumni go the limit to land stars such as Charley Trippi for the old school, but the Coca-Cola people are always ready to lend the weight of their influence and resources to swing a wavering Wilberforce into line.

In the Southwest Conference, intra-mural player raids are fairly common. Last Fall, four Texas Tech gridsters packed up without the customary two weeks' notice and transferred their affiliations to Texas Christian, no doubt bringing Tech's signals along with them.

Kentucky, long noted for its good basketball teams, was about ready to make a big splurge in football, too. Paul Bryant, its live-wire head coach, had signed up something like 300 promising schoolboy athletes to the standard Southeastern Conference contract and, by 1948, promised to be in a position to dispute Georgia for the Southeastern Conference title.

A schism was threatened in the Jesuit order when San Francisco University induced Don Panciera, star quarterback, to leave Boston College and cross the Continent to finish his education and, at the same time, help Ed McKeever, former Notre Dame and Cornell coach, get started in the right direction. Ernie Stautner, B.C.'s outstanding tackle, resisted a similar invitation.

This recalled George Connor's transfer from Holy Cross to Notre Dame after he had been discharged from the service. Connor had been the mainstay of the Crusaders' line and Worcester didn't think much of it when South Bend corraled the sturdy lineman for its post-war fling at Army.

Wherever there were outstanding football teams last year, this year, or any year, they didn't pull a Topsy by just happening. It took scouting, proselytizing, and inducements of a material nature, whether in the form of cash under or over the table, "grants-in-aid," or scholarships, to whip together the winning combination.

THERE are three ways of making college football an amateur sport again. The first and least likely of accomplishment, although the easiest, would require concerted action by college heads. Until the presidents step in and throw their weight around, says cynical old Gil Dobie, the Gloomy Dean of coaches, there will be no real reform on the gridiron.

The second course is to make scholastic requirements the same for football players as for the rest of the student body. This would call for abolishing the physical-education courses everywhere except in physical-education colleges.

The third way out is almost as hopeless a proposition as the first because it would require the alumni to keep their hands off the football team. As everyone knows, Old Grads are incurable meddlers.

Of course there's still another way, but it's too fantastic even to be considered. It would call for putting the game back on the campus where it was born. If the coaches and graduate managers of the NCAA ever adopt a seventh point for their purity program, it will be a resolution providing that anyone making such a suggestion be drawn, quartered, and then boiled in oil until crisp—like the bills they pass to halfbacks under the table.

— ■ —

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The Story of the Spider

(⟶ FROM PAGE 21) awkward stance fools everyone, just as his hidden ability did, and still does. "We were all surprised when Spider was called up to the team," confesses Eddie Stanky, expressing the players' unanimous opinion. "We had so many third-basemen—Vaughan . . . Lavagetto . . . Miksis . . . Rojek . . . we couldn't see how Jorgy could possibly help the team. But if you were to poll the squad today, I'll bet you'd get the opinion that he has been as responsible as any one else for our success."

In other words, all Jorgensen needed was a chance to prove himself. That's all he has ever needed. But a guy who looks as though he should have his photograph taken with an X-ray camera doesn't usually get that opportunity. In fact, his misleading appearance cost Jorgy his first attempt at breaking into baseball.

FRESH out of high school, at Folsom, California, Spider tried out twice with the Oakland club of the Pacific Coast League. Johnny Vergez, former Giant infielder, was managing Oakland, at the time. He gave the kid a polite brush-off. This routine rejection may have been because Jorgensen isn't much on that first-impression stuff. Or it could be traced to the fact that Vergez was still active as a third-baseman himself.

It got so that the ugly duckling couldn't make a good enough appearance to impress even a college coach. His record at Folsom High, plus that of a season at Sacramento Junior College, earned Spider a feeler on an athletic scholarship to Santa Clara University. But that fell through the minute the college coach took one look at him in street clothes.

Finally Jorgensen ran into a guy who felt that ability goes more than skin-deep. Tom Downey, Coast scout for the Dodgers, signed the scrawny youngster, and Spider was assigned to the Santa Barbara farm club, where he banged a buxom .335.

Then, as has happened to so many promising young ballplayers, Jorgy had four years taken away from his career by the war. Assigned to the Army base at El Paso, Texas, Spider found himself managing the post's baseball team—in his spare time. "You had to carry the water bucket, take care of the bats, and do everything else as manager," Jorgy recalls. But he has to admit it was better than washing dishes.

Jorgensen wasn't any glamorous war hero. He was just a GI, and got into as much trouble as the next Joe. He rose to the rank of tech sergeant—and got busted. He earned the stripes back—and got busted again. Why? "Went out and got beered up with the boys," he admits readily.

That doesn't mean Jorgy is a lush. Far from it. His personal habits are much better than average. He gives up smoking during the playing season "because I found that it made me nervous." An occasional beer after a game is his limit. Those "beer-up" incidents in the Army were simply the periodic "to hell with it" reaction that struck so many other GIs.

But Jorgy has one pleasant and permanent remembrance from his Army life. Her name is Mrs. Lenore Jorgensen, only then she was Miss Lenore Jones. The Colonel at El Paso had a wife, and that wife happened to be Lenore's sister. Mrs. Colonel suggested one day that Jorgy meet her sister, and the Spider, figuring you can do much worse than strike up an acquaintance with a member of the Colonel's family, didn't protest.

Two years and 200 letters later, long after Jorgy had no further need for the favors of any Colonel, Miss Jones became Mrs. Jorgensen. The ceremony took place last Winter at El Paso, where Spider now lives.

JORGENSEN was honorably discharged in December, 1945. He spent the next season with Montreal. He evidently didn't impress manager Clay Hopper either, because he found himself relegated to the job of odd-hand filling in at third, shortstop, and even in the outfield, with an occasional pinch-hitting chore. Despite this irregular living, Spider slapped a respectable .293.

But he was getting mighty discouraged. He'd just passed 26, and he wasn't even playing regularly at Montreal. He was sick and tired of being constantly overlooked because his uniform hung off his featherweight frame like a pup-tent.

His discouragement grew to melancholia toward the latter stages of training at Havana last Spring. He had no inkling of the fact that his playing had at last caught the accurate appraising eye of Branch Rickey—the senior Branch Rickey. Spider thought he had merely toiled through another training session, lost in the shuffle of muscled, eye-catching rookie aspirants. He thought there wasn't much use, and, as the season approached he thought of throwing in the towel.

Then that phone rang, and the National League acquired a young man destined to become a leading candidate for "Top Rookie" honors. The skinny, young guy they call The Spider had, in fact, arrived. Since that day, no one in baseball has questioned his right to be where he is.

— ■ —

EDITORS' NOTE: *As a sportswriter on the N. Y.* Daily News, *Dick Young is assigned the task of covering the daily doings of the Dodgers, wherever they may roam. Young is nationally known, not only for his colorful accounts of ball games, but for the reports he files during the off-season when he hits the road with the hockey teams.*

(⟶ FROM PAGE 8) will go to the Giants under a working agreement; and Ed Fitzgerald, Sacramento catcher who'll go to the highest bidder.

Sacramento has placed a $100,000 price tag on the rangy Fitzgerald, who is considered the best Coast League backstop since Mickey Cochrane wore the "tools of ignorance" for Portland. And the Sacs won't sell unless the purchaser makes a working agreement with them.

* * *

TAKE-A-CHANCE DEPT. At this time of year, everyone is making football predictions and, just to make it unanimous, Biff Bennett will stick out his swanlike neck.

Probably the strongest and certainly the best-advertised teams will be in the Southeastern Conference. Look for Louisiana State, Alabama, Georgia, and Tennessee to fight it out, with Kentucky and Vanderbilt showing great improvement. Top players: Gilmer of Alabama, Tittle of LSU, Tidwell of Auburn, Littleford and Drost of Tennessee, Garrett of Miss. State and Yarutis of Kentucky.

In the Big Nine, Michigan and Illinois probably will fight it out again, but don't under-rate Iowa and Minnesota. They say Bernie Bierman will have something like his old-time Minnesota powerhouse clubs, with big guys like Tonnemaker (220), Delago (230), and Nomellini (250) in the line.

East: There's no telling, but Penn has a strong team and a weak schedule, and Yale looks right good for an Ivy League club with Levi Jackson on deck. Darkhorses in the Poison Ivy League likely will be Penn State and Boston College.

Southern Conference: Everybody is talking about North Carolina and Charley Justice, which leads Biff to believe some of them are industriously covering up what they have. Duke and Wallace Wade never are left far behind, and William and Mary, South Carolina, and Virginia Tech should be heard from.

* * *

BIG Six: A tough one. Looks like Kansas, with Ray Evans, and Oklahoma, despite the loss of Plato Andros and Joe Golding to the pros, will be tops. But it isn't for nothing that guys out that way call Don Faurot the best recruiter in the league. He'll have something good at Missouri.

Southwest: They all claim to be tough there, and everyone admits the 1946 co-champions, Rice and Arkansas, will be stronger. But the tip is to keep an eye on Southern Methodist with Doak Roberts as field general and passer extraordinary. And Texas will have Bobby Layne in the same role, which is nothing to laugh off.

Pacific Coast: One guy who ought to know rates the top Conference teams in this order: Southern Cal, Oregon State, UCLA, Washingon, Stanford. They're all trying hard to get up to the Big Nine level on account of the Rose Bowl hookup. Legend is that Southern Cal's freshmen gave the varsity an occasional going-over last year and could have licked most Conference teams, but they'll still have a tough time making first-string halfbacks Don Samuel and Dick Twenge, and end Dick Lorenz should make things tough for Oregon State's opponents. Cal Rossi and Bennie Reiges will pace UCLA.

St. Mary's still has Herman Wedemeyer, and San Francisco has Forrest Hall, plus enough imported talent to stock a Pennsylvania coal mine.

That rumbling noise in the background is the snickering of Notre Dame fans. Biff doesn't have to tell you what the Irish plan to do to Army while those subway alumni are around to tell it. Best bet this season: Don't let Honest Frank Leahy's tears deceive you.

* * *

DID you ever watch baseball players taking their batting licks in the deepening twilight before a night game and wonder how they managed to see the ball even when it is served up where they want it?

That's one drawback to night ball, as the Cubs' Charley Grimm pointed out one night at the Polo Grounds.

The lights had just flicked on after the boys had been swinging in the dusk, and the hitters seemed to be having trouble.

"This is what makes night ball tough," Grimm groaned. "First they're hitting in the dark; then they have to get used to the lights. At home we play all-day baseball. This early practice doesn't do us a bit of good."

Charley gave one of his comical grimaces as Bill Nicholson swished at a flutterball served up by Smorgasbord Smith, who was pitching for batting practice. "Of course, my guys ain't hitting anyway. And the pitching—," Grimm hoisted his right arm just above his shoulder. "If I see a guy lift his arm this far, he's my pitcher for the next day.

"But don't worry, we'll be in there by the end of the season."

* * *

ODDS and end zone: A lot of folks have the idea that the National Football League and the All-America Conference will reconcile their differences after this season. If they don't, the A.A.C. guys figure they're in a better financial position to continue the battle. They have, for the most part, bigger bankrolls to absorb any losses, and they have bigger parks if they succeed in packing in the customers. . . . Charlie Dykes, a chunky little guy like his dad, Jimmy, seems to be going places for the Canadian-American League Schenectady Blue Jays. He's hitting well, and is regarded as one of the smarter second-basemen in the league. At Schenectady, he's probably headed for the Phillies, who sponsor the club. . . . Bob Dillinger, the Browns' speedboy, says Johnny Rigney and Walt Masterson are the hardest pitchers in the league for him. —B. B.

Don't forget, Biff's always in the market for usable items about the great and near-great of sport. He pays $5 for each one he uses. Items cannot be returned, nor can Biff enter into correspondence about them. Shoot yours in to Biff Bennet, c/o SPORT, 205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

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How to Watch Football

(⟶ FROM PAGE 15) anywhere some of these men don't go first. And where the guards and tackles go, there's a clash of bodies and a man-to-man tussle that will keep you on the edge of your seat.

An example of amazing things that happen in the line occurred a few years ago to a tackle on the Wofford College team. One day the opposing team was on Wofford's five-yard line. The fullback rammed into the Wofford line, and the ball squirted from his hands into the arms of this Wofford tackle. Three steps and he was on his way to the opponents' goal-line, 95 yards away.

One of the opposing ends gave chase, but the fumble had come so suddenly that the big Wofford tackle had too big a lead to be caught. As he reached the ten-yard line, the pursuing end suddenly had an idea. He screamed: "Hey, Jones, you're running the wrong way."

THE big Gold and Black hero, thinking it was one of his own teammates yelling, suddenly made a sharp swing and circled back. On and on he charged, gasping for breath but determined to undo what he thought was a horrible mistake. By now the players of both teams were so confused that when a teammate finally caught up with him, the big Wofford tackle dropped from exhaustion on his own five-yard line. He had run 190 yards without gaining an inch.

I'll never forget the time a few years ago when I was broadcasting an Army game from West Point. It was a thrill of personal satisfaction more than anything else, but to me it was tops. The Cadets had the ball down in one corner of Michie Stadium, a yard or so from a touchdown. However, the angle of observation from my broadcasting booth was bad, and to make matters worse it was raining cats and dogs. The ball was snapped to the Army fullback, who whirled until his back was to the line of scrimmage. Both Cadet halfbacks dashed at their fullback and crossed in front of him. The Army fullback whirled again, and cracked into the line, as the halfbacks—each bent over as if he had the ball—belted the defensive tackles.

Where the ball was, nobody knew. All three Army backs had crossed the line, and the referee threw up both hands signifying a touchdown. Who scored the touchdown for Army? Someone on my left said one halfback had scored, while another fellow on my right vowed the other halfback had the ball. Fortunately, I held out for the fullback, although admitting frankly I had not seen the ball from the time the center had snapped it back.

Here's how I knew I'd picked the right man. I'd been watching the linemen, the guards and the tackles, and none of them had come out of the line. They had all charged straight ahead. That told me one thing—the ball was ticketed to go straight ahead, no matter what other tricks (such as the criss-crossing halfbacks) took place in the backfield. That was all purposely put on to fool the defense.

In watching modern football, with its wide-open style of play, it's essential not to overlook the art of watching a forward-pass play. Years ago the forward passer wasn't protected by the rule book the way he is now. As he attempted to get a pass away, the passer usually absorbed a terrific physical beating. However, since 1939, if my memory serves me correctly, a tackler abusing a forward passer is subject to a 15-yard penalty.

Thus the spectator isn't likely now to see much explosive action around the passer. He would do much better to forget the passer and look downfield where those ends are feinting, cutting back and reversing their fields in an attempt to break into the open. Thus, by paying attention to the potential receivers, the spectator will be leading the play and not following it.

Whenever I think about pass receivers, I think of "Catfish" Smith, the great All-American end from Georgia some years back. One day Yale was playing Georgia at Athens in the game that celebrated the opening of Georgia's new stadium. Albie Booth was on Yale's team that year, and just to show "Catfish" Smith what they thought of his great reputation, Yale decided to send Booth around Smith's end on one of the first plays. "Little" Albie never even got started. As soon as Booth had the ball, Smith knifed through three Yale men, picked Booth up, and slammed him to the ground so hard that Booth's helmet rolled off.

"Listen you," sputtered Booth, "that sort of stuff doesn't go around here today." Big "Catfish" looked down at Booth, put his arm around Albie's shoulder in a friendly manner and said, "Albie, the only thing that doesn't go around here today is you." And Booth didn't, either.

AND that brings to mind some fundamental rules for quarterbacking which might help you call the plays as a game unfolds. The football field is 100 yards long, marked off into five-yard strips. But there's another division, a mental one, which exists only in the mind of the quarterback. He cuts the field into five zones, each 20 yards in length and extending from side-line to side-line. His choice of plays, and his decision as to when his team shall kick, depends greatly upon what zone his team is occupying.

That first zone begins at the quarterback's own goal line and extends 20 yards. Here, in the shadow of his own goal line, most every quarterback will play safe and kick on second down after trying one line play.

The second zone extends from your 20-yard line to your own 40-yard line. Here your quarterback will run off-tackle plays to gain yardage. Then, unless he is close to gaining his

necessary 10 yards, he will kick on third down.

The third zone, between the two 40-yard lines, is where all the excitement begins. This is where a quarterback can open up his bag of tricks —passes, trick plays, anything.

Moving into the fourth zone, from the opponents' 40-yard line to his own 20, trick plays, off-tackle smashes and short passes are in order. Long passes are no good because they may be grounded over the opponents' goal-line. Then, if all else fails, a field goal is in order.

The fifth zone, from your opponents' 20-yard line to his goal, is the payoff zone. Here the idea is to powerhouse the enemy, pound at his weaknesses with line plays, and if all else fails, hit him with the field goal.

Now that we have these few simple ideas on how to get more spectator enjoyment out of watching football, after the game is over we can go home (especially if our team won) and dream about the game and our magnificent grandstand quarterbacking.

And if we pick up a newspaper next morning, to read about the game, and we find that the best play of the day was a bit of blocking we never saw, we'll begin to realize that learning how to watch a football game is lots harder than most people realize. But we'll be on the right track, anyway.

So don't forget—once in a while you have to skip that old adage and try keeping your eye *off* the ball. It's worth it.

— ■ —

Sleepers of the Gridiron

(⟶ FROM PAGE 71) fullbacks, Ohio State is loaded with them. Ollie Cline and Joe Whisler give Coach Wesley Fesler plenty of protection at that spot. Fesler also looks proudly at Dean Sensenbaugher, a back who used to march with the Corps of Cadets at Army but fell out somewhere along the route.

The Red Raiders of Colgate haven't been a national power for some time, but word is seeping out of the Chenango Valley that they've got a back named Frank Muelheuser up there who really has it.

Ed McKeever, who quit at Cornell last Fall after a winning season, should be able to do well with his new assignment, San Francisco. Ed's offense will be built around a powerhouse back named Forrest Hall—and if half the things we hear about Hall are true, he must be a sweetheart. Ed has Don Panciera, too, in his backfield, a fact which causes considerable pain to Boston College adherents. Don transferred to SF from BC last year amid loud Hub cries of "we wuz robbed!"

Rice Institute, which shouldn't be far from the best team in the Southwest, has several fine players. Their ace back, Huey Keeney, won't get many national headlines because of Bobby Layne's exploits at Texas, but he'll inflict a lot of damage on Southwest Conference rivals. Jess Neely, the wise old coach of the Owls, thinks a lot of end Wendell Williams, too—and that's enough of a tip for me.

He doesn't use a first name, but Y. A. Tittle of Louisiana State University doesn't let that hold him back on a football field. There are so many red-hot backs floating around the country this Fall that Tittle is a 100-1 shot to make All-America, but he'll be an All-American as far as LSU rooters are concerned. He's really got what it takes—and so, by the way, have the Tigers.

Herman Wedemeyer will be back in the headlines all season for St. Mary's, but smart football men claim another Hawaiian boy, Spike Cordiero, will bear just as much watching on that Galloping Gael squad.

One of the toughest teams in the land last year, Oklahoma took a beating when back Joe Golding and tackle Plato Andros succumbed to the lure of pro contracts. But the Sooners aren't quitting on their chances. Their rough, rugged line pivots around the splendid work of center John Rapacz.

Incidentally, this is one of the worst seasons in history for ambitious centers. There are so many of them they get tangled up in each other's publicity. For example, there's Dick Scott at Navy, Vaughn Mancha at Alabama, George Strohmeyer at Notre Dame, and Chuck Bednarik at Penn, just to mention a few. What chance has a poor Rapacz of Oklahoma got?

Minnesota has Dean Widseth at tackle, and with a name like that he ought to be good. Remember Ed? Purdue has Clyde Grimenstein at end, and I recall that when Grimenstein was a West Pointer, he rated aces-high with Red Blaik. Another center who shouldn't be, but probably will be, overlooked by the newspapers, is Alex Sarkesian of Northwestern.

There are more of them than you can list . . . Herb St. John, a Georgia guard . . . Johnny Rauch, quarterback for Georgia who overshadowed the great Charlie Trippi in last year's Sugar Bowl victory over North Carolina . . . Wah Wah Jones, Kentucky basketball hero who also plays a whole lot of end . . . Bill Swiacki, smooth-working, efficient end of Lou Little's Columbia Lions . . . Ted Tannehill, USC back . . . Don Samuel, fullback at Oregon State . . . No wonder the reporters can't keep up with all of them.

The situation is a little different in the pro game. The boys who play for cash can't get along on reputations, false or deserved. In the pro game, the payoff is on performance—and present performances at that. You can't bluff, and you can't get

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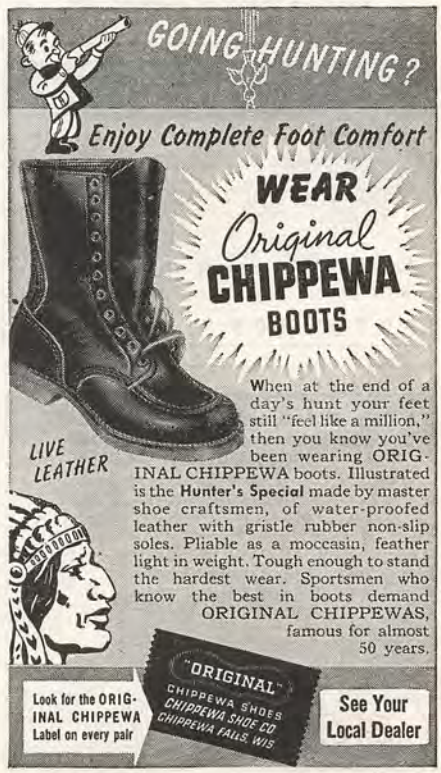
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Most of the experts agree that one of the brightest new stars in the National League this year will be Georgia's glittering back, Mr. Trippi. Fresh from his first season as a pro baseball player with the Atlanta Crackers, Trippi is eager to prove his ability in the big league.

Charlie will play in the Chicago Cardinals' backfield along with Pat Harder Passin' Paul Christman, and Marshall Goldberg. What an array of offensive power those boys represent! At that, some of my spies tell me Trippi will have to watch his onions or Vic Schwall of Northwestern will steal the show from him. In any case, Trippi should be an asset to his league. He's a great competitor, and his heart is set on making a hit. Not only is he a successful baseball player with a top minor-league club, and a highly-paid pro football star, but this intelligent young man also is a representative of the Wilson Sporting Goods Company.

A GOOD example of a little-known collegian doing all right with the big, bad pros is Gene Roberts of the New York Giants. Playing for small Chattanooga last year, Roberts was the leading scorer in college football. But Chattanooga isn't a glamorous, big-time school, so Gene had to do without the big, black headlines. Just the same, he was the first back canny Steve Owen of the Giants went after.

The Washington Redskins, who sent wriggly Steve Bagarus of Notre Dame fame to the Los Angeles Dons last winter, are hoping Eugene Knight of Louisiana State will make the Wigwam customers stop worrying about that deal.

Gene Wilson—a lot of Genes coming up this year—looks like a good end at Green Bay, and the Chicago Bears expect great things of Don Perkins, who was brought up from their Akron farm last year. The Bears, of course, are dead certain this is going to be George McAfee's year. George, who always was overshadowed by Michigan's Tom Harmon during his hitch at Duke, is coming along like a house afire.

The previously-mentioned Plato Andros is sure to be a whiz with the Chi Cards, and his old teammate Joe Golding should do the Boston Yanks a lot of good. The New York Yankees of the All-America Conference think they have another Baugh in Indiana's Ben Raimondi. Could be. Owen Goodnight, a Hardin-Simmons product, is a factor in the bright hopes of the brand new Baltimore Colts. And the Brooklyn Dodgers are pleased as punch with ends Greg Browning of Denver, and Marvin Goodman of Willamette.

It's not much of a gamble to rate Clyde LeForce, the Tulsa whiz who has joined the Detroit Lions, one of the NFL's top prospects. That Tulsa gang plays in a tough league, and nobody ever made LeForce look anything but good. He'll be paired in the Lions' backfield with Bullet Bill Dudley, the ex-Steeler who didn't want to play in Pittsburgh any more.

Alexis Thompson, the bobsledding socialite who has brought the Philly Eagles along so rapidly, is convinced this is his year. To bolster the potent Eagle attack, which is planned by Greasy Neale, Thompson has corraled Pete Pihos of Indiana. Pihos, a pile-driving fullback who also doubles in brass as an end, sparked the Hoosiers to a Big Nine championship in 1945—he's really good.

Of course, in the last analysis you've got to settle for what you see on the field after the whistle blows. Trippi may get his face pushed in the dirt, and a complete unknown from Siwash State may wreck the National League this Fall. It isn't likely, but it can happen. Football is about as uncertain as any sport outside of horse-racing.

That's why I love it.

— ■ —

Spud Chandler's All Time Hunting Thrill

(⟶ FROM PAGE 95) of it as the years have gone on."

This auburn-haired Georgian stalwart, considered the craftiest tosser in the junior baseball loop, a man who studies a batter to distraction and rarely gives one anything good, can't wait to get down to South Georgia each Fall as soon as his baseball chores are over. Once there, he starts a round of hunting that lasts as long as the game-laws allow.

On none of these trips does he walk less than 20 miles a day. It's that walking over uneven terrain—up a hummock one instant, and down a hole the next—that has contributed to the extraordinary muscular development of his legs and back, he figures. He feels, too, that shooting helps him play top baseball by keeping his reflexes sharp, and by perfecting and maintaining his sense of timing.

— ■ —

Spud Chandler's Tips to Hunters

Feed your dog once a day, preferably in the evening. Feeding dogs in the daytime makes them loggy if you want to work them.

Try ox-tails chopped up and mixed with dry cereal, softened in the water the tails have been cooked in, for your dog's meal. There's plenty of protein in the meat and bones of the tails.

Carry water for your dog when afield. If you don't, he'll try to rustle it up himself, and may drink from a contaminated source when you're not looking.

Watch for signs of weariness in your dogs. Relieve a tired dog at once. A tired dog often means a lost dog.

Letters to SPORT

(⟶ FROM PAGE 4) or just every other month? . . .
Westfield, N. J. JOAN BRYNILDSEN

* * *

EDITORS OF SPORT:
I missed your FICTION FIRST during June. What happened?
Wilmington, Del. PRESTON DAVIS

* * *

EDITORS OF SPORT:
Let's keep it true sport, eh? SPORT is a far cry from corny, dime-fiction novels. How about cutting out the fiction?
KEITH ROBERTS
Yarmouth, Nova Scotia

We don't try to print a "fiction" story every month. But when we get our hands on a good one, like Frank Graham's "Giant For A Day," based on fact, but for obvious reasons disguised as fiction, we believe most readers enjoy it as much as we do.

* * *

EDITORS OF SPORT:
While the sport content of your magazine is of the highest calibre, you seemingly are making some dangerous statements in the field of education, something which might seriously influence some of your avid high school readers, like myself.
For example, in "How About Hartung?" (Aug., 1947), you wrote: "Hartung . . . lost only two games . . . in five years at high school. Why five? 'I flunked a year, but I really didn't care.'" What are some idolizing kids to think when you print this quote from a celebrity like Clint? . . .
Let's have more fine sports articles and less digs (although perhaps unintentional) at education in general . . .
New York, N. Y. NEIL HOLBERT

In printing the true stories of important sports figures, SPORT certainly has no wish to give education a black eye.

EDITORS OF SPORT:
In the July issue I enjoyed the article by Stanley Woodward, "Behind Baseball's Iron Curtain." I was glad to learn some of the facts about this recent incident concerning Durocher.
I wonder if the Editors of SPORT would be willing to let their readers know how to get in touch with Commissioner Chandler by mail so that all those who wished to see this matter cleared up may help to do so by writing to the Commissioner. If the fans act, they may be able to force him into giving them information . . .
PAUL HOLLINGSHEAD
Moorestown, N. J.
You can write to Commissioner Chandler at BASEBALL, Carew Tower, Cincinnati, Ohio.

* * *

EDITORS OF SPORT:
After receiving my copy of July SPORT, I find that it is still a great magazine—if the Red Smith article on the Graziano-Zale mess (as he calls it) had been left out. I am reading a very fine magazine when along comes an article such as his that kind of spoils it. I am sure more readers appreciate stories such as the ones Don Dunphy, Jack Sher, and Stanley Woodward wrote in the same issue as Smith's.
Stuart, Iowa R. F. DONNELLY

* * *

EDITORS OF SPORT:
In your August, 1947 issue, under "SPORT's Schedule Of Sports," I detected an error. In the schedule for football you have listed "New York Yankees at Buffalo Bisons."
The nickname for the Buffalo club has been changed from "Bisons" to "Bills." The new nickname, "Bills," for the Buffalo AAC entry was determined in a contest. This was done in order not to confuse the Buffalo football club with the Buffalo baseball team and the Buffalo hockey team, whose nicknames are "Bisons."
Batavia, N. Y. FELIX A. PASTORE

Answers to SPORT's QUIZ

(From page 45)

1. Jack Torrance.
2. Red Grange.
3. Pearl Diver.
4. Bronko Nagurski, who played defensive tackle and offensive fullback, won two posts.
5. Welterweight.
6. Maurice Richard.
7. Table tennis. Blattner teamed with Jimmy McClure to win the National Doubles in 1937 and 1938.
8. Charley Trippi played the '47 baseball season with the Atlanta Crackers of the Southern Association. He was slated to start in the Chicago Cardinal backfield this Fall.
9. It was Grove, with a percentage of .680. Matty's was .665, and Johnson's, .600.
10. Mauri Rose. Holland was second, and Cantlon was killed when his auto crashed.
11. No.
12. The win was allowed.
13. 26 innings, May 1, 1920. Game ended in a 1-1 tie.
14. President Wilson coached at Princeton (1877) and at Wesleyan (1889-90).
15. Bob Thomson.
16. Never before. Babe Didrikson's triumph this year was the first for the U. S.
17. N. Y. U.
18. Boudreau (Illinois); Borowy (Fordham); Chandler (Georgia); Sisler (Michigan); Lyons (Baylor).
19. Approximately $108.50, broken down as follows: underpants and undershirts, 50c each; wool sox, 50c a pair; shoulder pads, $19.50; helmet, $15; pants and thigh guards, $24.50; hip pads, $10; jersey, $11; shoes, $12; warm-up hood, $15.
20. Japan.

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TIME OUT

WITH THE EDITORS

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Editor-in-Chief

ALBERT R. PERKINS
Managing Editor

JOHN WINKIN
Assistant Editor

NICE GUYS DON'T WIN PENNANTS?

LEO DUROCHER, suspended manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers, was exercising his tonsils in company with a group of sportswriters one Summer day in 1946 when somebody made the harmless observation that Mel Ott of the Giants was certainly a nice guy.

Maybe a psychoanalyst could tell you why Leo the Lip took exception to that remark, but anyway he did. Leo's retort went something like this:

"Ott may be a nice guy, but nice guys don't win pennants."

At the time he growled that belligerent observation, Durocher was riding high as the hustling, scrapping manager of a ball club that was short on talent but long on fight—a club that was making a gallant struggle for a piece of the National League pennant. His never-give-up spirit, his ceaseless jawing with umpires, his reported instructions to his pitchers to "stick the ball down their throats," and his desperate juggling of an uncertain pitching staff, helped make him something of an idol to America's baseball fans.

Leo could feel safe criticizing nice-guy Ottie, because Ott's team was securely battened down in the National League cellar. He thought he was proving that his methods were the correct methods if you wished to be on top when the shooting was over.

Well, Leo wasn't far from the top when that '46 season ended. Few diamond experts would care to say he didn't do a competent job of managing his ball club. But this is another season, and the record seems to show that Durocher's blast at the nice guys might have been as inaccurate as it was good copy.

Let's see how the nice guys have been doing. It may be a little unkind to start with Leo's old alma mater, Brooklyn, but that's as good a jumping-off spot as any. Tastefully dressed in neat civilian clothes, tall, straight, courtly Burt Shotton has done a pretty fair job with Branch Rickey's team. Most all the experts picked the Dodgers to eat the dust of the Cardinals all Summer, but it didn't happen that way. The Dodgers did all right, and Shotton showed the most rabid Brooklyn fans that you don't have to tee off on umpires to turn out a winning ball club.

As far as the Cards are concerned, Eddie Dyer has long proven that it pays to be a nice guy. He made Durocher take a tentative nibble out of his own words at the whirlwind finish of the '46 campaign, and he's still helping the other good guys stuff Leo's heated phrases back down his brash throat.

Ott, too, has to make few apologies for the performance of his 1947 Giants. Nice guys may not win pennants, in the Durocher book, but Ott took a gigantic stride toward his first bunting this Summer and may not be many years away from his first flag.

The gentlemen managers do all right in the other league, too. No nicer guy than Stanley R. Harris ever ran a ball club. Bucky knows the score, and he knows you can get more out of an athlete by taking the trouble to understand him than you ever can by beating him over the head. If nice guys don't win pennants, how do you explain the little stunt Bucky Harris just pulled off with those Yankees?

For that matter, Joe Cronin, the square-jawed Irishman who has run the Boston Red Sox for Tom Yawkey these many hectic seasons, has always been a thorn in the side of every disciple of the Durocher philosophy. Cronin, who won the American League pennant in a runaway in '46, has always managed to do okay without playing the role of either a Simon Legree or a prizefighter without portfolio.

It's an old argument in baseball, this business of how a manager should act. Fiery John McGraw helped popularize the "knock 'em down, kick 'em, fight 'em all the way" school. But the great Joe McCarthy proved that you can do just as much and still keep your manners.

We don't mean to imply the argument has been settled by the recent successes of the nice guys. Nor do we wish to hang a bad rap on the embattled Mr. Durocher, who, heaven knows, has troubles enough. Leo was the apple of Brooklyn's eye while he was in the saddle, and he did a lot to lift baseball out of the doldrums in Flatbush.

But we can't help but think Laraine Day's better half was somewhere left of the off-limits sign when he popped off about the futility of being a nice guy. When he said it, we hated to think he was right. Now we're pretty sure he wasn't, and somehow we feel better.

Baseball, like every other American sport, will always have room for nice guys.

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